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THE

# PALL MALL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

GEORGE R. HALKETT

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*MAY TO AUGUST 1901*

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# INDEX.


PAGE

ABRUZZI, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF THE. "The Voyage of the *Polar Star*" . . 255
"Actor-Managers and their Work." Illustrated from photographs in character by Charles Sheldon . . . . . *Horace Wyndham* 210
ALTSON, ABBEY. Illustrations to "Balkameh" . . . . . 455
ARCHER, WILLIAM. "Real Conversations" . . . . . 114, 246, 353
ARMOUR, G. DENHOLM. Illustrations to "Street Scenes and Noises" . . . 41
" " " "Feeding Time at the Zoo" . . . 159
" " " "The Invasion of the Devil-Fish" . . 528
ASTOR, WILLIAM WALDORF. "Balkameh". . . . . 455
AULD, WILLIAM. "Eccentricities of Feudalism" . . . . . 140
AUSTIN, HENRY. Illustrations to "Submarine Boats" . . . . . 73
B., E. "The Instinctive Supremacy of Ladies in the Art of Government in all the Social Communities of Nature" . . . . . 424
"Balkameh." With illustrations by Abbey Altson and Arthur H. Buckland *William Waldorf Astor* 455
BALL, F. H. Prize Drawing from Gray's Elegy. . . . . 548
BAUMER, LEWIS. Illustrations to "Behind the Scenes of the Royal Academy Exhibition" . . . . . 94
BEDDARD, FRANK E., F.R.S. "Feeding Time at the Zoo" . . . . . 159
" " " " "The Okapi, the New Quadruped from Central Africa." With an illustration by C. Moore-Park . . . . . 569
BEERBOHM, MAX. "Ways of the World." With humorous sketches by A. S. Hartrick, Tom Browne, and H. Cowham . . . . . 564
BEGBIE, HAROLD. "Common Heroes: The Clerk's Wife" . . . . . 104
" " " The Journalist" . . . . . 244
"Behind the Scenes of the Royal Academy Exhibition." Illustrated by Lewis Baumer . . . . . *M. H. Spielmann* 94
BELL, H. WILFORD. "An Unpublished Chapter in the Life of Robert Louis Stevenson" . . . . . 267
Birthday, A: Poem . . . . . *Wilfred Draycott* 558
"Botticelli, A" . . . . . *Francis Crowther* 93
"Braddyll, Mrs." After the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds . . . Facing p. 145
BRANGWYN, FRANK. Illustrations to "A Thew of England" . . . . . 321
"Bridals of Ysselmonde, The" . . . . . *A. T. Quiller-Couch* 338
"Bridge, and how to play it, The Game of." Illustrated . . *By a "Bridger"* 493
"British Wit and Humour, A Note on" . . . . . *Walter Emanuel* 421
BROSTER, D. K. "The End" . . . . . 229
BROWNE, TOM. Humorous sketches . . . . . 143, 285, 429
BUCKLAND, ARTHUR H. Illustrations to "Priscilla's Song" . . . . . 156
" " " "Too Late a Messenger" . . . . 170
" " Drawing in colour to "Balkameh" . . Facing p. 455
BULCOCK, PERCY. Illustration of "Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard". . . . . 502
"Burden of the Sea, The" . . . . . *W. L. Courtney* 330
"By Mutual Consent." With illustrations by Frank Craig . . *Mabel Milne* 85
CAGNI, COMMANDER. "Nearest the Pole". . . . . 399
CAMERON, D. Y. Illustrations to "Glasgow" . . . . . 289
CAMPBELL, FRANCES. "Qui Confidunt" . . . . . 123
CAMPBELL, MAJOR E. "Copy the Peacock" . . . . . 492
"Causa Teterimma Belli." After the picture by E. Debat Ponsan . . Facing p. 180
"Celibate's Ideal, The". . . . . *D. T. B. Wood* 221
"Chardin." With portrait of himself and reproductions from his works *Frederick Wedmore* 145




Digitized by Google

PAGE

CLEAVER, RALPH. Illustrations to "Nearest the Pole" . . . . . 399
"Clerk's Wife, The" . . . . . *Harold Begbie* 104
COLE, PROFESSOR G. A. J. "The Earth's Earliest Inhabitants" . . . . . 31
"Common Heroes: The Clerk's Wife" . . . . . *Harold Begbie* 104
" " The Journalist" . . . . . " . 244
COOK, MRS. E. T. "Street Nuisances and Noises" . . . . . 41
"Copy the Peacock." Illustrated by A. Watson Turnbull. . *Major E. Campbell* 492
CORBALLY, LOUIS. "For King and Country" . . . . . 503
CORK AND ORRERY, THE COUNTESS OF. "Etiquette" . . . . . 66
COUCH, A. T. QUILLER-. "The Bridals of Ysselmonde" . . . . . 338
" " " "England" . . . . . 538
COURTNEY, W. L. "The Burden of the Sea" . . . . . 330
COWHAM, HILDA. Humorous sketches . . . . . 142, 287, 431
COWPER, MAX. Illustrations to "A Woman's Shopping" . . . . . 311
CRAIG, FRANK. Illustrations to "By Mutual Consent" . . . . . 85
" " " "The Treasure Chamber" . . . . . 377
" " " "Lady Sylvia" . . . . . 515
"Crossways." Illustrated by J. Ley Pethybridge . . . *Eden Phillpotts* 20, 200
CROWTHER, FRANCIS. "A Botticelli" . . . . . 93
"Devil Fish, Invasion of the" Illustrated by reproductions from prints, etc. *Matthias Dunn* 528
"Doll's Dress, A" . . . . . *Owen Oliver* 559
DRAYCOTT, WILFRED. "A Birthday": Poem . . . . . 558
DUBOR, GEORGES DE. "Napoleon at Play" . . . . . 468
DUNN, MATTHIAS. "Studies under the Sea: Invasion of the Devil-Fish." 528
"Dunvegan Castle." With illustrations from special photographs *Rev. A. H. Malan* 5
"Earth's Earliest Inhabitants, The." With illustrations by Carton Moore Park *Professor G. A. J. Cole* 31
EMANUEL, WALTER. "A Note on British Wit and Humour" . . . . . 421
"End The" . . . . . *D. K. Broster* 229
"England . . . . . *A. T. Quiller-Couch* 538
"Etiquette, its Uses, Abuses, Changes, and Phases." With an illustration by Balliol Salmon . . . . . *The Countess of Cork and Orrery* 66
"Feeding Time at the Zoo." With illustrations by G. D. Armour *Frank E. Beddard, F.R.S.* 159
"Fight for the Atlantic, The." With reproductions from photographs and drawings by D. B. Waters . . . . . *Frederick A. A. Talbot* 433
FRONTISPIECES:
"The Return of the Swallow." After the painting by J. Giacomelli. Facing p. 1
"Mrs. Braddyll." After the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds . . " . 145
"Daughters of A. Wertheimer, Esq" . . *J. S. Sargent, R.A.* " . 289
"Henrietta, daughter of Charles I." . . . . . *Vandyck* " . 433
G., H. A. "A Rondeau" . . . . . 84
GALLON, TOM. "The Last Flutter of the Heavy 'Un" . . . . . 56
GEIKIE, PROFESSOR JAMES, F.R.S. "How long will our Coal last?" . . . 390
GIACOMELLI, J. "The Return of the Swallow" . . . . Facing p. 1
"Giant, The" . . . . . *Walter Ramal* 287
"Glasgow: the Second City." With illustrations by D. Y. Cameron. By "One of its Citizens" . . . . . 289
"Green Pavilions, The": Poem . . . . . *Rosamond Marriott-Watson* 527
"Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard." Prize drawing by Percy Bulcock . . . 502
" " " " " " " Fred. H. Ball . . . . 548
H., G. R. Illustrations to "Ways of the World" . . . . . 133
HAIG, DOROTHY. "Some Reminiscences of a Great Water Beetle" . . . 281
HALS, FRANS. "The Laughing Cavalier" . . . . . 105
HARTES, JOHN ORLANDO. "Stowe" . . . . . 342

Digitized by Google

PAGE

HARTRICK, A. S. Illustrations to "Street Nuisances and Noises" . . . . 41
" " " " " "Pincher" . . . . . 272
" " " " " "The Sisters" . . . . . 449
HILL, L. RAVEN. Illustration to "The Journalist" . . . . . 244
HILL, WILL. "The Story of Old Jimmy" . . . . . 417
HOBDAY, E. Illustrations to "The Training of our Officers: Woolwich" . . 230
"How the Welsh Water will come to Birmingham." Illustrated from photographs *W. H. Y. Webber* 181
"How long will our Coal last?" Illustrated from photographs *Professor James Geikie, F.R.S.* 390
"How to Treat a Woman" . . . . . *Archibald Marshall* 479
"Humorous Sketches" . . . . . 142-3, 285, 287, 429, 431
"Instinctive Supremacy of Ladies in the Art of Government in all the Social Communities of Nature" . . . . . *E. B.* 424
"Journalist, The." Illustrated by L. Raven Hill . . . . *Harold Begbie* 244
"King and Country, For" . . . . . *Louis Corbally* 503
KINNEAR, ALFRED. "The Ways of the World" . . . . . 133, 283, 427
"L'Amour Celeste" . . . . . *W. H. Meredyth* 277
"Lady Sylvia." Illustrated by Frank Craig . . *H. B. Marriott-Watson* 515
"Last Flutter of the Heavy 'Un, The." Illustrated by Claude Shepperson *Tom Gallon* 56
"Laughing Cavalier, The." After a painting by Frans Hals . . . Facing p. 105
LINDEN, ANNIE. "Upwards" . . . . . 54
LOVEMAN, ROBERT. "My Lady Butterfly" . . . . . 352
"Love, where you go": Song . . . . . *Marie Van Vorst* 501
LYALL, J. WATSON. "With Rod and Gun" . . . . . 541
MCGRATH, P. T. "St. Pierre, the Remnant of an Empire" . . . . . 192
MALAN, REV. A. H., J.P. "Dunvegan Castle" . . . . . 5
"Manchester and Liverpool Electric Express Railway, The." With illustrations from photographs . . . . . *Wayland Smith, Jun.* 509
MARRIOTT, CHARLES. "Rooks and Gulls" . . . . . 222
MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD. "How to Treat a Woman" . . . . . 479
"Masquerade" . . . . . *Katherine C. Thurston* 571
MEREDITH, GEORGE. "The Voyage of the *Ophir*" . . . . . 1
MEREDYTH, W. H. "L'Amour Celeste" . . . . . 277
MEW, CHARLOTTE M. "Some Ways of Love" . . . . . 301
MILLS, W. Some illustrations to "Nearest the Pole" . . . . . 399
MILNE, MABEL. "By Mutual Consent" . . . . . 85
MOORE-PARK, C. Illustrations to "The Earth's Earliest Inhabitants" . . . 31
" " Illustration to "The Okapi: the New Quadruped from Central Africa" . . . . . 569
"My Lady Butterfly" Illustrated by S. H. Sime . . . *Robert Loveman* 352
"Napoleon at Play." With photographs . . . . . *Georges de Dubor* 468
"Nearest the Pole." With portraits and sketches by Ralph Cleaver, W. Mills, etc. *Commander Cagni* 399
NEISH, R. "A Woman's Shopping" . . . . . 311
"Okapi, The: The New Quadruped from Central Africa." With an Illustration by C. Moore-Park. . . . . 569
"Old Jimmy, The Story of" . . . . . *Will Hill* 417
OLIVER, OWEN. "Pincher" . . . . . 272
" " "A Doll's Dress" . . . . . 559
"On the Border of the Night" . . . . . *Aubyn Trevor-Battye* 574
"Opera in Germany and England." With illustrations from photographs *Kathleen Schlesinger* 364
"Over a Hundred Miles an Hour" (The Story of the Monorail). With illustrations kindly supplied by the Inventor . . . . . *Wayland Smith, Jun.* 509

Digitized by Google

PAGE

PETHYBRIDGE, J. LEV. Illustrations to "Cross Ways" . . . . . 20, 200
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. "Cross Ways" . . . . . 20, 200
"Pincher." Illustrated by A. S. Hartrick . . . . . *Owen Oliver* 272
PONSEN, E. DEBAT. "Causa Teterrima Belli" . . . . . Facing p. 180
"Priscilla's Song." With illustrations by Arthur H. Buckland . . *Adrian Ross* 156
"Qui Confidunt" (A Tale of the Great Water Famine). Illustrated by Percy F. S. Spence . . . . . *Frances Campbell* 123
RAMAL, WALTER. "The Giant" . . . . . 278
"Real Conversations" . . . . . *William Archer*
III. With Mrs. Craigie . . . . . 114
IV. „ Mr. Stephen Phillips . . . . . 246
V. „ Mr. George Moore . . . . . 353
With portraits.
"Return of the Swallow, The." After a painting by J. Giacomelli . Facing p. 1
REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA. "Mrs. Braddyll" . . . . . 145
"Rod and Gun, With." Illustrated from photographs . . *J. Watson Lyall* 541
"Romance and Science" . . . . . *Leslie Stephens* 105
"Rondeau, A" Illustrated by Edgar Wilson . . . . . "*H. A. G.*" 84
"Rooks and Gulls" . . . . . *Charles Marriott* 222
ROSS, ADRIAN. "Priscilla's Song" . . . . . 156
ROTHENSTEIN, W. H. Portrait of Mr. George Moore . . . . . 353
ROUND TABLE—
"Eccentricities of Feudalism." Illustrated by S. H. Sime . *William Auld* 140
"Pincher." Illustrated by A. S. Hartrick . . . . *Owen Oliver.* 272
"L'Amour Celeste" . . . . . *W. H. Meredyth* 277
"The Giant" . . . . . *Walter Ramal* 278
"Some Reminiscences of a Great Water Beetle" . . . *Dorothy Haig* 281
"The Story of Old Jimmy" . . . . . *Will Hill* 417
"A Note on British Wit and Humour" . . . . *Walter Emanuel* 421
"The Instinctive Supremacy of Ladies in the Art of Government in all the Social Communities of Nature" . . . . . *E. B.* 424
"The Okapi: the New Quadruped from Central Africa." With an illustration by C. Moore-Park . . . . . *Frank E. Beddard, F.R.S.* 569
"Masquerade" . . . . . *Katherine C. Thurston* 571
"On the Border of the Night" . . . . . *Aubyn Trevor-Battye* 574
"St. Pierre, the Remnant of an Empire." Illustrated from photographs *P. T. McGrath* 192
SALMON, BALLIOL. Illustrations to "Etiquette" . . . . . 66
„ „ „ "Some Ways of Love" . . . . . 301
SARGENT, J. S., R.A. "Daughters of A. Wertheimer" . . . . Facing p. 289
SCHLESINGER, KATHLEEN. "Opera in Germany and England" . . . . 364
SHELDON, CHARLES. Illustrations to "Actor-Managers and their Work" . . 210
SHEPPERSON, CLAUDE. Illustrations to "The Last Flutter of the Heavy 'Un" . 56
SIME, S. H. Illustrations to "Eccentricities of Feudalism" . . . . . 140
„ „ "My Lady Butterfly" . . . . . 352
"Sisters, The." With illustrations by A. S. Hartrick . . . . "*Zack*" 449
SMITH, WAYLAND, JUN. "Over a Hundred Miles an Hour." (The Story of the Monorail) . . . . . 509
"Some Ways of Love." Illustrated by A. J. B. Salmon . . *Charlotte M. Mew* 301
"Song, A" . . . . . *Marie Van Vorst* 501
Sonnet: "The Seeking" . . . . . 132
SPENCE, PERCY F. S. Illustrations to "Qui Confidunt" . . . . . 123
SPIELMANN, M. H. "Behind the Scenes of the Royal Academy Exhibition" . . 94
STEPHEN, LESLIE. "Romance and Science" . . . . . 105
STEPHENS, JAMES (The Fenian Head Centre) . . . . "*One who knew him*" 331
"Stevenson, An Unpublished Chapter in the Life of Robert Louis. With portrait *H. Wilford Bell* 267

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PAGE

"Stowe." Illustrated from photographs . . . . . *J. Orlando Hartes* 342
'Street Nuisances and Noises." With illustrations by E. J. Sullivan, A. S. Hartrick, G. D. Armour, and Mrs. E. T. Cook . . . . . 41
"Studies under the Sea: I. The Invasion of the Devil-Fish" . *Matthias Dunn* 528
"Submarine Boats." Illustrated by Henry Austin, etc. . . . . 73
SULLIVAN, E. J. Illustrations to "Street Nuisances and Noises" . . . . 41
"Switzerland, The New: the Canadian Rockies as a Climbing Ground" *Walter D. Wilcox, F.R.G.S.* 549
TALBOT, FREDERICK A. A. "The Fight for the Atlantic" . . . . . 433
"Thew of England, A." (A Naval Duel of the Future.) Illustrated by Frank Brangwyn. . . . . *Patrick Vaux* 321
THURSTON, KATHERINE C. "Masquerade" . . . . . 571
"Too Late a Messenger." With illustrations by Arthur H. Buckland *Marie Von Vorst* 170
"Training of our Officers: Woolwich." Illustrated from photographs and drawings by E. Hobday. By the Author of "An Absent-Minded War" . . . . 230
"Treasure Chamber, The." Illustrated by Frank Craig. *H. B. Marriott Watson* 377
TREVOR-BATTYE, AUSTYN. "On the Border of the Night" . . . . . 574
"Upwards." Illustrated by J. Walter West . . . . . *Annie Linden* 54
VANDYCK. Henrietta, daughter of Charles I. . . . . Facing p. 433
VAUX, PATRICK. "A Thew of England" . . . . . 321
VORST, MARIE VAN. "Too Late a Messenger" . . . . . 170
„ „ „ Song: "Love, where you go" . . . . . 501
"Voyage of the *Ophir*, The." Illustrated by Patten Wilson . *George Meredith* 1
"Voyage of the *Polar Star*, The." Illustrated with drawings from photographs, and with map *H.R.H. The Duke of the Abruzzi* 255
„ „ „ „ „ "Nearest the Pole." With portraits and sketches by Ralph Cleaver, W. Wills, etc. *Commander Cagni* 399
"Water Beetle, Some Reminiscences of a Great" . . . . *Dorothy Haig* 281
WATERS, D. B. Illustrations to "A Fight for the Atlantic" . . . . . 433
WATSON, H. B. MARRIOTT-. "The Treasure Chamber" . . . . . 377
„ „ „ "Lady Sylvia" . . . . . 515
„ ROSAMUND MARRIOTT-. Poem: "The Green Pavilions" . . . . 527
WATSON-TURNBULL, A. Illustration to "Copy the Peacock" . . . . . 492
"Ways of the World, The." With caricatures by "G. R. H." *Alfred Kinnear* 133, 283, 427
„ „ „ „ „ „ „ . A. S. Hartrick, Tom Browne, and H. Cowham . . . . . *Max Beerbohm* 564
WEBBER, W. H. Y. "How the Welsh Water will come to Birmingham" . . 181
WEDMORE, FREDERICK. "Chardin" . . . . . 145
"Wertheimer, Daughters of A." . . . . . *J. S. Sargent, R.A.* Facing p. 289
WEST, J. WALTER. Illustrations to "Upwards" . . . . . 54
WILCOX, WALTER D., F.R.G.S. "The New Switzerland: the Canadian Rockies as a Climbing Ground" . . . . . 549
WILSON, EDGAR. Illustrations to "A Rondeau" . . . . . 84
WILSON, PATTEN. Illustrations to "The Voyage of the *Ophir*" . . . . . 1
"With Rod and Gun" (The Cost of a Scotch Moor). Illustrated from photographs *J. Watson Lyall* 541
"Woman's Shopping, A" With illustrations by Max Cowper . . . *R. Neish* 311
WOOD, D. T. B. "The Celibate's Ideal" . . . . . 221
"Woolwich" (Royal Military Academy). Illustrated from photographs and drawings by E. Hobday . . . . . *Author of "An Absent-Minded War"* 230
WYNDHAM, HORACE. "Actor-Managers and their Work" . . . . . 210
"ZACK." "The Sisters" . . . . . 449

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# LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS TO VOL. XXIII.

ABRUZZI, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF THE.
ARCHER, WILLIAM.
ASTOR, WILLIAM WALDORF.
AULD, WILLIAM.

B., E.
BEDDARD, FRANK E., F.R.S.
BEERBOHM, MAX.
BEGBIE, HAROLD.
BELL, H. WILFORD.
BROSTER, D. K.

CAGNI, COMMANDER.
CAMPBELL, FRANCES.
CAMPBELL, MAJOR E.
COLE, PROF. G. A. J.
COOK, MRS. E. T.
CORBALLY, LOUIS.
CORK & ORRERY, COUNTESS OF.
COUCH, A. T. QUILLER.
COURTNEY, W. L.
CROWTHER, FRANCIS.

DRAYCOTT, WILFRED.
DUBOR, GEORGES DE.
DUNN, MATTHIAS.

EMANUEL, WALTER.

G., H. A.
GALLON, TOM.
GEIKIE, PROFESSOR JAMES, F.R.S.

HAIG, DOROTHY.
HARTES, J. ORLANDO.
HILL, WILL.

KINNEAR, ALFRED.

LINDEN, ANNIE.
LOVEMAN, ROBERT.
LYALL, J. WATSON.

McGRATH, P. T.
MALAN, REV. A. H.
MARRIOTT, CHARLES.
MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD.
MEREDITH, GEORGE.
MEREDYTH, W. H.
MEW, CHARLOTTE M.
MILNE, MABEL.

NEISH, R.

OLIVER, OWEN.

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.

RAMAL, WALTER.
ROSS, ADRIAN.

SCHLESINGER, KATHLEEN.
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SPIELMAN, M. H.
STEPHEN, LESLIE.

TALBOT, FREDERICK A. A.
THURSTON, KATHERINE C.
TREVOR-BATTYE, AUBYN.

VAUX, PATRICK.
VORST, MARIE VAN.

WATSON, H. B. MARRIOTT-.
WATSON, ROSAMUND MARRIOTT-.
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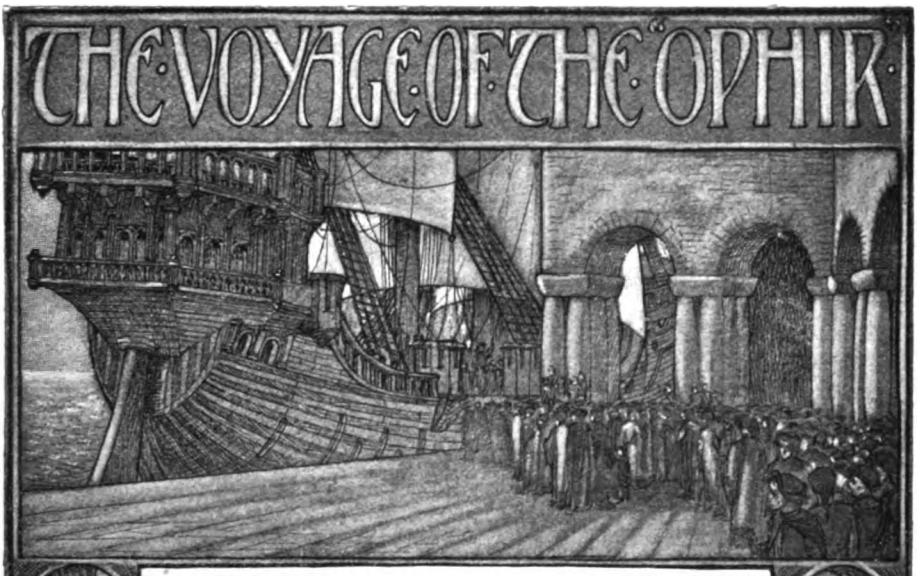


BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

MEN of our race, we send you one
Round whom Victoria's holy name
Is halo from the sunken sun
Of her grand Summer's day aflame.
The heart of your loved Motherland,
To them she loves as her own blood,
This Flower of Ocean bears in hand,
Assured of gift as good.

Forth for our Southern shores the fleet
Which crowns a nation's wisdom steams,
That there may Briton Briton greet,
And stamp as fact Imperial dreams.
Across the globe, from sea to sea,
The long smoke-pennon trails above,
Writes over sky how wise will be
The Power that trusts to love.

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PATTEN WILSON. 1901



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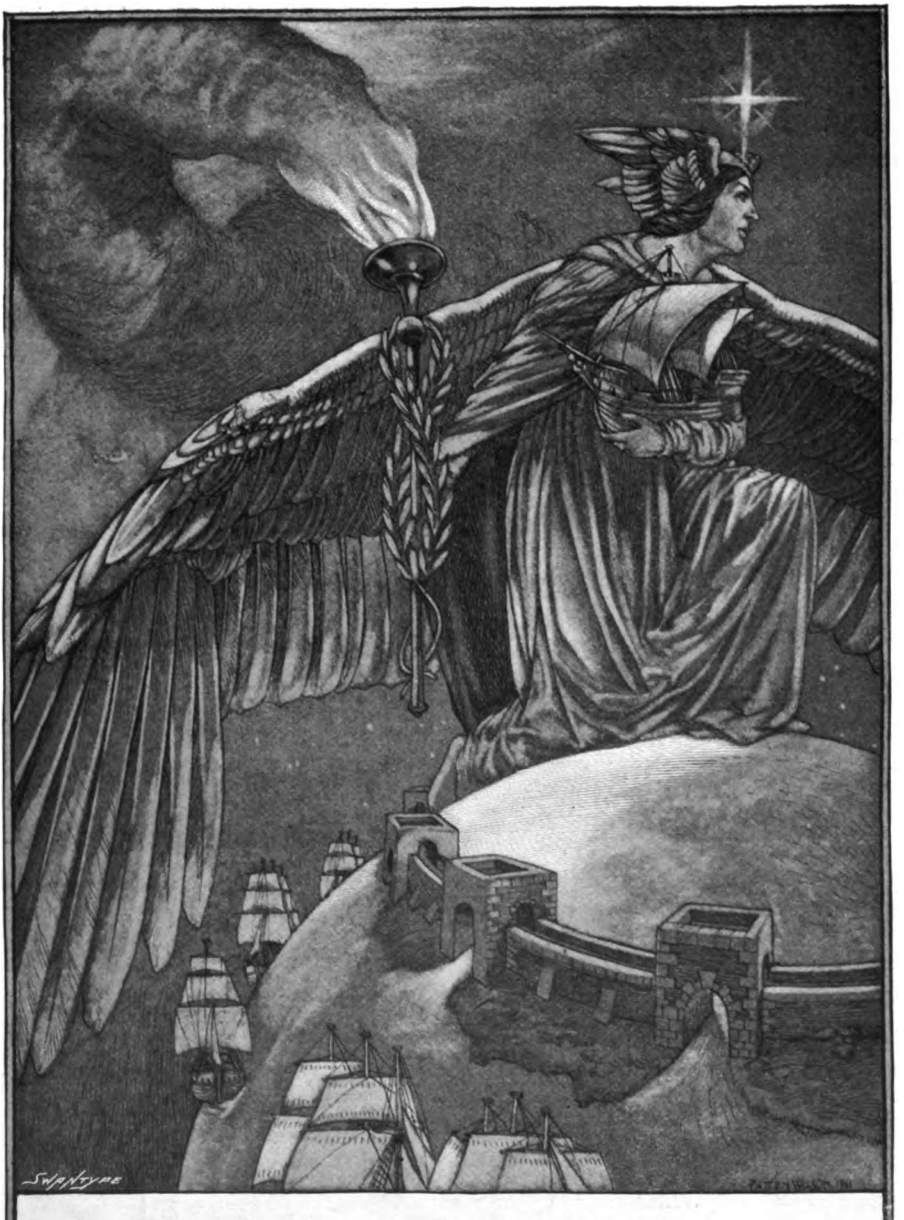

A love that springs from heart and brain
In union gives for ripest fruit
The concord Kings and States in vain
Have sought, who played the lofty brute,



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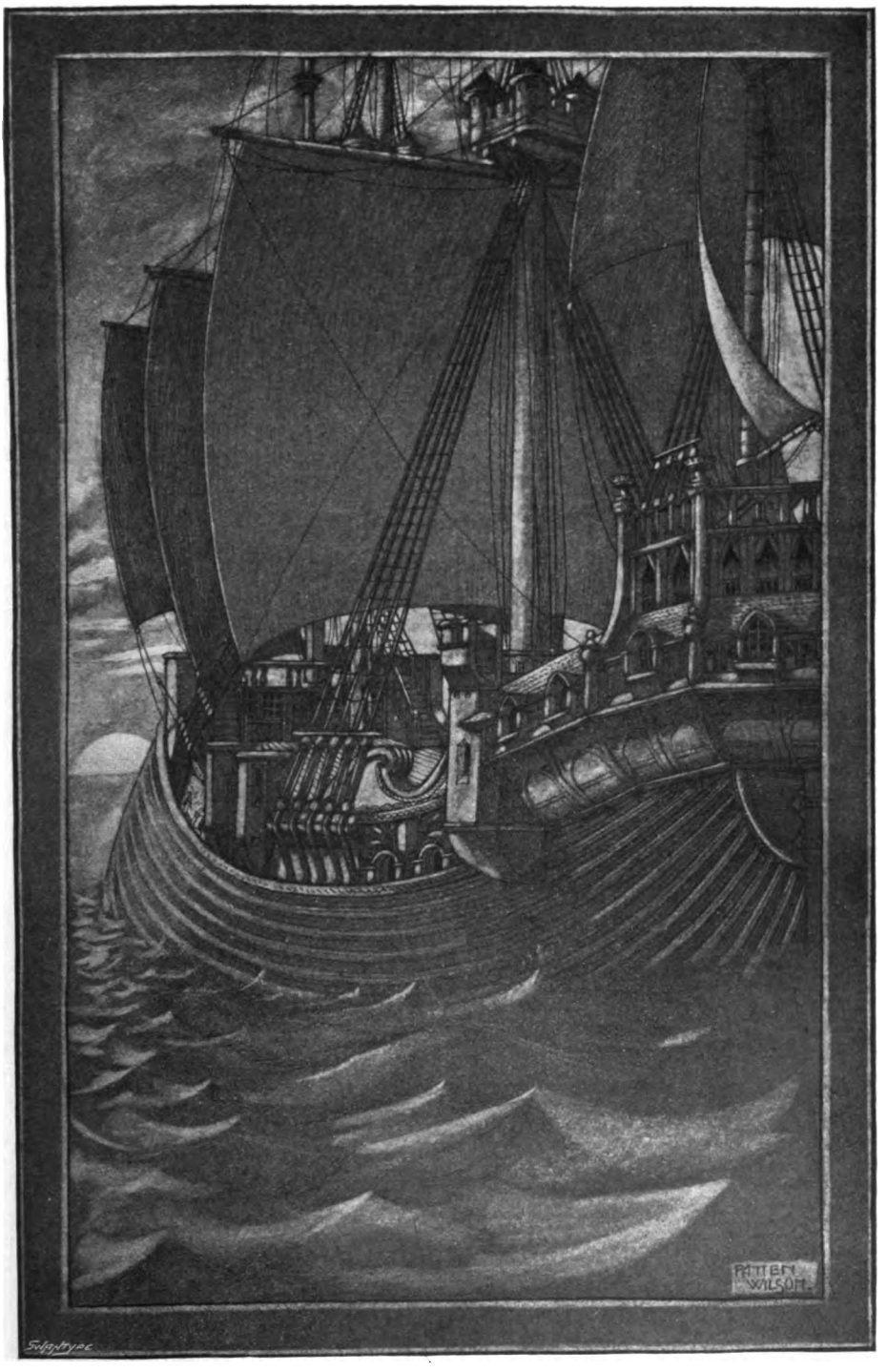




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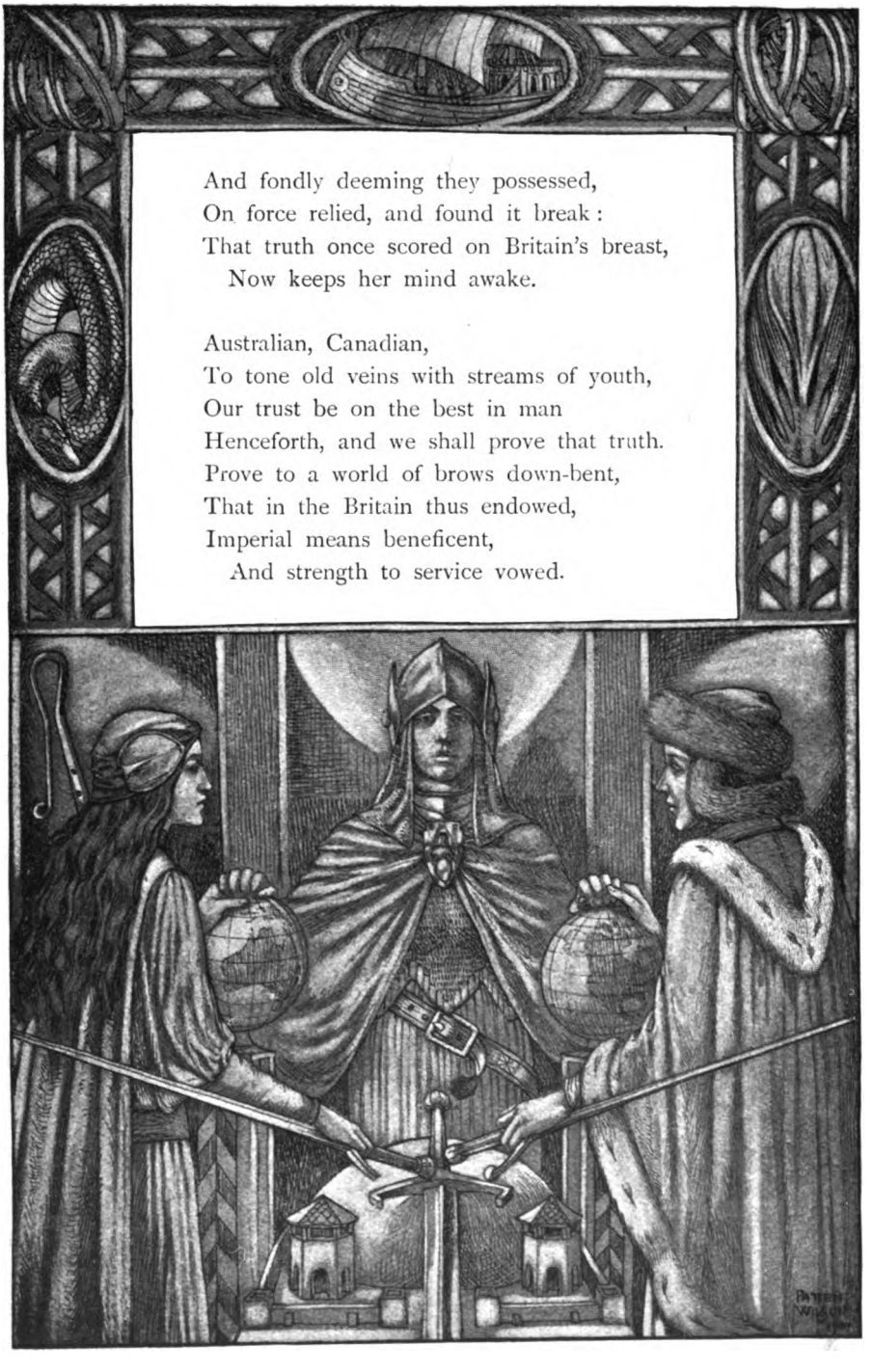

And fondly deeming they possessed,
On force relied, and found it break:
That truth once scored on Britain's breast,
Now keeps her mind awake.

Australian, Canadian,
To tone old veins with streams of youth,
Our trust be on the best in man
Henceforth, and we shall prove that truth.
Prove to a world of brows down-bent,
That in the Britain thus endowed,
Imperial means beneficent,
And strength to service vowed.



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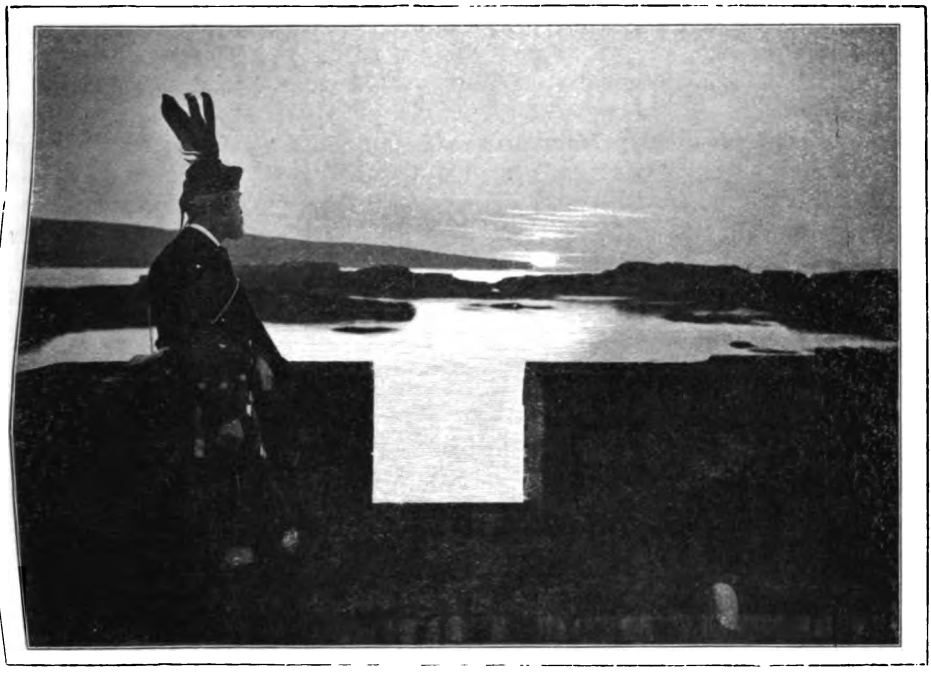

*Sunset, from Watch-tower*

# DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

BY A. H. MALAN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THIS Castle is credited with being the oldest inhabited private house in Scotland; but it would be a less controversial way of putting it, to say that the rock on which it stands has been occupied by the same family since early in the thirteenth century, when Leod became possessed of certain lands through his marriage with the heiress of Macraild Armuinn the Dane.

That this hardy Norseman, Macraild, should have effected a settlement on the coast of Skye was of course quite in keeping with the times, inasmuch as for two centuries, dating from the Norman conquest of England, the Hebrides were overrun with Scandinavians, during the era of those kings, of Man and the Isles, who were dependants, not of Scotland, but of Norway; the last king of this united kingdom being Olave the Black, whose three sons ruled successively over Man only. The Sagas are very liberal in bestowing royal dignity; and thus there is nothing strange in the fact that a descendant of Somerled should enjoy the title of King of the Isles at a time when Olave's son was King of Man. By his third wife, Christina, daughter of Farquhar, Earl of Ross, Olave is reputed to have been Leod's father. Olave died in 1237; and a few years later, Donald, Somerled's grandson, calls himself King of the Isles, in a charter witnessed to by his "most beloved cousins and counsellors, MacLeod of Harris and MacLeod of Lewis," Leod's two sons. For Leod, having received from his father the isle of Lewis-*cum*-Harris, and, from the Earl of Ross, some territory on the mainland,

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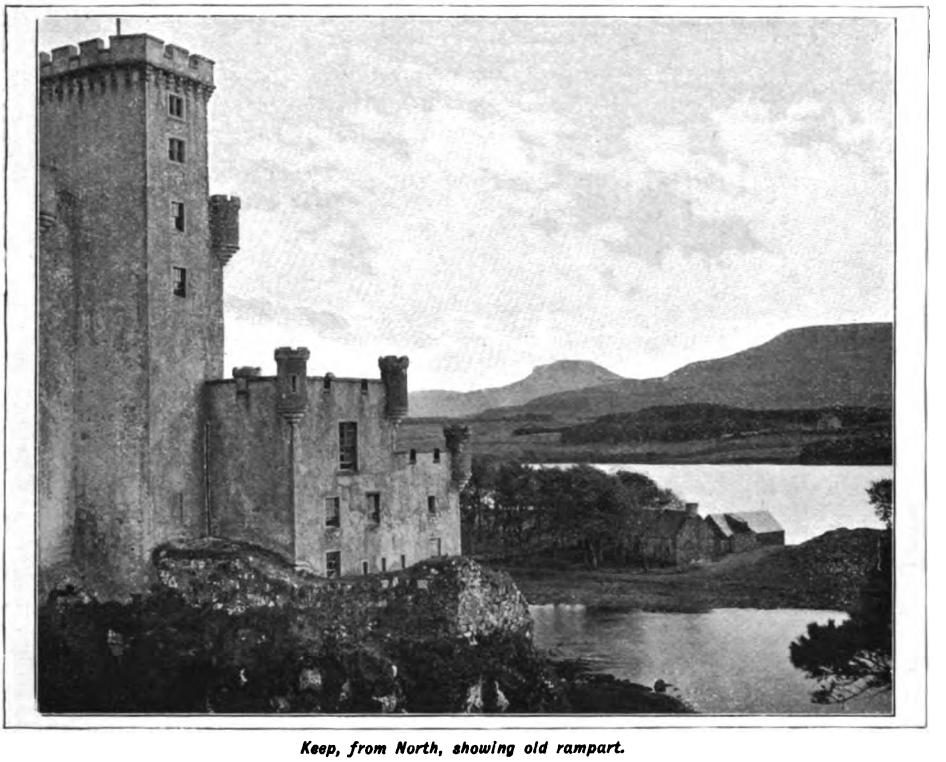
apportioned what is now called Harris to his elder son, Tormod (from whom the MacLeods "of Harris, Dunvegan, and Glenelg" are descended), while giving Lewis to his younger son Torquil. So far this bit of history seems all plain sailing; except that there is no proof that Olave was Leod's father, though there is no proof he was not.

On the surrender of the Hebrides, in 1266, to Alexander III., the island-kingdom properly speaking came to an end; but the name *King of the Isles* seems to have continued in vogue in a quiet sort of a way till the time of David II., when it assumed a modified form. And of the Lords of the Isles the Macleods of Harris were vassals, though earlier holding their mainland property direct from the Crown.

There appears no trace now remaining of Armuinn's abode, unless an elevated



*Keep, from North, showing old rampart.*

piece of rampart on the northern side has something to do with it. It must anyhow have been insignificant compared with the extensive pile which the mail-boat passes, after its long day's run from Oban. A run, indeed, of calm water through the Sound of Mull, but attended by sundry uncomfortable rollings; off Eigg, commemorative of a deed "the most cold-blooded and atrocious in Highland history"—which is saying a good deal; and off Rum, with its twin peaks, Alival and Askival; and Canna, with its low green breadths. Then follows the long board across, gradually leaving behind us, on the starboard beam and quarter, those gaunt mountains of Skye, concerning which a modern bard tells the true and tragic tale of how a golden eagle was seen to take up six lambs in succession, letting them go, when well aloft, to dash themselves on the rocks, and was proved to have served thirteen others in the same way: in spite of which piece of wanton wickedness on the part of "The Tyrant of the Cuchullin Hills," one echoes the

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poet's desire that these birds may long flourish under the protection of MacLeod. Then, after putting in at Loch Bracadale, we skirt "MacLeod's Maidens," and Idrigill (for awhile the prison of Lady Grange); and after that there ensues a period of most tumultuous pitchings and tossings, till the ship has rounded Dunvegan Head, (where the cliffs stand up tremendously precipitous against the lowering sun), and enters a placid reach, quickly becoming narrowed up by islets and peninsulas, and eventually almost terminating at the quay.

Leaving the waterside, the carriage-drive passes in among trees, where the song-birds, ferns and foliage so obliterate all sense of the water, that a steamer's hooter would seem as out of place as the sea-serpent; but before one is reconciled to the startling change of scene, the castle is approached, and proves to have

*From the Beach.*

lost nothing of its ancient welcome, though no piper is in waiting with *The MacLeod Salute.*

What was formerly the back is now the front. The oldest part is the Keep, and one would like to think Armuinn built it. Perhaps it occupies the same site; perhaps the very stones were relaid on the old foundation; perhaps pieces of the ancient walls were utilised; but as a whole, the well-built masonry seems to forbid an earlier date than the time of Leod's grandson, who was granted a charter of Glenelg in 1343: another charter of 1498 showing that the island estates were then held on condition of keeping in readiness for the King's use a twenty-six-oared lymphad. The Keep consisted of an upper and under hall, with chambers above; and was formerly only accessible on the west side by a sea gate, still remaining (though narrowed), and still showing portcullis-grooves, and a ten-feet-long hole for the beam which was shot across on the inside. Just within that

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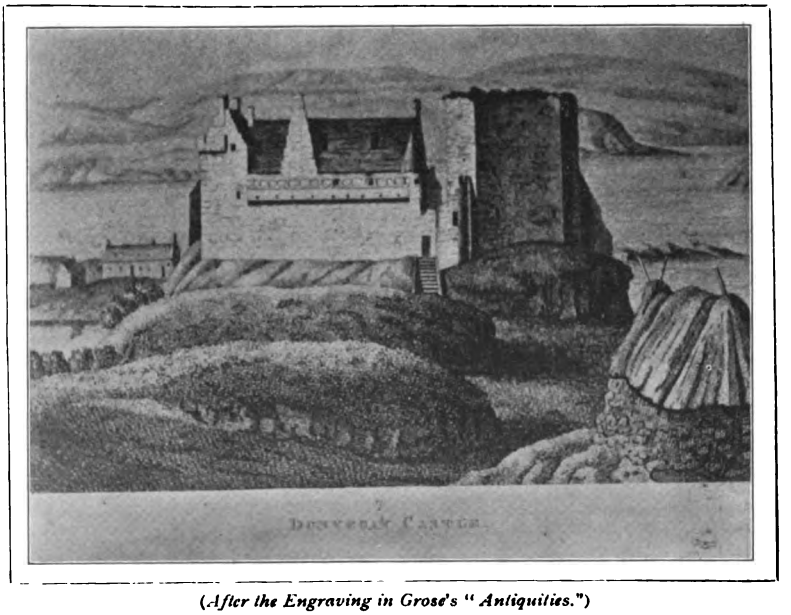
*Dunvegan Cup.*

gate there branches off, to the left, a very narrow postern-passage, which led into the interior, the present footpath proceeding up to the terrace, past the ancient well. Along with its northern watch-tower, the Donjon formed the only building till early in the sixteenth century, when the eighth chief, Alexander Crotach, erected a southern tower, with newel stairs communicating with its three stories, and carried up to a passage round the eaves which is protected by a loopholed parapet.

Next, Sir Roderich, better known as Rorie More, about a century later incorporated the bailey between the Keep and Alexander's Tower; rendering the present front aspect what it would now appear, supposing the modern bridge, porch, and octagonal turrets were removed, and what it was—barring the then dilapidations—in 1790, as shown in Grose's *Antiquities*. The engraving in that work is noteworthy, since it depicts the castle as Johnson saw it in 1773. Boswell speaks of a "large unfinished pile of four stories, which we were told was here when Leod came"; so that it is clear the household then occupied the part south of the Keep.

What was the under hall is now a series of cellars; and what was the banquet-hall is now the Drawing-room, which we will suppose ourselves to have entered. Four deep bays are formed entirely by the nine-feet thickness of the walls. The things especially inviting notice are those in the glass cases. In one case is the Fairy Flag, Rorie's drinking-horn, and the well-known Dunvegan cup.



*(After the Engraving in Grose's "Antiquities.")*

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The Fairy Flag is three feet nine inches high, but so tattered at the end that its original length is indeterminate. It is of fine silk, weather-stained to a dull yellow, and has sundry "elf-marks," or perhaps rent-darns, in red thread; a wide hem served for passing it over the top of a staff. Of unknown origin, it is thought to be a Saracenic banner; tradition affirming it to have been the safeguard of the clan in battle, and the bringer of fish to the loch. And the extreme care with which it was cherished was sufficiently shown when, in 1799, an iron chest, known to hold it, was surreptitiously broken open, and found to contain an inner case, within which was a scented casket, with the flag deposited therein.

The Dunvegan cup is an Irish vessel, made of dark wood, and overlaid with studded silver plates and filigree. It may possibly have served as a chalice, since it has I. H. S. repeated four times inside the bowl, and a verse of Psalm cxliv.

*East aspect of Castle.*

outside. Its gilding, inlaying of niello, crystals, coral beads, and apertures in the plating through which peeped some coloured fabric, must once have given it a most brilliant, highly decorated effect. Below the rim each of the four sides has lettering in a panel of two lines; but the upper line of each panel has nothing whatever to do with the lower, except only on the fourth side; and it is apparently through his omitting to notice this that Scott made such a remarkable hash of the legend and date. The date is 1493; and the inscription, when expanded and translated, asserts that Catherine O'Neill, wife of John Macguire, Prince of Fermanagh, caused the cup to be made; after which follows "*Oculi omnium in te sperant*," etc.

In two other glass cases are the letters of thanks indited by Johnson and Sir Walter, after their respective visits. Johnson writes, Sept. 28th, 1773, to his host, the twentieth chief:—"We are now on the margin of the sea, waiting for a

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boat—Boswell grows impatient;" he sends back the borrowed horse, which, "heavy as I am, has borne me over ground both rough and steep with great fidelity;" and then continues: "Lady MacLeod and the young ladies have, by their hospitality and politeness, made an impression on my mind which will not easily be effaced.

*Dining-room: showing Portrait of General Norman MacLeod and his second wife; and the Colours of the 2nd Batt. 42nd Regt.*

Be pleased to tell them I remember them with great tenderness and great respect." Scott, acknowledging to Mrs. Macleod a purse of her workmanship, and sending his *Lord of the Isles*, proceeds:—

". . . . The hospitality of Dunvegan will long live in my recollection. I venture to send . . . . a poem which owes its best passages to MacLeod's kindness and taste in directing me to visit the extraordinary scenery between his country and Strathard, which rivals in grandeur and sublimity anything that the highlands can produce . . . I shall be proud and happy if it serves to amuse a leisure hour at Dunvegan. It has had one good consequence to the author, that it has served to replenish the purse which the Lady Macleod presented him; yet he has so much the spirit of the old bard, that he values the purse more than the contents. . . ."

(The volume referred to is in the Library, and inscribed,—"Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod, from her much obliged and faithful humble servant the author, Edinb., 3 March, 1815.")

At one end of the Drawing-room, in the wall's thickness, is the passage which led down to the retainers' hall below; at the opposite end is either a similar passage or else a secret chamber. With these exceptions there is nothing in this pretty room, with its modern equipment, to suggest either its former appearance, or the scenes witnessed within it. Just think: it was here that Ian Dubh the usurper, after assassinating his cousin Donald, the tenth chief, and his three

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nephews, despatched a whole party of people seated at his board; thus giving a new version of the proverb, "Fair and false, as a *Campbell*." The circumstances were these:—An Argyll force, having landed at Roag, to take possession of the Dunvegan property on behalf of the Earl of Argyll, guardian of the heiress Mary MacLeod (the *me* of the four Marys), was met at Kilmuir by Ian and his staff, and, after confabulation held, eleven of the gentlemen were invited to the Castle. At table the guests sat alternately between Ian's friends; and the feast proceeded harmoniously enough until, towards the end, a cup of blood was set before every Campbell, who was at the same moment dirked by the Macleod next him. And you have only to open the farther door, and squeeze yourself through an opening twenty-one inches wide, just outside it, and enter the rude upper dungeon, with its rough vaulted roof and a square hole in the floor gaping down into the depths of the lower dungeon, to see where Ian lodged his brothers, and some of the leading men of the clan, till they had all sworn allegiance to him; enabling him to retain his ill-gotten possession until, after many years, he was surprised by the sudden return of the rightful chief, Tormod, from France, when he dashed out of the sea gate and escaped to Ireland, but presently met his deserts.

As for Tormod, he went to work on a more extensive scale. Resolving, with the promptitude of a Jehu, that there should be no more bother about the

*Fairy Room, showing newel stairs.*

succession, he gave orders for a clean sweep of Ian's kin; and accordingly nine brothers and sisters of the usurper, with all their families, were simultaneously slaughtered at his command.

From the summit of the Watch-tower, reached from this direction, a romantic

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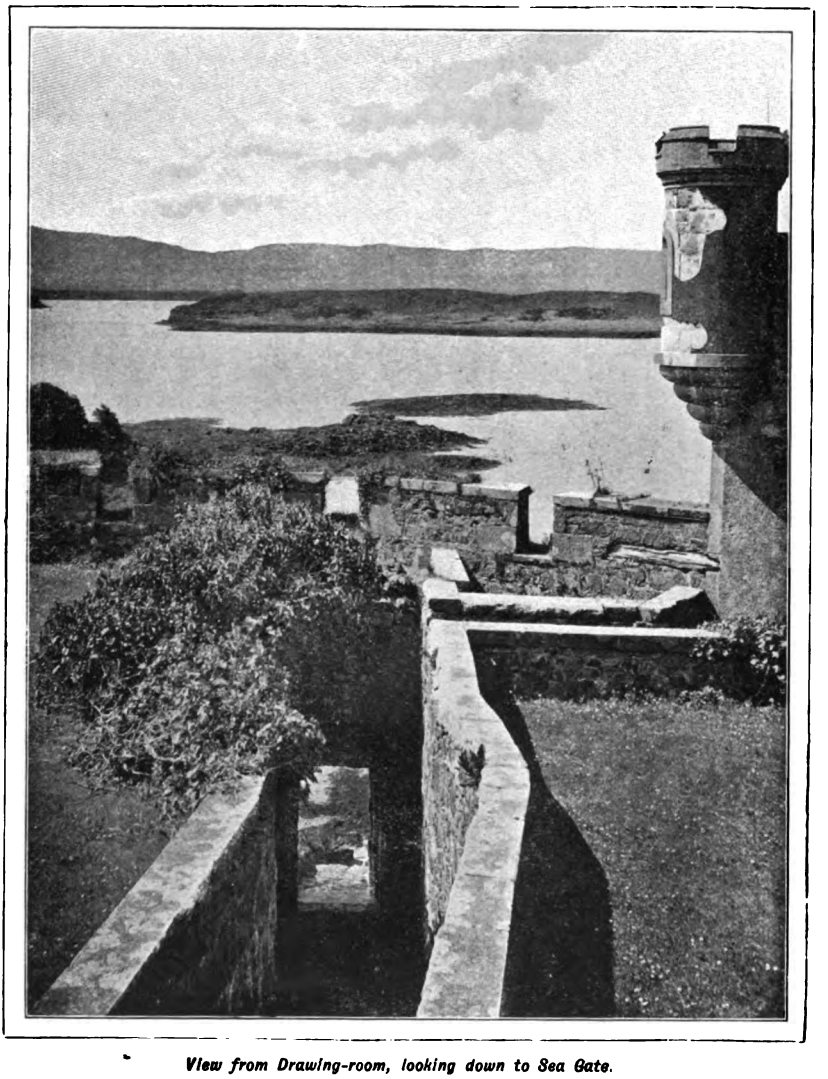
picture presents itself on a still evening, when the sun sinks his red-hot disc just off Dunvegan Head, and, nearer at hand, the darkening back of Gaírbh Island mirrors itself in the unruffled water; and the calls of blackbirds, gulls, cuckoos, terns, and mergansers, make a striking and unusual combination of bird-music. And the picture loses nothing in interest supposing Dunvegan's lord has been prevailed upon good-naturedly to don the old accoutrements, occupy the battlemented



*View from Drawing-room, looking down to Sea Gate.*

foreground, and, *fier comme un Ecossais*, throw against the sky those three eagle-plumes which none but a chief may wear.

In the corridor, between the Keep and the South Tower, among other things is some old chain armour fished up out of the loch; the claymore of Norman Macleod (of Bernera), who raised a thousand men, and led the clan at the battle of Worcester, where the majority fell; also that symbol of the subjection of the

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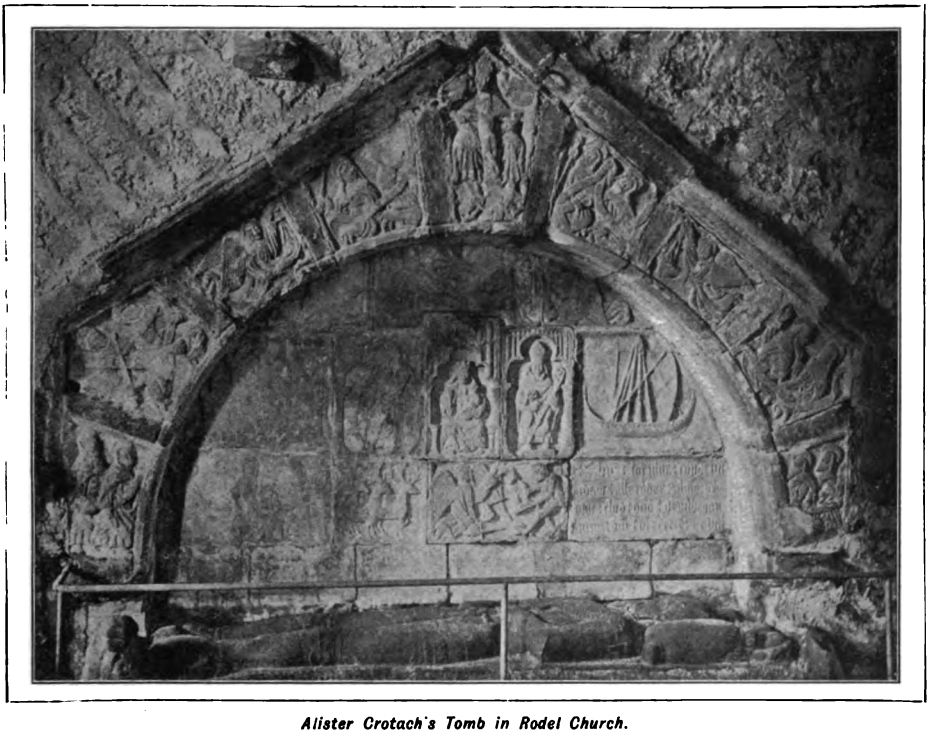
Isles, Rorie More's two-handed sword. The early career of this redoubtable chief was spent in keeping alive a feud long existent concerning the northern extremity of Skye. According to certain charters (1500–1510), the bailliery of Troternish had been vested in three different persons, the natural result being that there occurred perpetual engagements between the rival claimants—Dunvegan, Lewis, and Sleat: alike in the time of Crotach; of the next chief, Tormod; and of his second son, Rorie—in the latter case the feud becoming intensified through Rorie's sister being ill-treated by her husband, Donald Gorm Macdonald. With such ferocity and revengefulness was the fray sustained, that the Privy Council was compelled to interfere, and endeavour to introduce some sort of order into the isles, before the clans in question were completely ruined. To this end, in 1608, all the island lords had to meet the Commissioners at Aros, and were required to give up their



*Alister Crotach's Tomb in Rodel Church.*

strongholds to the Heralds, renounce all claims to jurisdiction, obey the laws, destroy their fleets of galleys, and no longer use two-handed swords, but only single-handed swords and targets. Upon their rather demurring to have their wings clipped in such wholesale fashion, they were beguiled on to the King's ship, *Moon*, "to hear a sermon"; except Rorie alone, who, reluctant to be edified, wisely stopped ashore, and so saved himself the imprisonment undergone by the others, at Dumbarton and Stirling, as hostages for the good behaviour of their clans.

The next year there followed the Statutes of Iona, whereby the personal attendants of the chiefs were strictly limited in number; and, "in consequence of the inordinate love of wine and *aqua vita* being the cause of the inhumanity and barbarity practised," itinerant wine-sellers were put down, and all wine required (limited in annual quantity—in Macleod's case to four tuns) was to be imported

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*Old armour and swords.*

direct from the mainland, though the chiefs might still distil *aqua* to their hearts' content; Sabbaths were to be observed according to the discipline of the Reformed Kirk; and every man who owned sixty head of cattle was henceforth to put his children to school in the Lowlands, to learn English. These statutes the chiefs bound themselves faithfully to observe; Donald Gorm and Rorie becoming friends the next day, condoning their mutual murders, slaughters, spulzies, and raisings of fire, and agreeing to "live hereafter in Christian peace and society" — a novel experience for both!

Then, in 1616, instead of ranging about from one to another of their various fortresses, each chief was to reside at a specified house, about which he was to make "policie and planting," also taking the home farm into his own hands, "to the effect he might be exercised and eschew idleness." Imagine Rorie, ever a fighter, pottering about among his stots and oats! If he ever did such a thing, how he must have longed for his lost birlinns, and just one fight more with the Macdonalds! He was succeeded by his son, Ian More, who found himself robbed of the tax hitherto imposed on fishing-boats plying within his bounds. He was evidently one of the good chiefs of the clan, since he was termed "Lot in Sodom," which looks as if the outer islands were hardly what they should have been, in spite of the various statutes. Presently there came Ian Breac, "the model Highland gentleman," who kept harper, piper, and fool at Dunvegan; and whose bard was the famous Mary MacLeod, recalled from Mull, whither she had been banished for composing ballads to Rorie's third son instead of reserving her minstrelsy for her chief. Ian set about restoring the castle, but without being able to carry out his schemes. His arms (impaled with those of his wife, daughter of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat) are now over the front door; the Danish *triskele* (legs of Man), flying figures, horse and hound, and sea-monster-like supporters, rather smacking of the wild Norwegian, and giving the achievement a breezy, sea-kingly appearance.

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The present Dining-room—the Drawing-room where Johnson discussed men and affairs, and Boswell took his dish of tea—is not quite what it then was, the corridor having been since built at the back. A conspicuous picture here is one of Norman, nineteenth chief, usually known as "The Wicked Man," partly through his having run through £60,000 accumulated during his minority, and left the estate £50,000 in debt, in consequence of which Harris and Glenelg had to go; partly through his share in the Lady Grange affair, and also through his encouraging Prince Charlie to come over, but refusing him aid, and ultimately fighting on the other side. To add to his other crimes, he "took a fancy to a pretty girl"; inviting his wife (Janet Macdonald, from whom he was separated) back to Dunvegan, and then, as is said, starving her to death in order to marry the charmer. He was on intimate terms with Rob Roy; and it is noticeable that his portrait shows him dressed in Rob Roy tartan.

Of a different stamp altogether was his grandson, afterwards General Norman MacLeod, whose picture is by Raeburn. Along with Colonel MacLeod of Talisker, he had been called in by the "Wicked Man" to do what he could with the tenants whose rents had been increased, to raise funds. They were losing all sense of feudalism since the Disarming Act, and contemplating emigration; and in his memoirs he describes how "terrible we found it to decide between justice to our family, and the distresses of a tenantry who had lost a third of their cattle the previous winter." But he had his reward. His consideration won the heart of the

*The Dining-room.*

clan; hardly any one emigrated, and he reinstated the patriarchal idea: in which respect he was well imitated afterwards by his grandson, who dwelt among his own people, arranging things for them when almost ruined by the famine in 1845, and then having to go forth and shift for himself, until appointed to an office in

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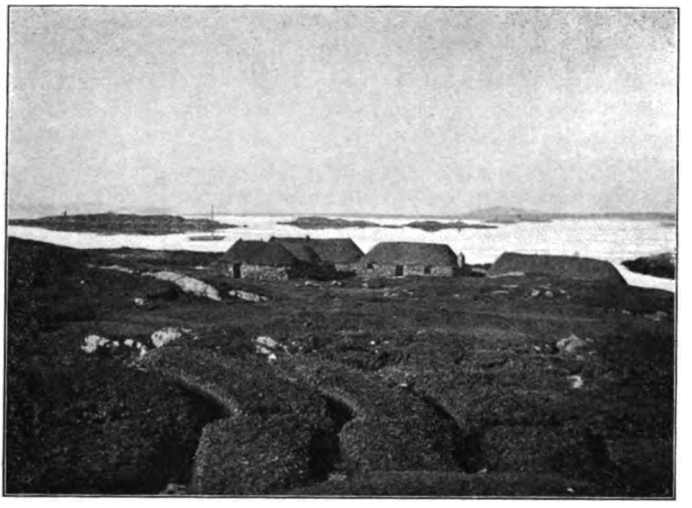

*Crofters' huts at Obbe.*

the Queen's Household: and his example, again, has been so faithfully followed by his son, the twenty-third chief, that no name now stands higher in Hebridean — one may say Highland — esteem than that of MacLeod of MacLeod.

To return to the General. On succeeding, his mother (the daughter of Brodie of Brodie, Lyon King—his portrait is in the billiard-room) and his sisters came to live with him; and one of those sisters used subsequently to recall how Johnson's fire refused to burn, and he must needs go out into the courtyard to get some peat for it, so making his cold worse; much to the amusement of her mother, who went to see how he was getting on, and found him a ludicrous object, "with his wig inside out, the back to the front, to keep his head warm." Presently the Doctor's sage advice to "keep to the Rock" proved impracticable. "I found myself," writes the General, "without any hope of extinguishing the debts, or ever emerging from poverty and obscurity; and I had the torment of seeing my mother and sisters immured with me." Accordingly he went for a soldier; raising the second Battalion of the 42nd, accompanying it to India, and defeating Tippoo (who gave him a sword, still here, *minus* its jewels), and eventually becoming Commander-in-chief of the Malabar army.

The "Rock" is by no means so isolated as was the case then. From these windows, looking across, the loch might be a small inland lake, but there is frequently something to enliven it: either the daily steamer appears for a moment and then vanishes, or smacks seek shelter, or some dainty yacht drops in, like the one which brought Mr. Black, to go into raptures, in *White Wings*, over the other Raeburn, the General's second wife; or at least there will be the castle fisherman so patiently plying his bootless calling that it would be sheer charity to wave the flag and secure him a bite.

The bedroom, where Rorie was lulled by this cascade, is in the base of Alister Crotach's tower. The story above forms the Fairy Room, where the flag was stored; the fairies at present occupying it, as their sitting-room, being the daughters of the house. At one end is a modern entrance, at the other an opening off the newel stairs; and since it was here that Scott was quartered, he was certainly fortunate in having his slumbers undisturbed.

Beyond the Castle precincts, southward, is Kilmuir churchyard, with some fearful and wonderful family vault-enclosures, like pounds; also with an obelisk erected by the notorious Simon, Lord Lovat, over the grave of his father, who

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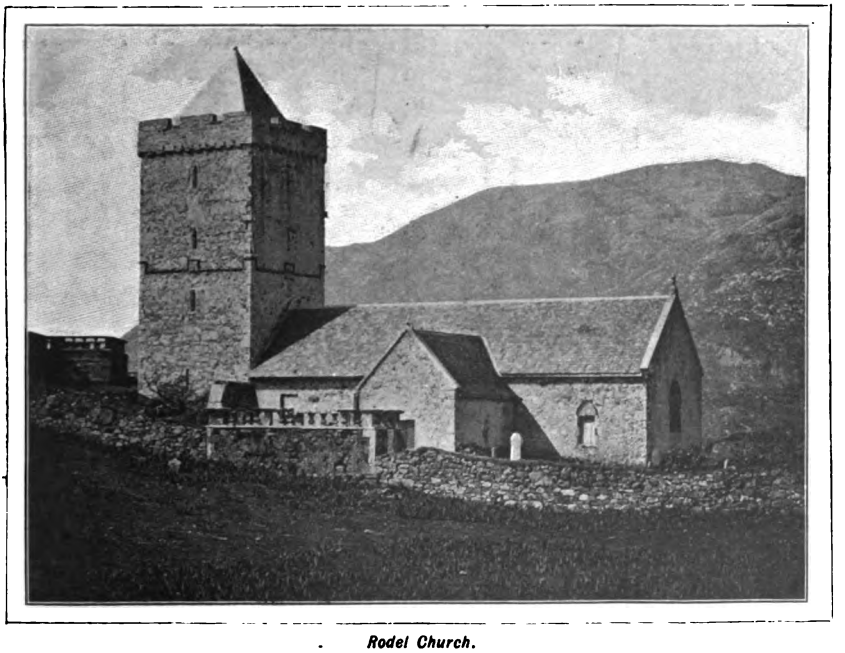
died at Dunvegan when visiting his brother-in-law; the son, "to show posterity his affection for his mother's kindred, the brave MacLeods, choosing rather to leave his father's bones with them than carry them away to Lovat." Just beyond this churchyard stands the Dunvegan Hotel, on that road to Portree which offers an alternative route, for any who would wish to visit the neighbourhood, but without the long passage from Oban.

Within a walk, eastward, is the Temple of Anaitis, discoursed upon by Boswell, still awaiting the attention of some competent antiquarian; destined to be more fortunate in his digging, let us trust, than the lady who unearthed, near here, a lately buried gipsy's child, when investigating some supposed monument of the past.

Some monuments of the past MacLeods being at Harris, ship was taken for Rodel. After calling at Stein, Ardmore is soon reached, with Trumpan at its back, memorable in island story. At Trumpan some MacLeods were in church. Nothing being sacred to a Macdonald, the building was fired, and all its occupants put to the sword except one woman who escaped. But the hostile keels had been sighted. The invaders, cut off from their boats, had to fight it out to their last man; a stone wall being turned over upon them, as cairn for their slain bodies.

Then, coastwise, round the low dark point of Waternish, and another call at Uig; after which follows that crossing to the Long Island which is such a formidable business in hard weather. On nearing Harris, the object of our visit stands out, at the base of one of the bare grey hills; where also formerly stood the island



*Rodel Church.*

residence of the lord. It was here that Rorie held revel on a night in 1601 with his vassals, after carrying fire and sword to Troternish, "sparing no living thing," and having his own country near the Coolins raided in return by the Macdonalds. On the night in question a party of the latter were taking news of their success



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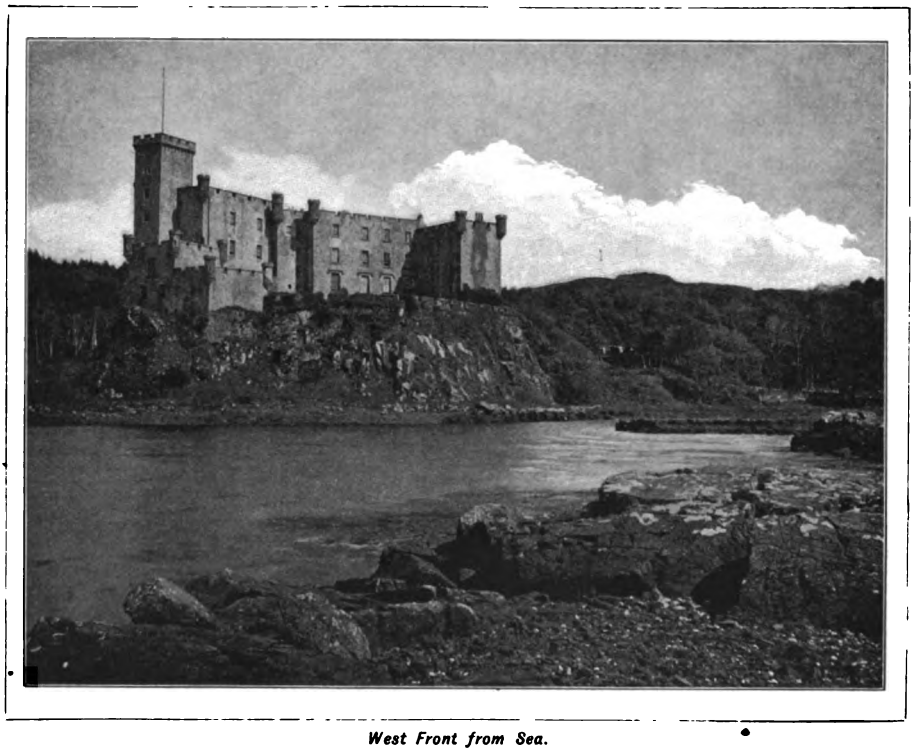
to their chief, when they were swept across the Minch before the storm. Perhaps Scott had the incident in mind, when he wrote:—

> "When, if a hope of safety rest,
> 'Tis on the sacred name of guest
> Who seeks for shelter, storm-distress'd,
> Within a chieftain's hall."

At any rate, it was a night when Rorie swore he would not refuse refuge to his worst enemy; and so he was easily prevailed upon by his piper Macrimmon, who had a friend aboard, to admit the strangers. The crew were accordingly taken in, entertainment was provided, and an outhouse improvised for their rest. But, warily suspicious, at midnight Macrimmon secretly reported change of wind; and



*West Front from Sea.*

hardly had the Macdonalds got afloat before seeing their dormitory in flames; their piper acknowledging the amenities of Harris by promptly striking up *The MacLeods are disgraced,* to the fury of those ashore, at learning the birds had flown.

In the small church are three recumbent effigies, and two recessed tombs; that of Alister Crotach on a scale of unexpected grandeur. It was fashioned during his lifetime, and bears date 1528.

There appear to be no ruins remaining of the monastery founded here by one of Crotach's predecessors, to which the church was attached; nor indeed anything else tempting one to linger; therefore a visit was paid to Obbe, with its archipelago of islets, and its clusters of crofters' huts.

The huts are very small and low; but one that was entered contained three rooms. In the middle of the central living-room was the open hearth, prehistorically

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interesting; beyond this room, to left, was the sleeping-room, so crammed with beds that no floor was visible; to right a back kitchen, furnished with pots, chickens, peat, and lumber. Everything within seemed black, as well might be; for though a hole in the roof over the hearth, and another in a corner under the eaves, and the open door, between them carried off much of the smoke, enough remained behind to irritate nose and eyes, unless to the manner born.

*Insignia of the Chief.*

The women are a stalwart breed; even the elder ones show remarkable sprightliness, when scampering up a hillside, jabbering Gaelic at their errant orange- and tabby-coloured cows. They are, of course, adepts at everything connected with wool, including the colouring of it with simple, natural dyes. They seem also to take their full share of all work that has to be done; not that this can be excessive, one would imagine, seeing that on the following morning, a lovely spring day, at one hamlet no living creature was to be seen till eight o'clock, at which hour sleepy half-clad urchins began to peep out at their cabin doors.

Returning to Rodel, the impatience of a Boswell would be out of place. The soft, enervating air of these regions, as the good people of Obbe evidently find, tends to repose and resignation: to the resignation of a Johnson, sitting down to write *his* letter of thanks, "on the margin of the sea, waiting for a boat."

*Arms of Ian Breac, Sixteenth Chief.*

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## I.

THERE is a desolation that no natural scene has power to invoke. The labour of Nature's thousand forces upon earth's face may awaken awe before their enduring record, but can conjure no sense of sorrow; for high mountains, huge waste places and rivers calling shall make us feel small enough, not sad. But cast into the vast theatre some stone that marks a man's grave, some ruined aboriginal hut or roofless cottage, some hypæthral meeting-place or arena of deserted human activity, and emotions rise to accentuate the scene. Henceforth the desert is peopled with ghosts of men and women long dust; and their hopes and ambitions, their triumphs and griefs glimmer out of dream pictures and tune the beholder to a sentiment of mournfulness.

Such a scene on a scale unusually spacious may be found in the central waste and fastness of Devon. Upon Dartmoor, where peat marshes stretch, all ribbed with black peat cuttings, between the arms of Dart, where Higher White Tor rises northward and the jagged summits of lesser peaks slope southerly to Crockern—the Stannators' court-house in old time—there lies a strange congeries of modern buildings rotting into dust and rust at the song of a stream. Even the lonely grove of fir and larch that shields these ruins is similarly passing to decay; but many trees still flourish there, and under the shadows of them, or upon the banks of the Cherry-brook that winds in the midst and babbles its way to the mother-river, stand scattered remains of a considerable factory. Now only a snipe drums or a plover mews plaintively, where some short years ago was great hum and stir of business and a colony of men engaged upon most dangerous toil. Rows of whitewashed buildings still peep from the dark grove or stud those undulating hillocks that tend moorwards beyond it. Tall grey chimneys rise here and there, and between certain shattered buildings, linking the same together, great water-wheels appear. These from their deep abodes thrust forth shattered spokes and crooked limbs and claws. They slumber half in gloom, like fossil monsters partially revealed. Deep from their dilapidated jaws gleams up the slime of unclean creatures; moss hides the masses of their putrefied bones; huge liverworts clothe their decay, and hart's-tongue ferns loll from their cracks and clefts, and thrive in the eternal twilight beneath them. Once twin pairs of grinders

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turned here, and the last aspect of these is even more uncouth than that of the water-wheels that drove them. Their roofs are blown away and the rollers beneath are cased in rust and moss. Willows and grasses and the flowers of the waste flourish above their ruins; broom, dock, rush, choke the old watercourses; crowfoot mantles the stagnant pools that remain; and all is chaos, wreck and collapse. For here spreads the scene of a human failure, the grave of an unsuccessful enterprise. Its secret may still be read in dank strips of old proclamations hanging upon notice-boards within the ruins, and telling that men made gunpowder here; but those precautions necessary to establish the factory upon a site remote from any populous district, indirectly achieved its ruin. Profits were swallowed by the cost of carriage from a situation so inaccessible; and probably dynamite also arose with augmented strength to lessen the value of powder. Yet, while this latter explosive has superseded the other for many uses, gunpowder still holds its own where certain minerals are concerned. The gelatine smashes like a fiend; our old blasting powder rips like a workman, and consequently breaks out valuable stone to better purpose. So, at least, the Moor-men declare.

At gloaming of an autumn day one living thing only moved amid the ruins of the old powder mills, and he felt no emotion in presence of that scene, for it was the playground of his life; his eyes had opened within a few score yards of it. Young David Daccombe knew every hole and corner of the various workshops, and had his own different goblin names for the quaint tools still lumbering many a rotting floor and the massive machinery, left as not worth cost of removal. Mystery lurked in countless dark recesses, and Davey had made secret discoveries too—tremendous, treasured wonders hidden within the labyrinths of these crumbling mills, and shared with none.

But at this moment all things were forgotten before a supreme and new experience. The boy had just caught his first trout, and a little fingerling fish now flapped and gasped out its life under his admiring eyes. Davey was a plain child, with a narrow brow and hard mouth. Through his mother he came of old Plymouth stock that rumour hinted was poisoned at the source. "What be bred in the bone——" folks said, and shook their heads behind the backs of Davey's parents.

Now he smelt the trout, patted it, chuckled over his capture, then casting down an osier rod, with its hook and a disgorged worm half way up the gut, he prepared to rush home and display his triumph to his mother. As he climbed up from the stream and reached a little bridge that crossed it, his small face puckered into a fear, for he heard himself called harshly, knew the voice, and felt little love for the speaker.

Out of the deepening gloom under the fir trees a young man appeared with a gun under his arm.

"Be that you, Davey, an' did I see a rod? If so, I'll break it in pieces, I warn 'e. Fishin' season ended last Saturday, an' here's the keeper's awn brother poachin'. A nice thing!"

"Oh, Dick! I've catched one! First ever I really catched. Won't mother be brave an' glad to eat 'un? Ban't very big, but a real trout. I be just takin' it along home."

"You'll do no such thing, you little rascal. Give it up to me this instant moment, or else I'll make you."

Richard Daccombe approached and towered over his brother. It was easy to see that they were near of kin.

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"Please, Dick—just this wance—'tis awnly a li'l tiny feesh—first ever I took too. An' I swear I'll not feesh no more—honour bright. Please—'cause mother never won't believe I ackshually catched one if her doan't see it."

"Give it to me, or I'll take it, I tell you, you dirty little thief."

Davey's lip went down. "'Tis a damn cruel shame. You'm always against me. I wish you was dead, I do. I never knawed no chap in all my days what have got such a beast of a brother as I have."

*"'Give it to me, or I'll take it, I tell you, you dirty little thief.'"*

"Give up that feesh, else I'll throw you in the river, you lazy li'l good-for-nought."

"You'm a gert bully," began the boy; then he fell upon a happy thought, and braced himself to sacrifice his most treasured secret. To let it go into his brother's keeping was bad, but anything seemed better than that his first trout should be lost to him.

"Look 'e here, Richard," he said, "will 'e let me keep this feesh if I tell 'e something terrible coorious 'bout these auld mills?"

The keeper laughed sourly. "A lot more you'm likely to knaw 'bout 'em than I do!"

"Ess fay, I do. 'Tis a wonnerful secret as I found out all to myself, an' never yet told to a single soul. It comes in my games—my Robinson Crusoe game; but I never play that wi' any other chap—not even they Bassett bwoys from Postbridge. I be only living soul as knaws; an' I'll tell you if you'll let me keep my feesh."

"What's this mazin' secret, then?"

"You'll swear?"

"Ess, if the thing be any good."

"Good! I should just reckon 'twas good. Come an' see for yourself—I was

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awful 'feared at first. Now I doan't care nothin', an' many a time I've took great bits, an' lighted 'em, an' seen 'em go off 'pouf!'"

He led the way to a low building with a dull red roof. It was windowless, but had a door that swung at the will of the wind. This erection was lined inside with matchboarding, and it contained a board of regulations that prohibited all metal within the shed. Even a nail in a boot was unlawful.

"'Tis Number Four Case House—used once for storing powder," said Richard Daccombe; "that's a pile of sulphur theer in the corner."

"Ess, but theer's more'n you can see, Dick. Look here. Another floor lies under this, though nobody minded that, I reckon, else they'd have took what's theer."

Davey moved two boards, and beneath them—dry and sound as when there deposited—he revealed some tons of black blasting powder. His brother started, swore in sudden concern, hastened from the building, and, taking his pipe out of his mouth, carefully extinguished it. Then he returned and accosted Davey.

"Why didn't you tell me about this before, you little fool?"

"Why for should I? 'Twas my gert secret. But you'll not let it out, will you, Dick? If chaps comed to hear, they'd steal every atom for blasting the moor stone."

This Richard knew very well.

"I'll be dumb, and mind that you are," he said. "And no more playing games with gunpowder. You might have blowed the whole country-side to glory. Keep away in future. If I catch you within a hunderd yards of this case house, I'll lather you."

"Finding be keeping," answered Davey indignantly.

"Perhaps 'tis; an' might be right. You've heard me. That powder's mine henceforth."

Davey knew his brother pretty well, but such injustice made him gasp. His small brains worked quickly, and remembering that Richard's business on the rabbit warren took him far from the powder mills, the boy held his peace.

This silence, however, angered the bully more than words. They moved homeward together, and the elder spoke again.

"Now you can just fork out that trout, and be quick about it."

"You promised on your honour!" cried Davey.

"Promises doan't hold wi' poachers."

They were walking from the valley to their home; and the younger, seeing the farmhouse door not two hundred yards distant, made a sudden bolt in hope to reach his mother and safety before Dick could overtake him. But the man's long legs soon caught up with Davey. He was collared and violently flung to the ground.

"Would you, you whelp?"

A blow upon the side of the head dazed the child, and before he could recover or resist, his brother had thrust a rough hand into Davey's pocket, dragged therefrom the little trout, and stamped it to pulp under his heel.

"There—now you go home-along in front of me, you young dog. I'll teach you!"

The boy stood up, muddy, dishevelled, shaking with rage. His eyes shone redly in the setting sunlight; he clenched his little fists, and his frame shook.

"Wait!" he said slowly, with passion strong enough for the moment to arrest his tears. "Wait till I be grawed up. Then 'twill be my turn, an' I'll do 'e all the ill ever I can. You'm a cowardly, cruel devil to me always, an' I swear I'll pay you back first instant I be strong enough to do it!"

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'Get in the house an' shut your rabbit-mouth, or I'll give 'e something to swear for," answered the keeper.

Then his great loss settled heavily upon Davey's soul, and he wept and went home to his mother.

## II.

RICHARD DACCOMBE visited the little bridge over Cherry-brook yet again after his supper; and in a different mood, beside a different companion, he sat upon the granite parapet. Darkness, fretted with white moonlight, was under the fir-trees; the Moor stretched dimly to the hills in one wan, featureless waste; an owl cried from the wood, and one shattered chimney towered ghostly grey over the desolation. Quaint black ruins, like hump-backed giants, dotted the immediate distance, and the river twinkled and murmured under the moon, while Dick's pipe glowed, and a girl's soft voice sounded at his elbow.

"Sweetheart," she said, "why be you so hard with Davey?"

"Leave that, Jane," he answered. "'Tis mother has been at you—as if I didn't know. Little twoad's all the better for licking."

"He's so small, and you'm so big. He do hate you cruel, an' your mother's sore driven between you."

"Mother's soft. The child would grow up a dolt if 'twasn't for me."

"Yet you had no brother to wallop you, Dick."

"Faither was theer, wasn't he? I call to mind his heavy hand, and always shall. But if you mean I be a dolt, say it."

"Us all knaw you'm cleverest man this side of Plymouth."

"Drop it, then, an' tell of something different."

Jane Stanberry did as she was bid: her arms went round Dick's neck, and her lips were pressed against his face. To the girl he represented her greatest experience. Orphaned as a tender child, she had come to Cross Ways farm, in the lonely valley of the powder mills, and there dwelt henceforth with her mother's kinswoman, Mary Daccombe.

The establishment was small, and a larger company had not found means to subsist upon the hungry new-takes and scanty pasture-lands of Cross Ways. Jonathan Daccombe and his wife, with two hinds, here pursued the hard business of living. Richard was in private service as keeper of White Tor rabbit warren, distant a few miles from his home; and he divided his time between the farm and a little hut of a single chamber, perched in the lonely scene of his occupation. Of other children the Daccombes had none living save Davey, though two daughters and another son entered into life at Cross Ways, pined through brief years there, and so departed. The churchyard, as Jonathan Daccombe cynically declared, had been a good friend to him.

Jane was a deep-breasted, rough-haired girl of eighteen. She possessed pale blue eyes, a general large-featured comeliness, and a simple, light-hearted nature that took life without complaining; and she held herself much blessed in the affection of her cousin Richard. Talk of marriage for them was in the air, but it depended upon an increase of wage for Dick, and his master seemed little disposed to generosity.

The bridge by night was a favourite meeting and parting place for the lovers, because young Daccombe's work in late autumn took him much upon the Moor after nightfall. The time of trapping was come, and his copper wires glimmered by the hundred along those faintly-marked rabbit runs, familiar to experienced eyes

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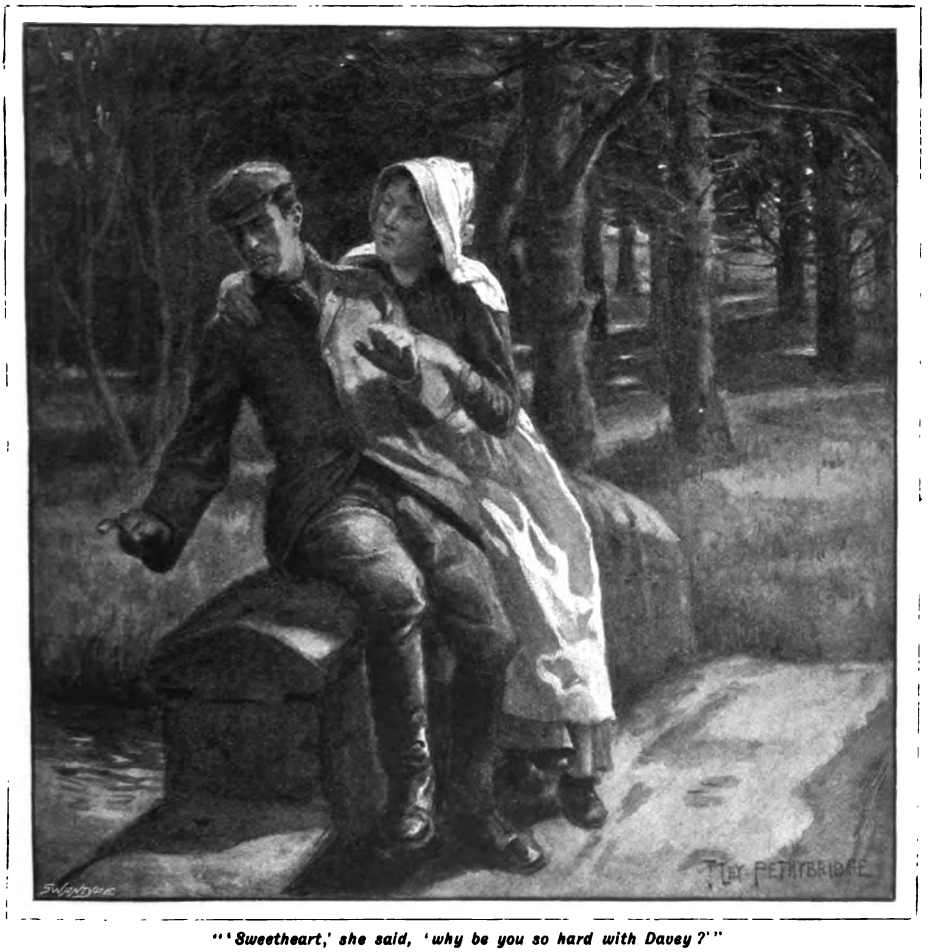
alone. These he tended from dusk till dawn, and slept between the intervals of his labour within the little hut already mentioned.

A topic more entertaining than the child Davey now arose; and Jane, whose spirit was romantic, with a sort of romance not bred of her wild home, speculated upon a coming event that promised some escape from the daily monotony of life at Cross Ways.

"To-morrow he'll actually come," she said. "I've put the finishing touches to his room to-day. What will he be like, Dick?"



*"'Sweetheart,' she said, 'why be you so hard with Davey?'"*

"I mind the chap a few years back-along playing football to Tavistock. A well-set-up youth, 'bout my size, or maybe bigger in the bone. An' he could play football, no doubt. In fact, a great hand at sporting of all sorts; but work—not likely! Why for should he? He'll have oceans of money when his faither dies."

"Your mother reckons 'tis all moonshine 'bout his coming to Cross Ways to learn farming. She says that he'm sent here to keep him out of mischief—for same reason as powder-mills was set here, 'cause 'pon Dartymoor the Dowl's self would be hard put to it to make trouble. He'll ride about, an' hunt an' shoot, for sartain. But he won't never take sensible to work—so your mother reckons."

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"Maybe he won't; but faither be going to get two pound a week by him; so what he does ban't no great odds so long as he bides."

"Would you call him a gen'leman?"

"Gentle is as gentle does. Us shall see."

"Wi' book-larnin', no doubt?"

"Little enough, I fancy. Nought but a fool goes farmin' in these days."

"Yet 'tis our hope, I'm sure," objected Jane. "Please God, Dick, us will be able to take a little farm down in the country some day—won't us?"

"In the country—yes; but not 'pon this wilderness."

There was silence between them again, while the owl hooted and the river scattered silver in the rushes and babbled against the granite bridge.

"Wonder what colour the chap's eyes be, Dick?"

"They'll be black if I hear much more about him," he answered shortly. "For I'll darken both first day he comes here—just to show how we stand."

"You're jealous afore you've seed him!"

"An' you're a blamed sight too curious to see him. Best drop him. He won't be nought to you, I s'pose?"

"How can you be so sharp, Dick? Ban't it natural a gal what leads such a wisht life as me should think twice of a new face—an' a gen'leman too?"

"Anthony Maybridge have got one enemy afore he shows his nose here; and you're to thank for it."

Jane laughed. "Then I know what to expect when we'm married, I s'pose. But no call for you to be afeared! If he was so butivul as Angel Gabriel he'd be nought to me. Kiss me same as I kissed you just now."

But Dick was troubled. His clay pipe also drew ill, and he dashed it into the water. "Damn kissing!" he said; "I'm sick of it. Get home, an' let me go to work."

"The young man will like you better than me, when all's said, dear heart; for you'll give him best sport of anybody in these parts."

He grunted, and left her without more words; while she, familiar with his sulky moods, showed no particular regret. To the hills he strode away, and the misty marshes swallowed up sight of him, while he threaded his road through the bogs, climbed great stony slopes under the hill-top, and reached his warren. But bad fortune stuck close to Richard that night, for of two fine rabbits snared since sundown, nothing remained but the heads.

Foxes, however, are sacred upon Dartmoor, even in the warrens; though, if evil language could have hurt them, it must have gone ill with a vixen and five brave cubs, whose home was hard by in the granite bosom of White Tor.

## III.

ANTHONY MAYBRIDGE arrived at Cross Ways, and amongst the various items of his luggage he was only concerned for his gun-case. Mrs. Daccombe greeted the youth with old-time courtesy, and her husband soon perceived that the new-comer would be a pupil in little more than name. Anthony, indeed, made an energetic start, and for the space of a full week resolutely dogged the farmer's footsteps; but his enterprise sprang from a whim rather than a fixed enthusiasm. On the spur of the moment, before various alternatives, he had decided upon farming; but the impulse towards that life waned, and in a month the lad found Richard Daccombe's society much more congenial than that of his taciturn parent. Good store of snipe and plover were now upon the Moor, and they drew young

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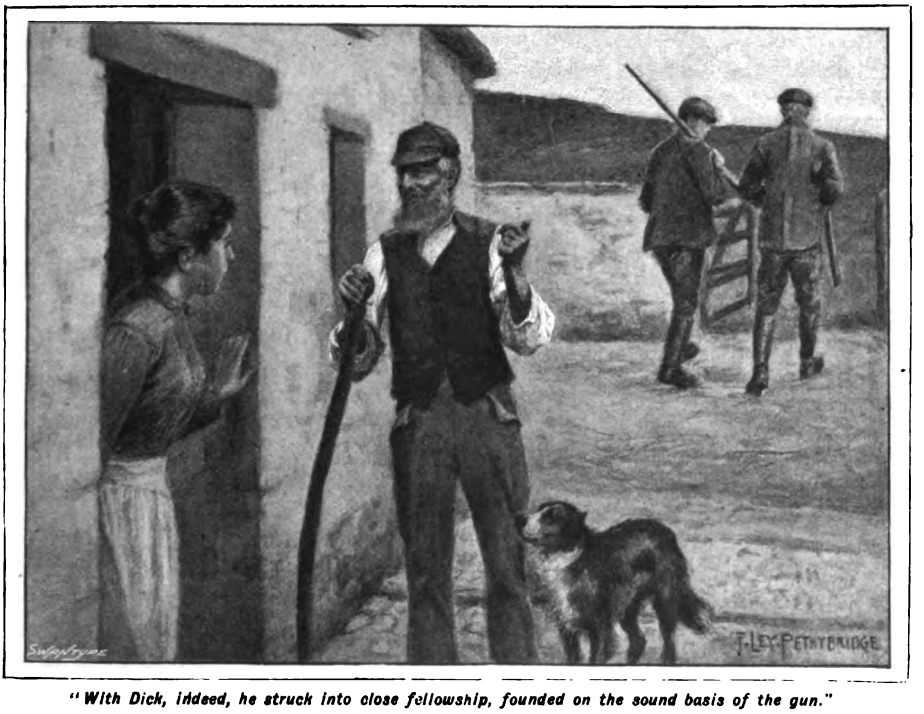
Maybridge more surely than the business of manuring hay lands or getting in the mangel-wurzel crop. With Dick, indeed, he struck into close fellowship, founded on the sound basis of the gun; and with Jane Stanberry he also became more friendly than anybody but herself was aware. Socially, Maybridge stood separated from his host by the accident of success alone. Daccombe and Anthony's father were old acquaintances, and the latter, a prosperous nurseryman at Tavistock, sometimes fell in with his friend when the hounds met at the powder-mills.

The boy found Jane sympathetic, and being possessed of a warm heart but no intellect to name, he soon revealed to her the true cause of his present life and temporary banishment from home.

"If you can believe it," he said, when she met him returning from a day with the snipe in the bogs,—"if you can believe it, I shall be surprised. I always




*"With Dick, indeed, he struck into close fellowship, founded on the sound basis of the gun."*

thought a man ought to look up to women as the soul of truth and all that. I was engaged—secretly; and there was another chap I hardly knew by sight even; and that girl was playing with me—like you play with a hooked fish, the only difference being she didn't want to land me. In fact, I was the bait, if you understand such a blackguard thing, and she fished with me and caught the other chap. I could mention names, but what's the use?"

"How horrid!" said Jane. "I'm sure I'd very much rather not know who 'twas."

"Well, anyway the other chap took the bait. And the moment she got him she threw me over. *After we were engaged*, mind you! And the rum thing is, looking at it from a mere worldly point of view, that I shall be worth tons more money than that chap ever will be."

"She didn't really care about you, then."

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"I suppose not, though I would have taken my dying oath she did. And after the frightful blow of being chucked, I tried to hide the effect, but couldn't, owing to going right off my feed—especially breakfasts. My mother spotted that, and taxed me with being ill—a thing I never have been in my life. So I had to confess to her what a frightful trial I'd been through, and she told the governor."

"I'm sure they must have been very sad about it, for your sake."

"Not half as much as you would have thought; though many chaps have been utterly smashed up body and soul and gone into a consumption of the lungs for less. But it came as a bit of a shock to my people, because, you see, I'd never mentioned it, and—well, the girl was in a tobacconist's shop, and my governor hates tobacco; which made it worse, though very unfair it should. Anyway it shows what girls are."

"And shows what fathers are, seemingly."

"Yes; though how my governor, whose grandfather himself went out working in other people's gardens, could object to a girl who had pluck enough to earn her own living, I don't know. I had a furious row about it, until he pointed out that, as she had chucked me, it was not much good quarrelling with him about her. Which was true. Nobody but you has really understood what a knock-down thing it was. I'm an atheist now—simply owing to that woman: I don't believe in a single thing. I said all girls were the same till I met you. Still, I feel as bitter as a lemon when I think much about it. But you're different, I can see that."

"You'll feel happier come presently."

"I am happier already—in a way, because I find all women are not like that. You and Mrs. Daccombe have done me a lot of good, especially you."

"Sure I be gay and proud to think so," said Jane.

"To promise and then change! Why, it's contrary to human nature, I should think," declared the ingenuous Anthony.

But Jane Stanberry did not reply; she had reached a point in her own experience of life that indicated the possibility of such a circumstance.

Young Maybridge was pleasant to see, and, as cynical chance would have it, his gifts, both physical and mental, were of a sort to shine conspicuous from the only contrast at hand. Dick Daccombe had a face of true Celtic cast, that might have been handsome, but was spoiled by an expression generally surly and always mean. His character became more distrustful and aggressive as he grew older, and the suspicious nature of him looked specially ill before Anthony's frankness and simplicity. The latter was fair, with open, Saxon type of countenance. His good temper overcame all Richard's jealousy from the first, but the keeper envied Anthony's extra inch and a half of height and greater weight of shoulder, though he himself was the closer knit of the two.

For a period of weeks all went well between the young men, and their increasing intimacy argued ill for Anthony's progress towards practical knowledge in agriculture. This Jonathan Daccombe understood, but held it no concern of his. It happened that the farmer came home one day just in time to see his son and his pupil departing from Cross Ways together. An expression of contempt touched with slight amusement lighted his grey face, and he turned to Jane Stanberry, who stood at the door.

"Like the seed 'pon stony ground," he said. "Comed up wi' a fine blade an' full o' nature, then withered away, 'cause there wasn't no good holding stuff behind. A farmer! However, there's no call he should be. He'm here to learn to forget, not to farm."

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"He is forgetting so fast as he can," declared the girl. "He's got nought to say nowadays 'bout the wickedness of women and such-like; an' he went to church wi' mother an' me 'essterday to Postbridge, an' singed the psalms an' hymns wi' a fine appetite, I'm sure. His voice be so deep as a cow when he uplifts it."

"I reckon he'm getting over his trouble too quick for my liking," answered Mr. Daccombe. "My bird will be off some fine mornin' when shooting be over, and theer's nought more for him to kill."

Meantime, while Jane spoke with admiration of Anthony's good qualities, and Richard's mother heard her indignantly, the young man himself was similarly angering another member of the Daccombe family. Now he stood with Dick upon the lofty crown of Higher White Tor, and watched a flock of golden plover newly come to their winter quarters from some northern home. They flew and cried at a great height above the marshes, wheeled and warped in the clear blue of a December sky; and when simultaneously they turned, there was a flash as of a hundred little stars, where the sunlight touched the plumage of their breasts and under-wings. But they were bound for a region beyond the range of the sportsmen who watched them; soon, indeed, the birds dwindled into dots, that made a great ≺ upon the sky; and as they flew, they constantly renewed that figure.

"Pity," said Anthony. "Off to the middle of the Moor. Haven't got a shot at a golden plover yet. Miss Jane's favourite bird too, so she says."

"No call for you to trouble about that. If she eats all I've shot for her, she'll do very well."

"You're a lucky devil, Dick."

"That's as may be."

"Always the way with chaps like you, who never had anything to do but ask and get 'yes' for an answer. You don't know when you're well off in these parts."

Richard laughed without much merriment. "There's so good fish in the sea as ever come out of it," he said. "I'd not break my heart for any girl."

"A chap in love to say such a cold-blooded thing!"

"We're not all froth and splutter, like you."

"Nor yet ice, like you, I should hope. You're engaged to the prettiest girl I've ever seen in my life, and the best; and you take it as if it was your right instead of your frightfully good luck. It's only because you don't know the world that you are so infernally complacent about her, Richard. If you knew all that I do——"

The other sneered in a tone of levity. "A wonnerful lady's man you—by all accounts! But don't think I'm afeared of you. Might have been jealous afore you comed—not since."

Anthony grew red as the dead asphodel foliage under his feet in the bogs. "That's as much as to say I'm a fool."

"Why so? It's as much as to say you're honest—that's all."

"That wasn't what you meant when you spoke. You were laughing because you know you are sharper than I am. You may be, but you're not sharp enough to know your luck. You've told me pretty plainly what I am; now I'll tell you what you are—a good shot and a good sportsman all round, but no other good that I can see. You think a jolly sight too much of yourself to make a good husband, anyway. If Jane realised——"

"Mind your awn business!" thundered out the other, "and keep her name

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off your tongue henceforward. D'you think I doan't know her a million times better than you do? D'you think us wants lessons from you after all these years, you——"

"I can make you angry, then, though I am a born fool?"

"Yes, you can; an' you damn soon will if you'm not more careful of your speech. I doan't want to take law in my own hands an' give you a good thrashing; but that I'll do if you touch that matter again. Who are you, to tell me my duty to my gal?"

"As to what you'll do or won't do," answered Maybridge, growing very rosy again, "there's two sides to that. I'd have asked you to box weeks ago, only I'm taller and heavier, and I thought you would think it unsportsmanlike. But now—when you please. As for Miss Jane, I shall speak to her, and see her, and go to church with her just as often as she'll let me, without asking leave from you or anybody. So now you know."

Anthony swung off over the Moor, and Richard, pursuing the way to his hut on the shoulder of the tor, let the other depart unanswered. This sudden and unexpected breach rather pleased the keeper. He had always held Anthony to be a fool, and the fact seemed now proved beyond further dispute. It was not until he had lived through the loneliness of a long day and night upon the warren that the young man viewed his situation differently. Then three harpies—wrath, indignation, and a natural jealousy—sprang full-fledged into being, and drove him home before them.

As for Maybridge, smarting under a sense of insult and a worse sense that he was not acting very laudably, he strove to excuse himself to his conscience. He assured himself many times that Richard Daccombe was wholly unworthy of Jane Stanberry in every possible respect. And there came a day when he told her that he thought so.

*(To be concluded next month).*

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*Man's ancestor. Olenellus the trilobite.*

# THE EARTH'S EARLIEST INHABITANTS.

BY PROFESSOR GRENVILLE A. J. COLE.

MANKIND has ever been as hungry for knowledge about its past as it is and ever will be about the possibilities of its future, and there is an absorbing fascination in the study of the mysterious fragments which tell the story. Even the ancient Greeks commented on the fact that the remains of animals, notably those of shell-fish, were to be found imbedded in the rocks; but for a long time the study of such objects seemed altogether idle and unprofitable. By some instructors of youth, fossils were regarded as sports of nature, mere imitations of living things, fashioned, like crystals, in the mysterious prison-house of the earth. By others, the Noachian deluge was considered a sufficient explanation: had it not swallowed up created things in one great whirl of doom? In the sixteenth century, however, the young soul of the renaissance began to ask questions, not merely of human authority, but of the heavens and the earth themselves. It was slowly realised that only by observation could we grasp the secrets of the world on which we dwell. The stones of the earth were thus turned at last, in the hope of spelling out her history.

Yet few of these earlier scientific observers could have guessed how brief and trivial the whole human narrative would prove to be, beside the vast chronicle of life upon the globe. Fossils were found to occur in beds of rock, or "strata," laid down one upon the other. No catastrophe, sweeping round the world, could have entombed these remains with so much decency and order. The strata were seen to be similar to those formed by streams, or lakes, or seas, when they deposit, year after year, their burden of mud or sand. The growth of such materials is far from rapid, though recent calculations tend to show that, in favourable conditions, a foot of rock may be formed in a century, or a thousand feet in a hundred thousand years.* Furthermore, it has long been known that the stratified series, containing traces of animal life, is of enormous thickness, and can be measured, if we choose, in miles. We have not bored vertically through it at any one point, since the sediments of successive ages were laid down, now in one locality, now in another, as the land and sea changed places during the slow "revolutions of the globe." But the movements that take place in the

* See Prof. W. J. Sollas, Address to Geological Section of the British Association, 1900.



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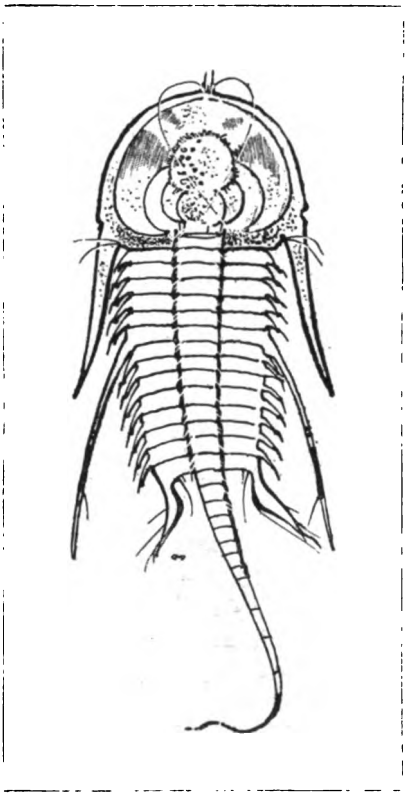
earth's crust have brought up even the oldest and long-concealed layers to our view. Bent and folded, like a crumpled cloth, they rise often in hills or mountain chains above the general level of the country. Then, by comparing one spot with another—the uptilted chalk of Freshwater, the beautifully contorted limestones and clays of Lulworth, the far older limestones of Ingleborough and the Peak, the sandstone ranges of southern Ireland, the slates of Ffestiniog and Llanberis—we can picture to ourselves the stupendous series, rich in life-forms from end to end.



*Olenellus the trilobite.*

When we find, beneath a great city, the layers of broken pottery, the tesselated pavements, the narrow lance-heads of the bronze age, the rough flint weapons of a still earlier period, we read the history, recorded without books, which awaits us everywhere in the ground. Each stratum, marking the soil on which a particular race lighted its camp-fires or built its towered cities, is indicated by a special series of remains. Similarly, life-forms in the past have varied; some have become extinct, others have developed: by their means, successive geological periods may be established, the strata laid down during each being characterised by the fossils they contain.

This was the great discovery made known by William Smith, most illustrious of land-surveyors, in 1799. As a young man, he proved to his scientific associates that the fossils in the beds round Bath followed one another in a definite order; by 1815 he had extended his observations to the whole of England and Wales, and produced his famous geological map, showing the boundaries of the principal groups of strata.

The names given to these successive "systems" of stratified rocks were chosen from various characters, and sometimes from localities where the beds were well displayed. Professor Sedgwick, in 1835, called the old slaty rocks of North Wales "Cambrian," and this term has been everywhere accepted for the system containing the first well-marked assemblage of fossil remains. The Cambrian fauna was soon looked on with respect; Mr. Joshua Trimmer thus wrote, in 1841, that, in all probability, "in the Cambrian rocks we behold the first appearance of organic life upon the surface of our planet."

These Cambrian strata—to use the only scale of measurement that we possess—are separated from our own time by deposits some twenty-five miles in thickness. It is not probable that all these deposits, which form the basis of our calculation, were laid down at the maximum rate of accumulation. Opinions may, then, easily differ as to the actual time that has elapsed since the opening of the Cambrian period. It must suffice for us to know that this occurred many millions of years before man appeared upon the earth.

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What is the nature of this earliest known fauna, this group of animals that seems to bring life at one stroke into the scheme of created things? Sedgwick and others in our own islands, and Barrande in Bohemia, showed us, about 1845, that a considerable variety of animals existed, even in Cambrian days. The Bohemian types were often beautifully preserved, while ours were made out with some difficulty from among the squeezed and altered slates of Wales. Corresponding beds in the United States, notably in New York and Vermont, yielded many additions to the fauna, and the work of Mr. C. D. Walcott, in 1886, made the richness of the American strata known throughout the world.

It became, indeed, necessary to define the base of the Cambrian system. Dr. Brögger of Christiania showed, in 1886, that the lowest Cambrian beds were marked by the prevalence of a crustacean, a trilobite, already known as *Olenellus*. The "Olenellus-zone," as it is called, came thus to have an immense geological interest. Anything found below it would be pre-Cambrian, and would mark a still older fauna. Such fossils, when discovered, would bring us even nearer to the earliest inhabitants of the globe.

Viewed from one point, the Cambrian fauna, though millions of years old, cannot be regarded as very primitive. Invertebrate life is represented there in remarkable variety. We know sponges, like those recorded from South Wales by

*The huge scorpion-crab of Silurian times.*

Dr. Hicks; strange dark markings, radially grouped, regarded by Walcott as remains of jelly-fish; corals; brachiopods, the relatives of which live on as the



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lamp-shells of to-day, a class still widely distributed from the equator to the poles; and molluscan shell-fish belonging to all our modern groups. We also find worms and crustacea, the latter including the trilobites, a group now entirely extinct.

The molluscan shells were, however, decidedly rare; the far humbler brachio-pods were abundant. Limpets occurred, it is true, but even these differed slightly from existing types. Most of the Cambrian kinds of animals, considered critically, cannot be precisely paralleled with the genera of the present day. Yet the fauna was by no means an obscure one, if we try to regard it from the point of view of a thoughtful periwinkle or a retrospective shrimp. From a vertebrate aspect, on the other hand, its deficiencies are surprising and predominant.

The Cambrian trilobites, ruling with undisputed sway, founded families marked by great variety of form. The tiny Agnostus, sightless, and with only two body-segments between the head-shield and the tail-piece, is found side by side with

*The primeval forest.*

Paradoxides, which possessed compound eyes and sixteen to twenty body-segments, and which attained a length of about two feet. Even at the base of the system, in the true Olenellus-zone, very diverse but smaller types are found associated with Olenellus. Olenellus itself gives us several species, from *Olenellus Thompsoni* with fourteen body-segments, to *Olenellus vermontana* with twenty-six. Some examples have the third segment singularly widened and expanded; and in *Olenellus Gilberti* this is sometimes prolonged into elegant and curly spines. Messrs. Peach and Horne have darkly suggested that this conformation is a sexual character. Can we escape the conclusion that these male observers are laughing in their academic sleeves? Why not at once ascribe such eccentricities of fashion to the females? The gloom of Cambrian times is lightened a little by the thought.

We know, from the record of the rocks themselves, that the sun shone, and the drying sand cracked upon the shore, that the waves beat, and left little rill-marks as they shrank away, and that the rain fell, dimpling the surface of the clays, in those far-off Cambrian years, just as they do now in the modern world

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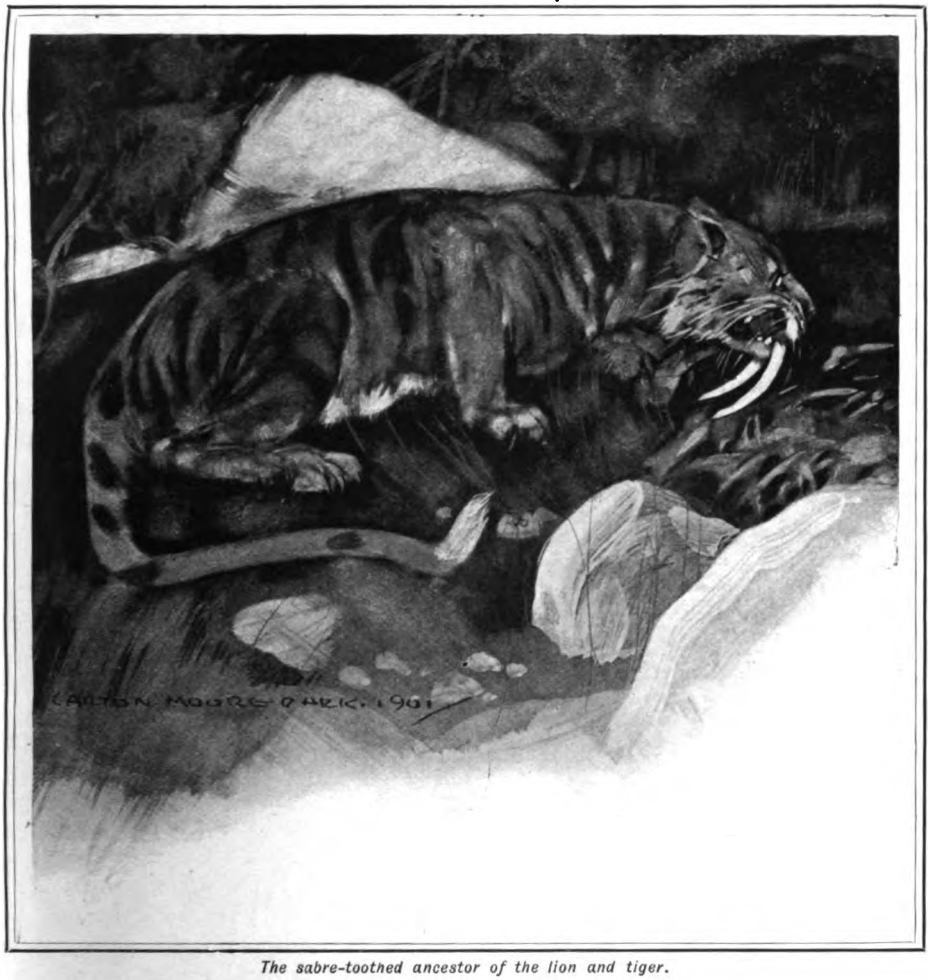

*The sabre-toothed ancestor of the lion and tiger.*

around us. Mountains rose above the waters, and rivers, flowing from them, brought down their burden of stones and mud to the mighty storehouse of the sea. Even the volcanoes, which here and there broke through the surface, poured forth the same types of lava as to-day, and were no more catastrophic in their action.

Yet in all the ocean not a fish yet swam; it is doubtful if an insect yet crawled or hovered among the mosses of a flowerless land. The earth was there, golden with sunlight, flecked with sea-born cloud; the peaks rose white above the snow-line, the ocean-floor went down into chill mysterious depths; and the lord of all this magnificence, this realm prepared, as we are apt to think, for man's delight, was Olenellus the trilobite, a creature occasionally four inches wide, and at most six inches long.

It is no wonder that an older generation than our own looked on the Cambrian fauna as the first and rough scheme of animal creation. Minds that were filled with a pious optimism respecting the world as it now is, minds that regarded all constituted authority as beneficent, from the institution of slavery to the restoration of the Bourbons, were pleased, on the other hand, to think that the earth had again and again been swept clear of life, and had been each time remoulded

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nearer to the heart's desire. The savagery of such a series of revolutions, when perpetrated on the mere "animal creation," was lost sight of in the magnificence of the catastrophes involved. The racked and suffering world, as a spectacle for these philosophers, received the same approval as the flames of Rome received from Nero. At a safe distance, tragedy is always edifying.

Despite Lamarck and his school, each successive fauna thus came to be regarded as the product of an independent creative act. The geological systems founded on these faunas seemed mainly provided for the pleasure of curious inquirers, or perhaps for the ultimate guidance of landowners, who might seek in this or that stratum for valuable coal-beds or metallic ores.

Charles Darwin, however, in 1859, by providing a possible explanation of the succession of life upon the globe, by proving the mutability of species, and by appealing from the present to the past, did an even greater service to geology than Hutton and Lyell had done in earlier years, when they swept the lovers of sudden catastrophes from the field. The idea that the faunas followed one another, stratum by stratum, in one vast progressive and continuous scheme, rapidly found favour among scientific men, though it was fiercely controverted by those who would set man, body as well as soul, on a pinnacle absolutely apart.

Yet the series of life-forms revealed by geological work is surely a magnificent and appealing one. Paradoxides the trilobite, two feet long, dominates the Cambrian period, leaving his humbler brother, Olenellus, safely buried in the lower levels of the system. In Silurian times we meet with Stylonurus, a far more specialised marine creature, probably allied to the scorpions and king-crabs, and actually five feet long. The small but self-assertive scorpion had by this time appeared upon the land, and has successfully held his own thenceforward to the present day. The fishes, however, our first true vertebrates, though often with poorly developed backbones, secured a hold at the same time on the globe, and happily avoided the assaults of Stylonurus and his friends. Cased in boxes of bony armour, clumsy but serene, they prospered and propagated their kind, becoming more specialised, and more distinctly fishlike, as time went on. In the Devonian period we thus find genuine fishes dominating the globe, those of Ohio attaining the superb length of thirty feet. In the next period, the Carboniferous, among our antique coal-forests, amphibia of quaint types move; and then, in Permian and Triassic times, the reptiles arise, and rapidly assert their sway. When we write reptiles, we use the term with caution and respect. These early reptiles were less reptilian, far more generaliscd, than any reptile of the present day. They held in themselves the promise of many higher types of life. Already there must have been some reptilian forms moving, generation by generation, along a sure course towards the mammals; others, again, imperfectly foreshadowed the exquisite structures of the birds. There is no epoch more absorbing to the zoologist, none more exciting to the scientific imagination, than this junction-zone between ancient and modern times.

The reptiles emerged from it triumphantly. The group of the Deinosaurs, or "terrible lizards," in their wide variety of form, soon laid hold upon the land. Some moved ponderously among the forests, cropping the tree-tops as they raised their heads, and often standing fairly erect on their enormous hinder limbs. Others were fiercely carnivorous; and we find some of the vegetable-feeders protected against them by an almost grotesque armour of plates and spines. Smaller and more elegant deinosaurs hopped about between the bushes, or perhaps from branch to branch of the dark coniferous trees. In full and unsatisfied

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vitality, the reptiles entered on the seas in search of food; and huge swimming lizards, their limbs modified into paddles, played a more alarming part than any of our modern whales. Lastly, the reptiles seized upon the air, many forms flying like huge bats, by means of a membrane stretched from one digit of the fore foot to the side. The empire of the reptiles thus became complete and undisputed.

*"The Deinosaurs or 'terrible lizards' . . . . laid hold upon the land."*

In this world, where might seemed dominant, where one huge form was followed by another, until reptiles from thirty to a hundred feet long trampled the river banks or heaved their bulk across the plains, the mammals none the less secured their place, and warily and craftily held their own. What skill in their timorous little brains, what swiftness in their twinkling feet, saved them amid the horde of reptiles, forms one of Nature's lost tales of adventure. We know that some mammals escaped destruction, but they were small types, humbler than the opossums and the kangaroos; we may picture them as hiding in holes and corners of the earth. As long as the reptilian empire lasted, the mammals made very little progress, remaining as subordinate creatures, incapable of battle, and waiting patiently for relief.

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The relief came at last, with what seems, geologically speaking, surprising swiftness. We do not know how the reptilian empire fell: whether the enormous herbivorous forms exhausted the vegetation, became weakened, and fell a prey to the carnivores, which in time were forced to feed on one another; or whether a plague, some bacterial disease, smote the reptiles, and spared the hardy and oft-tried little mammals. The passage from Cretaceous to Eocene times sees, in any case, the last of the old deinosaurs; the reptiles that remain, crocodiles and serpents and so forth, are virtually the specialised reptiles of to-day.

Directly the field was open, the mammals proved worthy of their far Triassic ancestry, and seemed to realise that their inheritance had come to them at last. In turn they grew monstrous, and became adorned with horns and hoofs, or with rending claws and aggressive teeth; some, in light fairy forms, flew through the air as bats; others took to the water, and gave us the race of whales, surpassing in bulk the largest reptiles of the past.

And so, through long series of forms, we reach the mammals of our own time; the sabre-toothed Machairodus gives way to our lions and our tigers, the mastodon to the mammoth, the mammoth to our modern elephant. And here, at the summit of the whole, we have that strange being, Pithecanthropus, the great man-ape of Java, and man himself, the primitive cave-dweller, whose course is only now begun.

Let us now try to gain some systematic idea of this amazing record of the rocks. Let us divide the time between the formation of the Olenellus-beds and the present day into one hundred equal parts, which we may loosely term æons. The thicknesses of the various strata, in the localities where their marine types are best developed, give us some idea of the position of each geological system on the time-scale. Though we may not be agreed as to the number of years comprehended by an æon, each certainly represents a longer time than most people care to contemplate. After some thirty of these æons, the primitive armoured fishes at last arrive upon the scene; in another thirty, we have reached the reptiles; mammals, and then birds appear, but the reptiles reign supreme for some twenty æons—until, in fact, the Eocene period dawns. All our vast wealth of modern mammalian life develops in the last sixteen or eighteen divisions of our scale, man himself appearing, as a modern upstart, in the final æeon of the whole.

To say that the geological record gives us a new interest in created things is the mildest assertion that can be made. This vision of progressive faunas shows us everywhere generalised and hesitating forms of life passing along various lines into creatures of specialised organisation. In the same way, in our social life, the loungers of the streets, not yet degenerated into permanent idlers, may become started, under favouring circumstances, on various specialised careers. Their descendants may be marked out as successful soldiers, seamen, doctors, artisans, or merchants. The world becomes richer in intelligence, because the ideas of each man are concentrated on his definitely selected work. This may serve as an illustration of the physical and mental progress that went on through our long geological ages. The whole stratified series, at any rate, gives the lie direct to the old-world pessimism, which saw in the scheme of Nature nothing but a revolving wheel.

> "Of earth's first clay they did the last man knead,
> And there of the last harvest sowed the seed,
> And the first morning of creation wrote
> What the last dawn of reckoning shall read."

Much as these words may have justified the epicurean in the past, they have no longer any power in philosophy. Looking forward, æon beyond æon, may we not fairly

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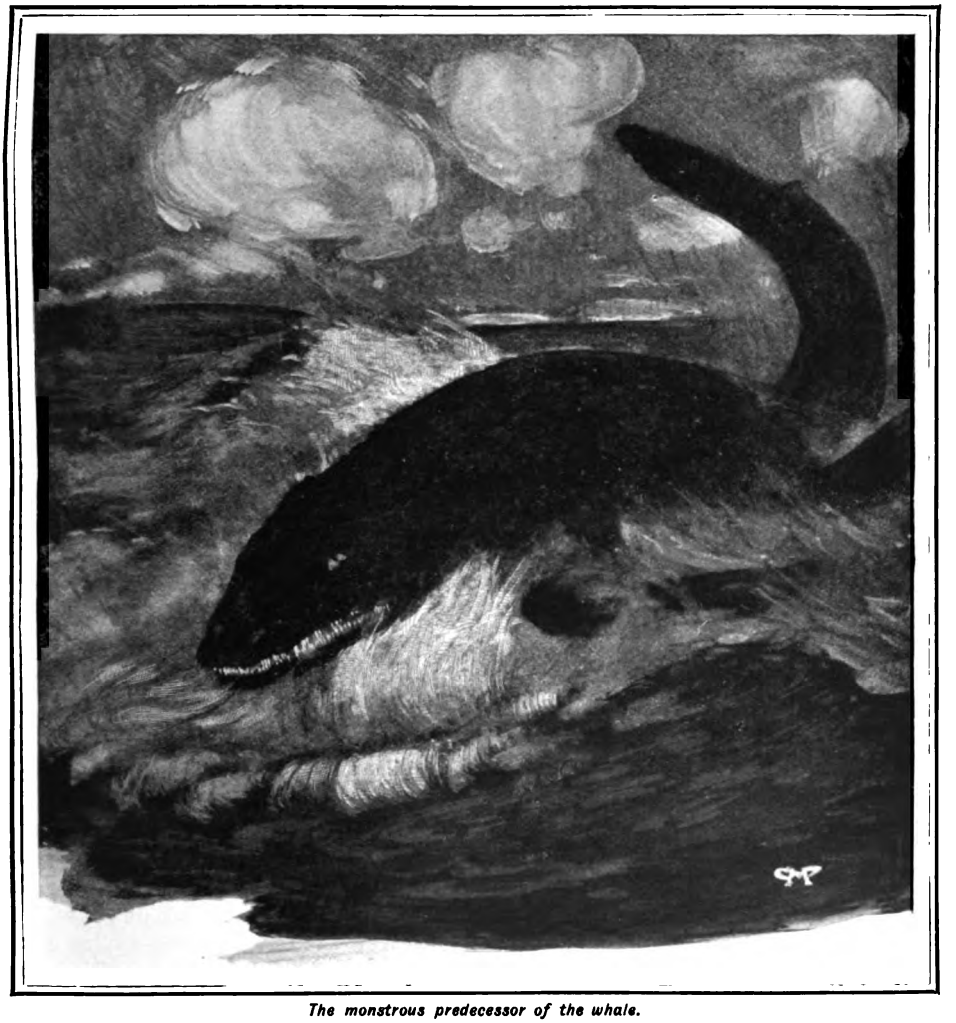
ask, is human nature, as we know it, necessarily unvarying and complete? Is man, this strangely compounded omnivore, now preying on his fellows like a rat, now of a most godlike apprehension—is man himself the crown of creation and the end?

From such a speculative field it may be healthy to return to what is not only probable, but proved. Humble as the fauna of the Olenellus-beds appears to us, its complexity assures us that it was preceded by others still more primitive. In many lands, thick series of stratified rocks underlie the lowest Cambrian, and



*The monstrous predecessor of the whale.*

fossils may now at any time be found in them. Setting aside the famous *Eozoön canadense*, as belonging to the mineral kingdom, obscure remains are already recorded from pre-Cambrian strata in certain areas. Thus Lapworth's discovery of Olenellus in beds on the Welsh border in 1888 throws the whole mass of the Longmynd back into an earlier era. This purple moorland, formed of old slates and sandstones, furnished Professor Blake in 1890 with traces of worms and brachiopods. In 1891 Sir Archibald Geikie reported the discovery of the Olenellus-zone in western Ross-shire; the grand masses of the Torridon Sandstone,

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which stand like forts down the Atlantic coast, must in consequence be regarded as pre-Cambrian; and a chance tourist may perhaps be the first to unearth from them some early and unknown inhabitant of the earth. Walcott, again, has described three groups of imperfect fossils from pre-Cambrian rocks in Montana, Arizona, and Newfoundland. Worms, brachiopods, and crustaceans are already

*The great man ape of Java.*

recorded by him. Even this highly ancient assemblage seems by no means to represent the earliest life upon the globe.

If we follow Mr. H. M. Bernard, who traces the trilobites back into the worms, and who has called Olenellus a "browsing annelid"—a somewhat unkind aspersion—we may regard worms as fairly primitive creatures; but what of the ancestry of the worms themselves? Is it, however, at all likely that the earth's earliest inhabitants have been anywhere preserved, amid all the stresses and movements that the rocks have undergone since their formation? Minute jelly-like masses, each one endowed with life, and of the most complex molecular organisation when compared with the inorganic world around them, may have lived and multiplied for æons before the arrival of a single worm upon the scene. We are at present on the eve of discoveries in the dim pre-Cambrian realms; but it is safe to assert that the first forms of life have long passed beyond pursuit. The fascination of the faunas that preceded the dynasty of Olenellus is, however, surely strong enough to stir the imagination and to promote the most strenuous research. We are still like travellers on some mountain crest at sunrise, watching the unfolding of the upper levels of the hills, and seeking to peer into the dark hollows that lie thousands of feet below. Here and there a peak emerges from the enveloping clouds; but we cannot as yet survey the landscape as a whole. At length some skilful observer, some subtle spirit, will dissipate the mists at one point, and will allow a shaft of light to penetrate down to the abyss; and this one discovery will be for him the glory of a lifetime.

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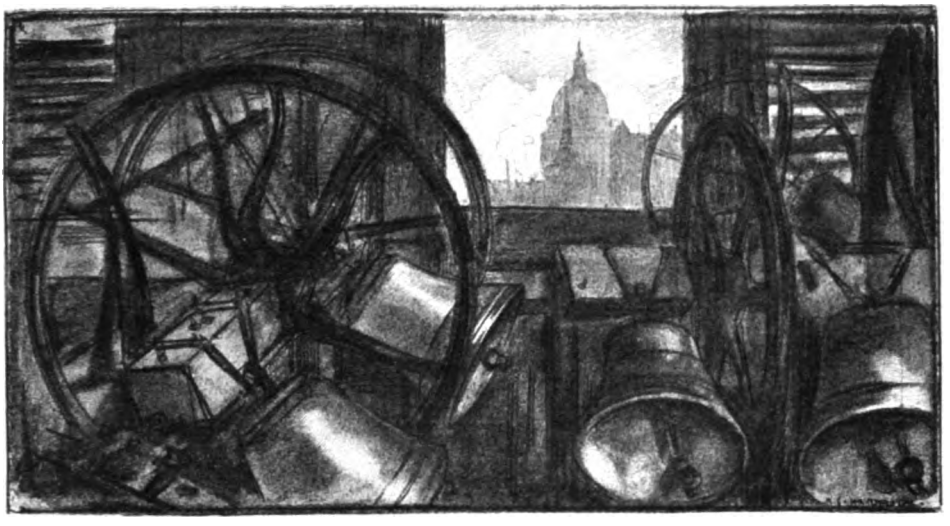

# STREET NUISANCES AND NOISES.

*THE PLEASURES OF LIFE IN LONDON.*

BY MRS. E. T. COOK.

"London; that great sea whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more. . . ."
SHELLEY.

". . . Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles."

"I HAVE a little house on my books, just the very thing for you," said the agent. "It would exactly suit you: so compact, so secluded, in a quiet part."

I did not immediately answer the agent. I hate "compact" houses: the adjective means that you smell cooking all day, and are inextricably mixed up with the kitchen. Besides, the agent's office-chairs were like knife-boards, and I was feeling distinctly cross. I had been feeling cross all day. Things had combined to that result. A dog, to begin with, had barked all night, and kept the Professor awake. This, I allow, is in itself a mere nothing. Dogs in London continually bark, and I generally write polite notes about them, which may possibly be effectual in time and with patience. But, to make matters worse, daylight had discovered the fact that one of the water-pipes had burst in the early autumn frost, and "gone through" to the drawing-room ceiling; after breakfast, my next-door neighbour had started a gigantic and choking bonfire of leaves and garden rubbish; the boys (two youths of tender age, otherwise known in the establishment, from their marauding habits, as "the Huns"), were discovered to have turned on the bath-room taps and left them running; Mary Jane, the parlour-maid, had indulged in one of her "tantrums"; and finally, when I had made my escape, and slammed the front door dispiritedly behind me, I left not only my domestic annoyances, but also a posse of British workmen who were considerately engaged in tearing up the pavement just opposite my own abode.



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"This time I think it's a really nice residence: quite first-class; no mews, no noisy 'backs,' no Twopenny Tubes anywhere near," repeated the agent hopefully.

* * * * * * *

But I did not feel hopeful. The fact was that I had gone through the same thing too often. London houses and London noises are, no doubt, dreadfully trying to the system. I have lived in and among both for years; but, so far from my getting used to them, they seem to me to get worse and worse every year. My household feels them, too; perhaps, on the whole, the Professor does the most of the grumbling; but, like Mrs. Gummidge, I "feel them worst of all."

I have lived in many and various London houses, and can hardly say which, in the matter of noise, is worst. Life in London is really living in one big and general annoyance, with a host of private and peculiar annoyances in the back-yard—we mean the background. Thus, there is always the whirlwind of omnibuses, milk-carts, etc., before your front door; while, as regards the back of the house, who shall say what small and heart-breaking aggravations may at any moment spring up to beset you? Cocks, hens, small boys with penny trumpets, an alien Hun with a catapult, dogs, cats,—all or any of these may render the constant Londoner's life a misery. They and their like helped to kill John Leech, to sadden the Carlyles; and who are we, that we should hope to fare better than they?

Londoners are strange people; they have one distinguishing peculiarity. This is,—that they will never take the initiative about any grievance; they will put up with almost anything rather than make a fuss about it. They are not in the least public-spirited. It is of no use to complain, be the abuse never so monstrous, for you will get no following. I once pursued a malignant old cock through the mazy windings of a London slum,—a cock, too, that was a perfect ventriloquist in its own way. For a long time I could not even succeed in locating its where-abouts; the crow seemed to come from here, there, and everywhere, all at once. Mrs. Carlyle could not have worked harder than I.

"'Ere's the birdcatcher!" cried the delighted small boys. Every one jeered, and misdirected me.

"That cock, 'm, as mikes the row,—'e don't live 'ere," said one hooligan. "There *wuz* a old cock up at the Pub. at the corner;—but 'e got the brownchitis,—a year come nex' May,—an' now 'e can't croak no more'n a spring chicking."

The cornet-player at the "pub." in question,—otherwise the "Queen's Arms,"—to whom I next addressed myself, "didn't know nothink at all about no cocks, 'ens, nor poultry of any sort. They never come *his* way: tripe an' onions was more his line. He was a pore man with a livin' to git, he was; and he got it the best way he could. Not that cornet-playin', as a perfession, was anythink like it used to be;—them dratted pianner-orgins, vierlins, and sich-like new-fangled notions, had taken the 'eart out of 'im long ago. Wy, the few coppers he got didn't stretch to no bewts for 'isself, let alone a wife and fambly, etc., etc., etc." The cornet-player, like old Jacob Marley, here waxed flowery.

The "lidy" at the oilshop was, for her part, "reelly surprised" that I could find it in my 'eart to objec' to a pore dumb animal as 'ad never done me no 'arm. That cock," she went on magnanimously, "'as waked up my little biby,—im wot's 'ad the measles so bad,—every night for a matter o' three months; but, bless you, I don't say nothin': it wouldn't do; you'd soon git yer name up ef you

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wuz allers kickin' up a row. Same as a dorg over the wy, at the paper-shop,—it reg'lar upset my sister, it did; sent 'er into the screamin' 'sterrics,—that an' 'er young man's carryin's on, together. It certingly barked somethin' crool. But there, I don't 'old with no fussin'. 'Live an' let live' is my motter."

To judge from the condition of the street in question,—and the strong and

*"A cock that was a perfect ventriloquist in its way."*

not altogether unjustified aroma of cats and cabbages that filled it,—the oilshop lady's "motter" was also the motto of her neighbours. "Londoners are poor-spirited creatures," I thought to myself as I dispiritedly gave up the chase.

* * * * * * *

"Were you thinking of Bayswater, madam?" the persuasive voice of the agent here broke in again on my meditations. "*De*-lightful houses and flats there! really superior mansions,—going wonderfully cheap;—and so near, too, to the

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Underground and to Whiteley's. I will send my clerk for the list, if you will kindly wait a minute."

* * * * * * *

"Bayswater!" I reflected. . . . One of the first London houses I ever lived in was in a Bayswater terrace. Here we had felt ourselves to be quite rural: from one or two of our windows we enjoyed a sweet little suicidal view of the Paddington Canal; and we had back-gardens, cats, dogs, and chickens, *ad libitum*, —with even a poultry-farm filling in the near horizon. In this locality, our ways were charmingly suburban; the voice—not, indeed, of the lark, but of the milk-boy—might be heard in the small hours of the morning, urging the sluggard to action by long soliloquies, apparently directed at no one in particular, but delivered for pure love of his kind. (It could not, surely, be flirtation: who would be in the mood to flirt at so early an hour?) At first we used to think it all truly idyllic, and, like the painter-poet Blake, tried to imagine that the fact of there being a rusty garden-roller under our back windows, and a decrepit and tailless hen strutting about the yard, made our ideas flow with greater force and fluency. We are, I may here remark, both of us "literary"; "the Huns," however, are not literary so much as littery, and Mary Jane's illiteracy is of a highly novel and original type; wherefore, indeed, she is to the household as a kind of Delphic Sibyl. Everybody—even the Professor—consults her opinion. She was very sympathetic to us at what I may term the Bayswater crisis of our lives. It was thus: a new horror suddenly arose on our horizon. A ringing, clanging, screaming noise greeted our astonished ears one morning: the youngest Hun's shouts were nothing to it. We imagined it at first to be either a traction-engine or an expiring pig; but it turned out to be a fine large grey parrot, kept at the "next-door people's" back windows. Even Mary Jane now said that it could not, for one moment, be endured; a blow for freedom must be struck now, or never. Nobody, however, seemed really prepared to do anything. The Professor, as is the manner of men, groaned and beat a retreat into the library; Mary Jane retired to the pantry, and viciously clattered pans; I was left to grapple with the enemy. I called on it; it was "not at home"; I heard its well-known voice in the passage, and insisted; but its mistress absolutely refused to see me. We thought of poisoning it—of stealing it,—of everything. Finally, we prosecuted it in the county court. It arrived, poor thing! in a covered cage before his Honour, indignant and speechless.

"See what a quiet bird he is, m'lud," said the young barrister engaged to defend the case, facetiously; and certainly our enemy,—impressed, perhaps, by the general grime of the surroundings,—held his peace.

"Niver wus sich a quiet bird," asseverated his master,—a patriarchal-looking Jew furniture-dealer: "'e ain't niver got nothink to say for 'isself; I got 'im for a fi'pun note, orf of a sailor wot cried when 'e parted with 'im; an' you mayn't 'ardly credit it—but 'e's as dear to me as one o' me own children."

"That's gawspel truth, so it is," chimed in the defendant's wife,—a gaily-dressed lady in pink tarlatan, scarlet roses, and black feathers. "The bird's *too* quiet, that's what's the matter with 'im."

We had our own opinion on the subject; but we eventually got our enemy reduced to silence,—and, alas! had to pay costs.

"What else can you expect,—agoin' to law with sech riff-raff?" Mary Jane commented viciously. She had, like Sam Weller, done her very best for us in the witness-box; and she was naturally annoyed that we had not more thoroughly succeeded in crushing the enemy.

* * * * * * *

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Here a coal suddenly fell in the grate, and I remembered what I had come to the office for,—and turned to the agent. "I have sent for the list of Bayswater houses, madam," says he; but I fix on him such a stony and uncomprehending gaze that he,—apparently giving me up as a customer, and thinking me a victim of some kind of cataleptic seizure,—addresses himself to Mrs. Jones, boarding-house keeper of Haverstock Hill. I continue my reflections.

* * *

Another trouble in the Bayswater house was caused by the large and continually increasing families of these same parrot-keeping people next door. How they could possibly ever all get into that house I cannot imagine; indeed, I was reduced to supposing that, like Cox and Box, they half of them went to bed at night and half in the day. To my certain knowledge, they had, besides cats, dogs, and birds, eight children, all of about the age of two years—to say nothing of several babies in long clothes. Now, even on the supposition that they habitually indulged in twins, it was manifestly impossible that such a *crèche* could fairly co-exist in one and the same family.

*"'Cornet playin' ain't the perfession it was.'"*

"I ain't got no patience with 'em," Mary Jane would say, viciously wielding her broom, on the frequent occasions of the arrival of a new baby, and the subsequent muffling of the "next-door" knocker. "This makes four in a twelve-month! they're like Noah and the Ark, they are!"

The numerous babies continually "took the air" in the back yard, whence their squeals mingled with those of dogs, cats, etc., suggesting the rhyme about the people who went to St. Ives! It was a musical family: every kind of hideous street instrument paraded in turn before its windows; bagpipes mourned, "niggers"

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sang and danced, in its near vicinity. Once or twice I even saw there that curious survival of former generations, the "Music" Man—a walking medley, from crown to sole, of musical instruments; hung round, like the "Medicine Man" of certain savage tribes, with the strange accoutrements of his calling. More than this: every day, to the fury of the poor Professor, a wheezy street-organ would stand opposite the next-door windows, grinding out, in grating tones, "Home, Sweet Home," to a jam-besmeared audience of admiring infants. Once, goaded to madness, the poor man actually appeared on the doorstep to assert himself. "I insist on your stopping that noise," he said with authority to the boy turning the handle of the organ. (He is naturally the mildest of men, but on this occasion he happened to be in the middle of a treatise on the colour of sea-water, in the progress of which the Huns had already twice interrupted him.)

"Play on, boy," said the Patriarch from the next door benignly, ignoring the interruption, and smiling, white-bearded, on his assembled offspring. One of the wives of the Patriarch's establishment also came out, and deliberately and with intention embraced the organ-boy's little black, red-coated monkey. It was a pitched battle between the opposing forces. The Huns (who had a half-holiday) much enjoyed it all, and at least half the street was looking on in open-mouthed and silent delight. The Professor stood to his guns, and it ended in a policeman being called. Not that the policeman really did anything at all; for, by the time that the argument about the organ had gone on for some twenty minutes, it had, like the Cheshire cat in "Alice," finished its tunes and gone away, and there was nothing more to fight about. So that the Professor felt it was, after all, but a bloodless victory.

But it was when we finally emerged from the shades of the Paddington Canal, and came to live in Bedell Square, in the classic if unfashionable region of Bloomsbury, that the noises and nuisances, from which we imagined ourselves to be flying, closed in more and more around us.

When the Professor and I, on a bright October morning, were landed, in all the pride of possession, in the new house, we unwisely supposed our troubles to be ended. Alas! "what fools we mortals be!" Mary Jane, sitting on an inverted box in the hall-way, counting our precious possessions as they arrived; the Huns, wildly and delightedly permeating every fresh nook and cranny; the Professor, blandly inspecting his new and spacious library; myself, contemplating the plane-trees in the "garden." We little knew what further terrors were in store for us.

"It's to be 'opes," said Mary Jane, severely, as she extracted a sandwich from a black reticule, "it's to be 'opes as you ain't goin' beyond what you can pay; for you must remember as you're only perfessional people."

Mary Jane is a privileged person; and, besides, she always feels it her mission to act as a sort of domestic Cassandra.

The first trouble in the new house was the milkman. I mean, the milkman we had elected not to deal with. He called every day; in a broken voice he begged me to just give him a hearing. He even followed me upstairs, and though I had taken refuge in my bedroom, I heard him still tearfully imploring my patronage through the keyhole. It was really harrowing, and I wished heartily that it had been possible for me to keep a cow in the back garden for our own private use, and forswear milkmen altogether.

"I don't want to name no names, 'm," sighed the despairer through the keyhole, "but that there milkman you've gone to, 'e's bin 'ad up for mixin' water with the milk, two years come July. . . . An' there's dipthery about somethin'

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*"A walking medley of musical instruments."*



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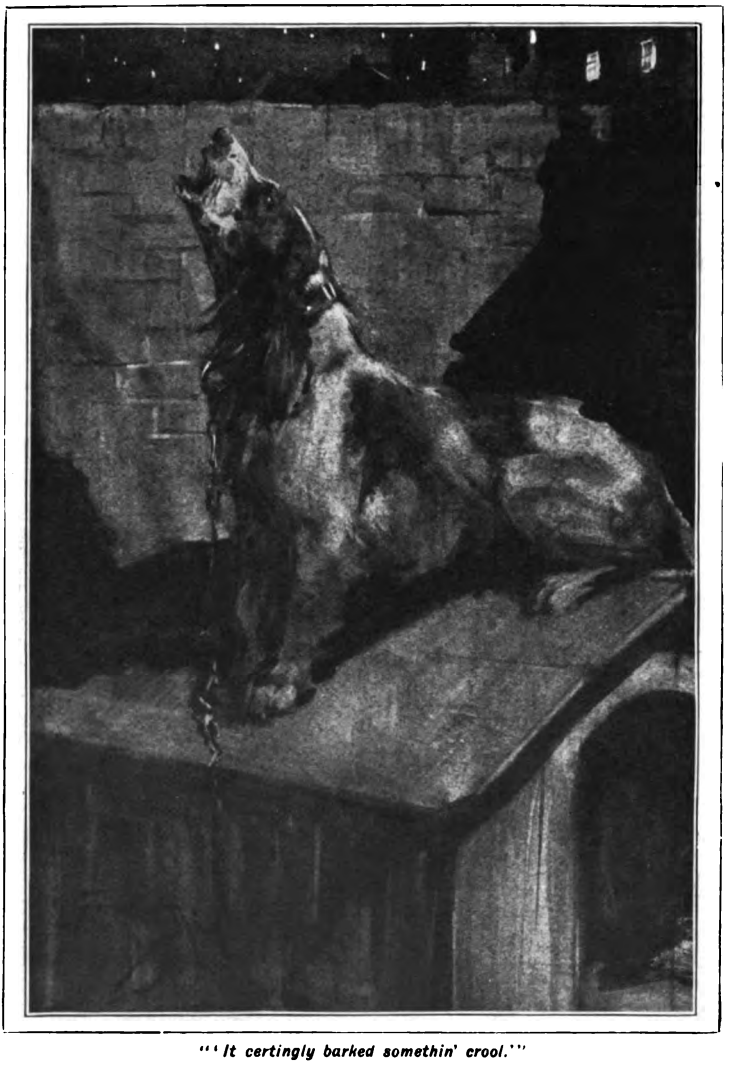
dreadful jes' now. . . . It ain't nothin' to me, o' course, 'oo you deals with; but I on'y 'ope, 'm, as you won't live to repent it."

Our house in Bedell Square is on an omnibus route; it is terribly noisy: this indeed, is the ostensible reason why I have come to the agent's to-day. In summer, when the windows are shut we are stifled; if they are open we find it impossible to sleep. The Professor prefers being stifled, I prefer being sleepless;



*"'It certingly barked somethin' crool.'"*

it is a continual struggle. The Professor, however, is an angel, with but one failing,—which is, that he imagines it to be the first duty of his life to contradict my assertions. So, yesterday, when I went to him to complain of the absolute impossibility of life in this particular abode, he told me that he was sorry to observe that I was really getting very fussy, and that Ruskin, Tennyson, or Carlyle (I forget which), had said that we ought to enjoy "the full-mouthed music of humanity." "Do you think it no privilege," he continued crushingly, "to live near the mighty pulse of the machine?"

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The Professor naturally feels very pleased with himself after his reprimand of me: so pleased, that he utterly fails to notice that one of his hated piano-organs is gaily playing "Soldiers of the Queen" in the street; till he suddenly remembers, in his usual way, that he has got to go to Birmingham that very minute. Mary Jane calls him a cab. A cab tout (these ubiquitous creatures seem always to spring up from nowhere, like the slave of Aladdin's Lamp), does not share any of the responsibility for the procuring of the cab, but firmly demands sixpence. I therefore utilise him for the carrying down of a portmanteau. "Rub your shoes on the mat," I say sternly, scanning his muddy form.

"Certingly, lydy" (but he blandly ignores the injunction).

"——and don't knock the paint off the stairs," I add hastily, for the cab tout shows unmistakable signs of having, in local parlance, "'ad a drop."

"Yis, lydy. This 'ere is a gordsend; it's the fust money I've touched to-day, an' me with a wife an' six children starving at 'ome." This speaker, it may be remarked, is a beardless boy of eighteen or so.

"Home, sweet home."

"Sich riff-raff!" mutters Mary Jane, removing the marks of the loafer's muddy feet, with an ominous clattering of dustpans.

When the Professor had gone I sent in desperation to my two friends,



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*"The voice of the early milk-boy.'*

Sylvia and Miranda, begging them to come to tea and console me. Like Job, I felt that I wanted comfort: comfort, too, such as the Professor, the Huns, and even Mary Jane, were unable to bestow. They arrived duly to tea, and, drawing them into the Professor's deserted study, I unfolded to them my troubles. The study is at the back of the house; but, although we here escaped from pick and shovel, we suffered, *en revanche*, from a leaf bonfire, considerately set alight by our next-door neighbours.

"Well, whatever you do, don't have a flat," Miranda said. "I'd give mine away with a pound of tea if I could."

Miranda, it may be observed, is pessimistic, Sylvia optimistic. In other words, Sylvia, like Tennyson's "Squire," thinks everything she has must necessarily be the best the world can offer, while Miranda is more of the Mrs. Gummidge type. My sympathies, it will be easily guessed, were on this occasion more drawn to Miranda. The leaf bonfire had become terrific in its proportions; but, though on the verge of suffocation, I just managed to gasp through the smoke, "Why don't you like flats? I was just thinking of taking one."

"A flat," said Miranda gravely, "is usually a frowsy hole. You are cooped up; you have no room for your possessions; you are mixed up all day with the cooking, and with the servants; you hear the baby cry, you hear the piano next door. Oh! it's dreadful!—and now my cook is leaving."

"What, again?"

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"She said she really couldn't stand any more of it," said Miranda, whose complaints, once started, were generally continuous. "And she told me that the way the other servants and the hall-porter 'hollered' at her up the shaft hurt her feelings. . . ."

A tap at the door, and, "Please 'm, might I speak to you for one minute?" in Mary Jane's voice—a voice that boded no good.

"What is it?" I asked, trembling, in the seclusion of the hall-way.

"Well, 'm, the coal vans 'as come—sech a time o' day to come!—and that larst coal you ordered in—well, it must 'a' bin cheap, for it's filled the 'ouse with soot somethin' shockin'—and me on my knees a-cleanin' from mornin' till night, etc., etc."

I looked out. "There seems to be fighting in the street," I said, nervously, for quite a little crowd had collected outside, and fisticuffs seemed to be freely exchanged.

"Well, 'm, the coalmen is *that* contrairy. They 'ave 'ad a bit of a bother with the dustmen. The Dust was 'ere fust, and 'e wouldn't give way a inch,—an' the Coal—one of 'em is a six-footer—didn't see it. An' between 'em, they've broke a pane o' gless in the kitchen winder; an' they had to clear the best cellar of egg-shells and bewts and sech-like muck, as was left by them parties as slep' there unbeknownst to us last week, an' gave cook 'orrors;—an' I do think, of all the 'ouses as ever I see! An' the coalmen, they swears they won't go 'ithout they 'as sixpence each——"

*"There is a 'appy land, Far, far away."*

"What, sixpence as well as breaking the window and filling the house with dust?" I cried; nevertheless I weakly paid the sum.

I returned in somewhat low spirits, to find my friends choking in the study. For the bonfire in the next-door garden now seemed to emulate a cremation on a small scale. Or was there a chimney on fire as well? For a minute the fumes constrained us to hold our peace.

Then Sylvia returned to the subject under discussion: "Well," she said, as soon as she could breathe more freely, "I *like* London noises. I believe that you and your Professor—yes, and even Mary Jane—would enjoy them too, if you would only give your minds to it. I never even *hear* the street noises I'm so used to them. I believe I should positively miss them if they weren't there."

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"Ex-tra spe-shul!"

A procession of cats, emerging from the smoke, now filed along the yard wall, and an excited Hun rushed in with a garden syringe. "There's cats!" he cried, with fiendish glee. "Mayn't I shringe them?" and out he rushed, without even waiting for an answer. Awful spitting sounds, mingled with shouts of unholy joy, were presently borne in to us by the gentle zephyrs.

"They're building next door to our flat," observed Miranda, when the cat sounds had somewhat subsided. "And those terrible cranes and hammers seem to be at work all day and all night. They wake the baby up continually, and Fred says that he intends to go to law about it."

My two poor comforters left, having, like Job's, found no remedy. As I opened the front door, some of the more immediate nuisances were, I observed, in abeyance,—only, however, to be replaced by others. The afflicted cat had breathed its last, and was now stretched out in a serene peace—no more to be disturbed by "fiends in shape of boys"—on the doorstep; the British Workman had temporarily ceased from his pavement depredations, and gone home to his tea—or his "pub." The obnoxious dust-cart had departed; but its familiar aroma yet lingered on the sunset air, as I watched Miranda and Sylvia depart down the street to the pursuing strains of a German band, mingling, at its own sweet will, its pseudo-classical tunes with the jingling ditties of its humbler rival, the piano

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organ. "Ex-tra Spe-shul! 'Orrible News from Pe-kin! Horful Outrages by Boers!" yells the evening paper-boy; and I spend twopence on a halfpenny sheet, only to find that a baby had been smothered in Poplar, and a telegram contradicted from South Africa.

The night comes on; the last of the leaf bonfires exhausts itself and smoulders out; and, as I go to help the Huns with their French exercises (they are doing "prep." for to-morrow in the schoolroom), I find myself, all unconsciously, dictating the Ollendorff exercise thus:

"The big lion has eaten up the Milkman, the Organ-grinder, the Dustman, the Paper-seller, the Cornet-player, the Sandwich-man, and all the rest of them."

"What bosh you're talking!" says the youngest Hun, with all the charming frankness of youth.

"The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs;" the dogs in the back-gardens recommence their plaintive wail, and in the street the bands of hooligans go up and down, yelling or singing snatches of music-hall songs, that generally end with the well-known, and, in their case, generally unnecessary refrain:

"We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear."

* * *

"This office closes, madam, at four o'clock," says the agent's voice, politely, in my surprised ear. "Would you like me to call a cab for you? I have here the list of the Bayswater houses I sent for. Would you keep these cards of admittance? Charming houses, — nice, compact . . . ."

At that terrible word I turned and fled.

I think that I will not carry things further with the agent just at present.

Yes, I think that I will really try a nerve-cure in the Black Forest.

*"Sweep— O— O!"*

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# UPWARDS.

Against the blue the leaves lie green
With spikes of pink white flowers between—
Against the blue the birches gleam—
A lace of twigs show here & there—
Ah! all is spring against the blue,
With God & sunlight everywhere!



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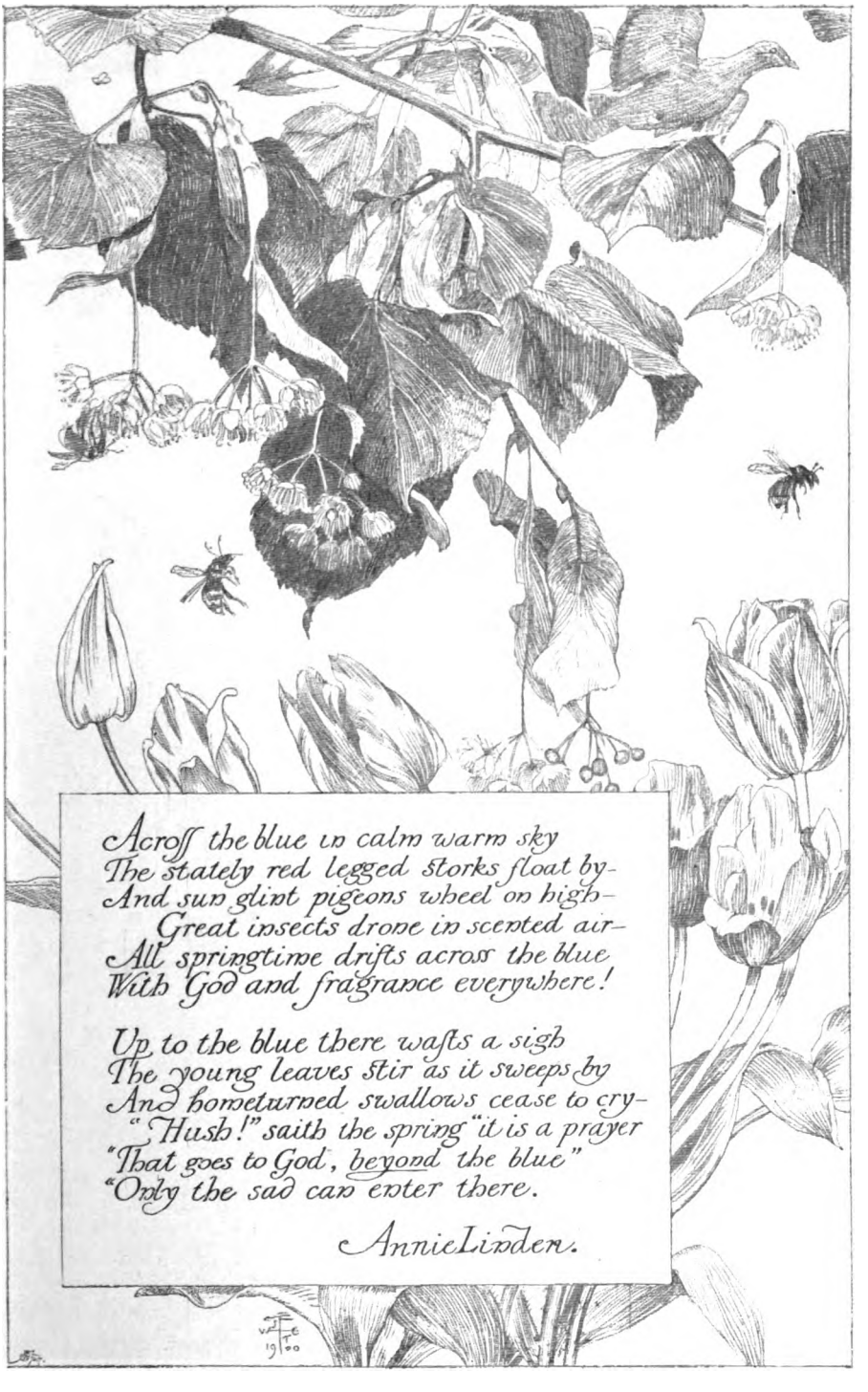

Across the blue in calm warm sky
The stately red legged storks float by-
And sun glint pigeons wheel on high-
Great insects drone in scented air-
All springtime drifts across the blue
With God and fragrance everywhere!

Up to the blue there wafts a sigh
The young leaves stir as it sweeps by
And hometurned swallows cease to cry-
"Hush!" saith the spring "it is a prayer
"That goes to God, beyond the blue"
"Only the sad can enter there.

Annie Linden.



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BY TOM GALLON.

THE Heavy 'Un was seated on a prop. box, in a draughty corner of a remarkably draughty hall—that hall being the sole place of entertainment boasted by a bleak little town in the Midlands. All round about him was the noise of hammering and shouting, the quick chatter of feminine tongues, with now and then a high-pitched feminine laugh; near him a pale-faced youth was pacing up and down, alternately casting his eyes on a brown-paper-covered book he held, and on the ceiling, the while he muttered strange words, and made strange gestures with his disengaged hand. Yet the Heavy 'Un sat absolutely unmoved, amid all the riot and racket, and read a letter.

Physically, the Heavy 'Un—whose real name, as set forth on the placards on the town hoardings, was Buckstone Suker—belied the title bestowed upon him; for he was somewhat small of stature, and the long overcoat, which bore upon its collar and cuffs the fur of some absolutely unknown beast—which might, from its appearance, have been shedding its own coat at the time of its decease—hung but loosely upon him, and was, indeed, more pretentious in appearance than its owner. But, fortunately for Mr. Buckstone Suker, men are not judged by mere inches; and the Heavy 'Un had been pronounced—even by his enemies—to have been, in certain parts which suited him, a very giant.

Years ago, in a time which is shrouded in the mists which cover forgotten things, Mr. Buckstone Suker had had ambitions, and had even fixed wistful eyes upon the great Metropolis as a final goal. But all that was past and done with; whatever chances he may have had had fallen away, with the roundness of his once youthful limbs, and with the lustre from his eyes. At the present time he worked for mere shillings—took a great deal of the rough, with a very, very little of the smooth—and was grateful for any engagement.

Yet, though he was but a poor player—here to-day, and gone Heaven and his manager only knew whither to-morrow—the Heavy 'Un had had one glorious ambition fulfilled, one splendid morsel of comfort thrown to him by a Fate which had, in all other respects, been stony-hearted enough. Somewhere, in the great world of fashion and luxury, was a gracious and beautiful lady, whose doings were chronicled in the Society papers, and who had once kissed the hand of Royalty. And that lady was the Heavy 'Un's daughter.

Ever since the far-off days when he had held his tiny daughter in his arms, and had soothed her to sleep by repeating, in a hoarse whisper, certain favourite lines from his repertoire, he had determined that she should be a lady. The child's mother had been a fellow-player, toiling with him in those backwaters of

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the profession which lie so far away from the broad stream of success; but she had been in it too long not to know all it meant to a woman.

"It's a good life, Buck dear," she had said, when she lay dying, "and you and I have got the hang of it, and couldn't very well live in any other way. But get her out of it, if you can: it isn't the life for a woman, with one-night stands, and poor lodgings, and God-knows-who to mix with. I've been lucky, because I found you, and you've been good to me; but it might go hard with her, if she had to begin the fight for herself, and alone. Get her out of it."

He had solemnly promised that he would, and had splendidly kept his word. In some extraordinary fashion, he had contrived, out of his small and precarious earnings, to keep her at boarding-school, paying mere flying visits to her on rare occasions, and hugging himself in secret afterwards, at the thought of her growing beauty and accomplishments.

Having been used all his life to taking things, which other men would have regarded as serious, in a mere haphazard fashion, it never occurred to the Heavy 'Un to make any arrangements for his daughter's future, after her school days should, in the ordinary process of time, have come to an end. But Providence—which had evidently made up its mind to treat him well, so far as the girl was concerned—obligingly arranged even this for him.

He was playing a remarkably heavy part—heavy even for him—some six months before this history discovers him upon the prop. box; and, having comfortably dispatched, in his capacity of the Demon Coiner, some three or four inoffensive individuals, who had had the temerity to cross his "per-ath," was retiring to a species of whitewashed cellar for rest and refreshment, when some one touched him on the shoulder, and informed him that a lady was waiting to see him. Before Mr. Buckstone Suker had time to say a word, or even to conjecture who the visitor might be, a light figure sprang past the messenger, and was in Buckstone Suker's arms. It was his daughter.

Even in that moment of surprise and emotion, Mr. Suker found it necessary to play his part, and to play it as completely as though he had been in the presence of a crowded house. First, he held his daughter off at arm's length, and gazed at her frowningly, yet with a sort of wistful tenderness; ejaculated, "It is—it is—my child!"—folded her in his embrace, with her head over his left shoulder; repeated the performance, with the same ejaculation, save that, on the second occasion, her head, by a dexterous movement, appeared over his right shoulder; released her, and somewhat feebly requested an explanation.

"Daddy"—she looked at him half pleadingly, half roguishly—"I've run away!" And then, with a burst of tears, and a conciliatory hug, which almost choked him, and which knocked his Demon Coiner's wig all over one ear, she blurted out her story. It took a long time in the telling, because it was necessary for the Heavy 'Un to dash on to the stage, at frequent intervals, to murder some one, or to be foiled alternately, and to receive frantic hisses as his just reward.

"You know, Daddy dear, that I've been growing up for quite a long time. . . . I'm a lot past eighteen . . . and so you haven't any right to be surprised at anything I do. It all seems like a dream, although it has happened in less than two days. Daddy—bless your dear, sweet, old painted face—I'm married!"

The Heavy 'Un staggered against a table, and stared at her helplessly; remembered the part he ought to play, and frowned, and folded his arms; and

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then became, in a moment, nothing but a poor, dejected, ordinary father, desperately fond of her. His arms fell to his sides, and he shook his head at her pathetically.

"Lucy! Lucy!" was all he said.

She was down on her knees beside him in a moment, pleading with him, coaxing him. "Daddy! there's nothing to be frightened about—nothing to regret. I am the happiest girl in the world, and Jack is very, very rich. Not

*"'It is—it is—my child!'"*

that that could possibly make any difference at all," she added, hurriedly, "because I should have loved him just as well if he had been poor, and had had to work hard for me. But he saw me—and we fell in love with each other—at the school. . . . Jack used to climb the wall, to see me; . . . and this morning I ran away, and we were married."

That was all the story; and it turned out to be just as good and true a little idyll in reality, as it had appeared in the telling. Jack Rycroft, the only son of a rich widow, was a gentleman in every sense of the word—indeed, in the best

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sense; and little Lucy Rycroft's future seemed to be set forth clearly before her, and to be painted in bright and rosy colours.

"But, Lucy, my child," said the Heavy 'Un, after a pause, and in that voice which long practice had taught him so well how to assume, "why concealment?—why run away, as though your father was tearing after you in a postchaise and a roaring passion? Why not trip it on the green, so to speak, to the sound of village bells—and—and things of that kind—eh?"

"Daddy, how could I?" she replied. "You have told me always to regard myself as an orphan, and as having nothing to do with you—although Heaven knows I'm very, very fond of you, and would be only too glad to be with you always. But you said I was never to speak about you."

"True, my child—true," he said, wagging a sage forefinger at her—"most true. But what of your husband?"

"That's the trouble, Daddy," she replied, slowly. "He does not know of your existence."

"Good—very good. I must not be discovered." He took three rapid strides across the room, and back again; dropped his stagey attitude in a moment, and held out his hands towards her.

"Lucy, the greatest man that ever lived—at least, *I* think him the greatest—once likened the world to a stage. So 'tis, my child—so 'tis. And, in the big play called Life, I've been only a poor super, in the back row, and having to look over the heads of better men, to catch a glimpse of the lights, and having to strain my ears to hear the music. Maybe I've seen but little of the real world; perhaps I might be told I'd played at Life—but no matter. I've tried to make you something better—tried to push you into a front place, with the limelight right on you. Dance in the limelight, Lucy, keep right in the middle of the boards, . . . and remember that the old super, in the back row, cranes his neck to catch a glimpse of you—and that he loves you."

He said it with an air, and stalked on to the stage the next moment, to engage in a terrific combat—(three times up—stamp—cross over—stamp—three times down)—with the virtuous hero. But it is probable that, even as he twisted convulsively across the stage, in his death throes, amid howls of execration from the gallery, his heart was heavier within him than it had been for many a long day. For he felt instinctively that the girl, on whom he had lavished so much, had gone out of his life.

That had happened six months ago; and, in the intervening time, the Heavy 'Un had seen nothing of his daughter. Once or twice little notes had been forwarded to him from former lodgings, in which she wrote that she was very happy, and that she was travelling abroad with her husband; to her credit it must be written, that she knew her father so well, that she never alluded to her own more prosperous position, or suggested for a moment that she should send him money. But the letter he read now contained a startling suggestion, which required careful thought. She wrote:—

"I want you to come and see me. Beautiful as my life now is, dear Daddy—beautiful as it has always been, through your goodness to me—it is not quite complete, while I know that you are far away, and poor, and working hard; it does not seem fair. Jack will do anything for me, I know, and will be only too glad to welcome you. At present, he does not even know that I have a father—the best in all the world—living; I seem to be living under false pretences. Come to me; let me do a little for you, who have done everything for me."

He read the letter many times, and with a grateful heart; but he felt the

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impossibility of doing what she asked—at least, in the fashion she suggested. His pride in her and her good fortune was as great as his knowledge of his own defects; much as he longed to see her, he felt that he needed counsel on the matter; he sought the advice of a friend, whose opinion he valued—no other than Mr. Gibson Chumley, the low comedian of the company.

"Gibby, my boy—a word with you," he said impressively, as he led that gentleman—a small, freckled man, with a round bullet-head, and a propensity for getting intoxicated on the slightest provocation, or without any provocation at all—aside that same evening. "I have here a letter from my daughter."

"Didn't know you had one," replied Mr. Chumley, with an air of surprise.

"Ah! that has been—er—my—my little secret. She—she is far above her old father—oh! very far above him!" The old man said it with the greatest possible pride and satisfaction.

"You don't say so! Doing a star turn somewhere—eh?" Mr. Chumley was obviously impressed.

"A star turn! My boy, *the* star turn. Not on the boards, Gibby—not on the boards. She is a star of the first magnitude, sir, in the great world of fashion. She—she married well"—the Heavy 'Un adjusted his collar, and coughed—"and she has a wish that I should visit her in—in the halls of splendour, so to speak. In a word, Gibby," added Mr. Suker, becoming suddenly confidential, and taking Mr. Chumley by the lappel of the coat—"in a word, she would have me jump from four-half in pewter to champagne in clinking glasses."

"Well, Buck, my boy," replied Mr. Chumley, with a chuckle, "I think I should jump."

Mr. Buckstone Suker shook his head. "My friend," he said, slowly, "you speak in haste. Bear with me, and I will explain my meaning more fully."

Bearing with him accordingly, Mr. Gibson Chumley was put in full possession of the facts, expressing his astonishment, from time to time, in whistles and stifled exclamations. When the recital was ended, the Heavy 'Un folded his arms, struck an attitude, and waited for an expression of opinion.

"As I understand it," said Chumley at last, "the gal's got so high, that the idea of a fond parent, who does the heavy line in 'smalls,' at a matter of shillings a week, wouldn't quite fit in—eh?"

Mr. Suker nodded gloomily. "It isn't that she doesn't want me, nor that she wouldn't be proud to take her call with me anywhere," he replied; "but she's so well starred now, and in such a splendid company, that I don't want to stand in her way."

"And yet you want to see her? I suppose you couldn't disguise yourself, and go as a long-lost uncle from foreign parts, with a bag of rattlers in a side pocket, and a red beard—could you?" Mr. Chumley appeared to regard this as a very brilliant suggestion.

"Impossible, I fear," replied the Heavy 'Un, with much solemnity. "The eyes of my child would penetrate any disguise; and, in the first transports of joy, she would—to use a vulgarism—give the show away."

"Yes, I suppose she would," replied his friend. "I suppose it wouldn't be possible for you to be smuggled in with the clean clothes from the wash, and go out in the same basket next morning, after they'd sorted you—would it?"

"Gibby, you pain me! Consider the feelings of a father—and an actor. Heaven knows what chances or changes may be in store for me, ere I play my last part; but I never yet appeared as the laundry, and I never will! However, your suggestion of a disguise has assisted me. The husband of my daughter has not yet seen me; I will appear before him in the capacity of a relative—distant.

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but kindly—making a chance call. Thereafter—well, I will take whatever cue Fortune gives me."

Having arrived at this decision, he wrote to his daughter, setting forth his determination, and informing her that he would come upon that condition—and on that alone. Moreover, having now no longer any necessity to be careful in regard to the future, with the chief object of his thrift placed beyond the reach of want, he airily threw up his engagement, packed his few belongings in a bag (the bag was a light one, in all conscience, for he carried the greater part of his poor wardrobe upon his back), and set out to find his daughter.

With his arrival at the very large house which sheltered his daughter and her husband, his troubles began. Indeed, he hesitated a long time before he could make up his mind to ring the bell—going past once or twice, and even glancing down into the area, as though in the hope of discovering some secret means of ingress there. At last, however, he climbed the steps, and pulled the bell.

The appearance of a gorgeous footman somewhat restored the Heavy 'Un's confidence in himself; for this was but a menial, and his trappings merely theatrical. Summoning a most alarming cough, designed to strike terror into the breast of the servant, the Heavy 'Un inquired for "Mrs. Rycroft."

The footman eyed him up and down for a moment, and even glanced casually across the street, over the top of the Heavy 'Un's hat; for the footman was very tall, and Mr. Suker, as has been said, lacked inches. "Wot neem?" he asked at last.

"You needn't announce me, fellow," replied Mr Buckstone Suker, impressively. "Merely say that—that a gentleman waits here, and would be glad of a word with your mistress—alone." He spoke the last word in the most sepulchral tone at his command.

The footman—really rather a worthy young man—fell back a pace; the Heavy 'Un, seizing the opportunity, advanced into the hall, and looked about him critically. At the same moment a door opened, and his daughter came out, on her way to another room. Seeing him, she uttered an exclamation, and advanced quickly. But Mr. Suker, mindful of the part he had set himself, appeared to be absolutely oblivious of her presence, casting his gaze frowningly round the walls, as if the style of decoration did not entirely meet with his approbation. The footman, quite unconsciously, came to the rescue.

"'Ere is Mrs. Rycroft, sir," he said, in a subdued voice.

The Heavy 'Un, bringing his eyes down to the level of her face, immediately expressed much astonishment in pantomime, and removed his shabby hat with a flourish; by a marvellous contortion of his features, he contrived to convey, by that side of his face farthest removed from the footman, a portentous wink to his daughter, expressive of caution.

"I have ventured, dear lady," he began, in a loud voice, "to call upon you, whilst staying in town, on a visit respecting my—ah—property." Then, in a stage whisper behind his hand, "Dismiss the servant, Lucy!"

The menial being dismissed, she drew her father into a room, and rapturously hugged him. But he was not yet at his ease; he glanced about him, and even walked on tiptoe to a huge settee, and peeped over the back of it—doing all this with a finger on his lips, and one eye rolling mysteriously in his daughter's direction.

"We cannot be too careful, my child," he said, in explanation. "I have known men, and even women—in farces—to secrete themselves behind articles of furniture, and even in coal-scuttles (with removable backs), for purposes of eavesdropping."

"But, Daddy dear," she remonstrated, half in laughter, half in tears, "why

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should we take all these precautions at all? Jack is the best fellow in the world, and would welcome you, I am sure, even if you came out of a caravan, just for my sake."

The Heavy 'Un shook his head. "My child, my little Lucy, no—a thousand times no. We must—dissemble. Let me be what you will: ancient but faithful servitor, who once saved your father's life, or, in times of distress, pawned the family treasure to keep up appearances; or an old family solicitor, fond of a glass of old crusted—methinks I see myself in *that* part, my child; or a distant relative, with a dash of the scapegrace in his saucy eye—not bad, that, my Lucy—or anything of that kind. But a parent . . . never! Long-lost relatives are necessary evils, and can be got rid of; old family solicitors go back from whence they came, or are shot by the French governess, or die, to haunt the Blue Chamber. But a parent, especially a father, sticks—sticks like wax, my child; he *must* be on for the final curtain."

It was quite useless to argue the matter with him; and so, when Mr. John Rycroft presently came into the room, Lucy timidly introduced the Heavy 'Un as "a—a distant cousin of my late father's—passing through London."

Jack Rycroft made him welcome at once, and begged that he would stay with them as long as he possibly could. Being a good-natured fellow, tremendously in love with his wife, he welcomed the old man for her sake, although he did not for a moment suspect what the real relationship was.

Must it be confessed that, as the days went on, Lucy Rycroft—sweet and good-hearted little woman though she was—was secretly glad that her father had insisted upon masquerading under a false description? Perhaps it was not in human nature that it could be otherwise; for the girl—well and carefully nurtured and educated, and shielded all her life from every rough and deteriorating influence—could have but little in common with a man who had never had a settled home, and who had lived precariously and unnaturally all his days. She blamed herself for this feeling, and even shed some tears over it; but it must, in common justice, be confessed that the methods of the Heavy 'Un were somewhat trying.

In the first place, his clothes were not all that could be desired. His very dress suit was an ancient thing, with whitened seams and frayed edges—glorious at a distance, and behind the footlights, but not a thing for close inspection. Again, he found it difficult, and indeed almost impossible, to shake off the habits of years: having played many parts, he played them still; addressed the astonished servants as "knaves" and "fellows"; had a quotation—apt or inapt—for every moment and every occasion; and performed every smallest action in the manner of one with a wary eye upon the gallery.

Nor was this all; for, on the occasion of a big dinner-party, to which, among other guests, a distinguished London actor had been invited, he openly flouted that gentleman to his face; informed him that no man could consider himself a decent member of the profession until he had "doubled" Polonius and the First Gravedigger, and worked the "limes" for Ophelia's mad scene; and, in fact, to use his own remorseful phrase afterwards—"missed his cues completely, and guyed the show."

Indeed, on that memorable occasion, he went still further; for, perceiving, from the death-like silence which followed his denunciation of the great man, that he had committed a grievous error, he retired hastily from the table, and—probably because he felt that the atmosphere might be more congenial—sought the servants' hall; where, after they had recovered from their amazement, he recited a blood-curdling legend, appropriately named "The Robber's Oath," and contrived to spend

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a very jolly evening, if the shrieks of laughter proceeding from below were any indication of the merriment he caused.

After that it was, of course, impossible for him to remain longer in the house; recognising this for his own part, he withdrew early the next morning, after a tender and repentant farewell scene with his daughter, whom he was fortunate enough to discover alone.

"My child," he said, a little forlornly, and with his eyes averted from her, "don't trouble for me. I—I've had a—a good time. Perhaps I've missed my cues a bit; but you'll overlook that, my dear—overlook that. I shall remember it all—shall dream of it. The sparkling goblet has gone from hand to hand—a little too much so, perchance, in my case, but you'll overlook *that*, too—and I wander once more—(O.P. side—slow music)—into the cold world." His voice broke a little at this point, but he carried the thing off jauntily still.

*"He recited a blood-curdling legend, appropriately named 'The Robber's Oath.'"*

"But, Daddy, I shall see you again," she said, hesitatingly.

He shook his head, with a smile that was half whimsical. "No—not again," he replied. Then, becoming suddenly more serious, and, in consequence, less theatrical, he took her face between his hands, and smiled gently at her. "I've played a many parts, my Lucy—and done them, perhaps, not so badly after all; but this one doesn't suit me. The company's a bit above me; the scenery's wrong somehow—and there's too much limelight, and too many props So I think—if the management won't be offended—I'll hand back my part, and come out of the bill. You see, my child, I am used to a rough-and-tumble sort of drama, and I can't get on without a whiff of the orange-peel from the pit, and I must occasionally have a set-to with the hero—broadswords preferred. So I'll wish you a long run, my Lucy, and the best of luck—and I'll say good-bye—and bless ye!"

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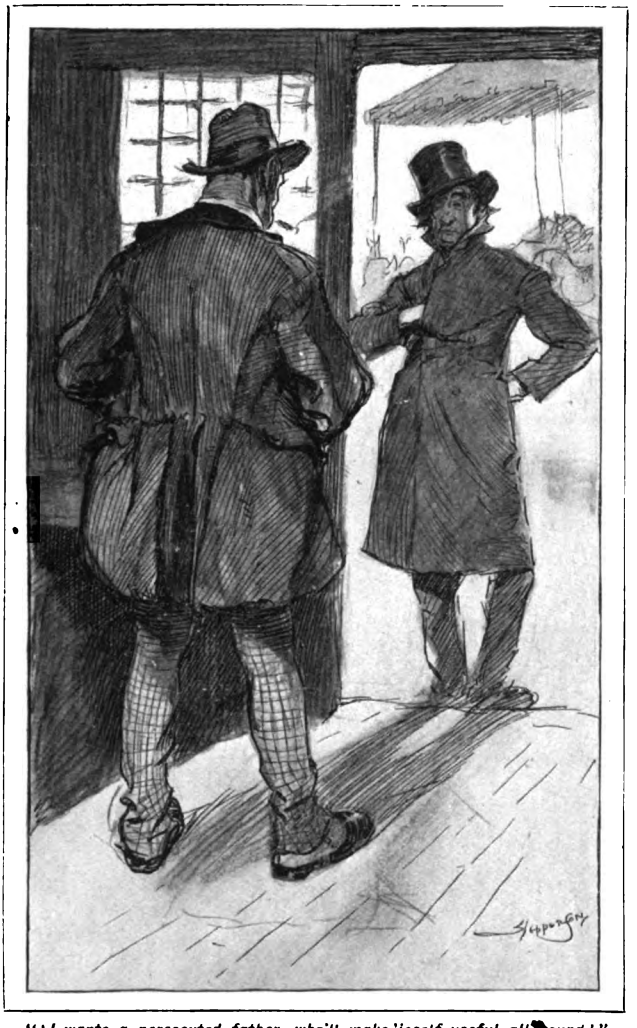

*"'I wants a persecuted father, who'll make 'isself useful all round.'"*

He swaggered out of the house, with an air, and gaily waved his hand to her, when he caught a glimpse of her face at a window; yet, as he turned the corner of the street, the majesty of his walk had dwindled somewhat, and it was, after all, only a poor, tired old man, with but little of the air of the Heavy 'Un upon him, who took his way out into the world again, to earn his living.

But here again, when he sought to return to his former mode of life, disaster seemed to dog him; for his place in his old company had been filled by a younger man, with newer methods, and his former manager was a little contemptuous of him.

"We're strikin' out in a new line, Buck," he said, airily. "The public likes change, and they're gettin' a bit tired of your style. It's the villain in a frock-coat and a cigarette they're askin' for—and they've got to have him; more than that, they want him young. Don't you worry; I daresay you'll get 'a shop' somewhere."

The Heavy 'Un went away, with a little deadly fear beginning to creep about his heart that his course was run. Nevertheless, having nothing else to depend upon, he went about, with some show of cheerfulness, in search of an engagement. But he discovered, to his dismay, that no one wanted him; he haunted the dark and dingy rooms wherein agents live and move and have their being—a shabby, forlorn creature, growing more desperate day by day. He was sent about, by one and another, on fruitless errands, merely, as he half suspected, to get rid of him; and all with no result.

He had got down very low indeed, and was absolutely in want of food, when he heard of a possible engagement with a travelling circus company, and—swallowing what small pride was left in him—went to see its proprietor. The man proved to be a keen, vulgar, but good-natured fellow, with a dark eye cocked adroitly for the main chance.

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"We does the country towns an' fairs," he explained; "an' we plays in a tent, an' 'ires a field w'en we wants one. I'm stickin' in a bit of a drama—with 'osses, an' five-barred gates, an' a dog or two—an' I wants a persecuted father, who'll make 'isself useful all round. I don't pay much, but you'll travel with the vans, an' you'll find we're not a bad lot, take us as we go."

The Heavy 'Un gladly availed himself of the opportunity; and took up his wandering life cheerfully and gratefully. In all that time, he had but one consoling thought: that his daughter was happy, and well cared for, and that she knew nothing of his reverses.

Meanwhile, that daughter had had his figure before her, hauntingly, many and many a time. She remembered, with contrition, all she owed to him; saw him, in imagination, for ever playing the same round of parts, for ever journeying about the country, earning a precarious livelihood. The contrast with her own happy and prosperous existence was too great to be borne in silence; tearfully, and with many self-accusing phrases, she confessed the fraud that had been practised to her husband, and explained the real relationship in which she stood to the Heavy 'Un.

"I think about him night and day," she said. "I think of my own happiness, and of how he may be in want and misery. Jack, dear, I owe everything to him; but for him, I might be poor and struggling, too."

Jack Rycroft had but one thought. "We must find him," he said. "You are not to blame, because he sealed your lips—but, by Jove! he's the finest fellow living. We must find him, Lucy, if we search all England."

The search proved to be a long and weary one; for the Heavy 'Un had apparently disappeared, as completely as though the earth had swallowed him up. But at last they found one slight clue, which led to another; and, travelling night and day, came up with him, near a little town where a fair was being held, and where the circus was pitched in a field hard by.

Naphtha lamps were flaring, and men were shouting, and a drum was being beaten with much vigour. But the Heavy 'Un, in the character of the persecuted father, was not in the bill.

For the Heavy 'Un was playing his last part, and playing it with some little difficulty. Much journeying about, and rough and hard work, and exposure, in tents and caravans, to all the merciless winds that blew—all had combined to take the Heavy 'Un off the stage of Life. The kindly people among whom he had fallen, mindful of what might happen to themselves, in God's good time, had cared for him, and he lay on a rough bed, in a corner of a tent, patiently waiting. Outside, the lamps blazed and spluttered, and men shouted, and the drum banged away merrily; for these people had to live, though a score of Heavy 'Uns died.

She went in, and bent over him, and raised his head. But, even in that hour, when all things were growing dim before his eyes, he remembered the part he had to play, and tremblingly raised a finger to his lips, when she called him, in the old fashion, "Daddy."

"Hush—my child!" he whispered, huskily; "there is need—of caution. It is good of you to have come; I thought—maybe—I'd have to take—take my call—alone. And it's growing—very dark—and I've somehow—lost my lines. Hush—my child—not—not a word. Distant cousin—property—sparkling wine—gentlemen—Mrs. Rycroft—a—a friend—merely a friend. See"—he strove hard to raise himself in her arms, and pointed to something beyond their vision—"the curtain's coming down. I must take—my call!"

And, the curtain coming down very quickly, he took his call, and went to meet the great Stage-Manager of all things.



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THE DRAWING-ROOM.



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# ETIQUETTE.

## *ITS USES, ABUSES, CHANGES, AND PHASES.*

BY THE COUNTESS OF CORK AND ORRERY.

AMONG the idiomatic terms which we have been fain to borrow from the confessedly poorer, but infinitely more adaptable, vocabulary of our neighbours across the Channel, a prominent place must be conceded to the descriptive name of an almost indescribable quality or attribute.

Etiquette, somewhat like the air we breathe, is a pervading force, felt yet intangible, and fully recognised without entire comprehension; like the air, too, it is susceptible of acquiring from outward influences rarification to the finest, or degradation to the lowest point; and in its essentially composite nature unites all manner of antagonistic elements. By inherent connection with its natural ally *Prestige* (of equally untranslateable denomination), it is enhanced in value and dignity without diminution of shadowiness; and, taken altogether, the nearest—if not perfectly exact—approach at which I can arrive to its definition is that of the rule of due and fitting observance towards ourselves and all others, whether of gentle or simple, public or private, Royal or minor degree.

Its primal antiquity of origin baffles research; but we find in the Old Testament two (at least) convincing examples of its existence and habitual enactment in remote times. In the one case, the cup-bearer of King Artaxerxes relates his terror at being convicted of sadness by his Royal master, who, on observing his overshadowed countenance, pronounces, "This is nothing else but sorrow of heart!" "Then," confesses Nehemiah, "was I very sore afraid!" And not without good cause, seeing that all appearance of grief in the presence of the Sovereign was a proclaimed offence against the laws of Court etiquette, amenable to capital punishment. In the next instance, we read with sympathetic interest the touching episode of the newly-made Queen Esther's bravely (albeit timorously) undertaking, for the sake of her oppressed people, to risk the fall of her own fair young head, by venturing unsummoned—and therefore in flagrant violation of every



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Court edict—to come before her all-powerful and very uncertain-tempered King and husband.

With these two salient exceptions, the common Oriental forms of physical abasement and adulatory forms of speech still prevalent among divers half-civilised nations need not concern us; moreover, in much nearer regions and times, we only recall the fantastic legend of a poor Queen of Spain's being suffered to expire in flames, through lack of courage among the members of her retinue to incur the penalty of a swift and violent end by infringement of a stern law in placing even for succour a hand upon her sacred person—to deplore the monstrous perversion of the true spirit of etiquette which could admit of the circulation of such a story, mythical or accurate, in any Christian land.

It is not, however, perhaps quite out of place to dwell a little more upon the almost incredibly low degradation of all humanising usages and practices, which in bygone days of Imperial despotism prevailed at the Russian Court, and one form of which consisted in the semi-lunatic Emperor Paul's arrogantly addressing all, whether noble or serf, of whom he vouchsafed to take notice, by the contemptuous epithet "*Poussière*," an insolence in which he persisted, until one day a member of the Imperial circle, less disposed than the rest to abject submission, took occasion to gravely tender humble thanks to the Czar for the honour done him in thus placing a subject upon the same level as his august self, by alluding to the material of which they were both created. The astonished Paul, after some minutes of severe mental strain, succeeded in grasping the meaning of this unexpected observation, which by its audacious singularity attracted his wayward fancy; and, to the stupefaction of the other courtiers, their outspoken comrade received promotion, instead of the knout or Siberian exile. Another slight Russian incident, of later date, here occurs to me, which, without properly coming within the range of etiquette, is sufficiently characteristic to seem worth recording. The Emperor Nicholas was accustomed, during his reign, to take early walks unattended in the streets of St. Petersburg; and on the morning of Easter Day it was his habit, as a paternal attention to his people, to embrace the first person, or persons, he met, with the salutation, "Christ is risen," the orthodox reply to which was, "God be praised, He is indeed." On one particular Easter morning, however, the first individual encountered by the Czar was the sentinel of his own Palace, who, as mischance would have it, was a raw young Hebrew recruit, recently imported from a distant province, and unacquainted with even the person of his "little father." Taken suddenly aback, and sturdy in defence of his racial creed, the unpolished youth brusquely repelled this familiar stranger, and turned his back, with the uncompromising contradiction, "Nothing of the sort. He's not arrived yet." Immediate arrest naturally requited this sacrilegious contumacy, and if left to the tender mercies of underlings the unconscious offender might have fared badly; but Nicholas, though a despot, was a just one according to his lights, and of larger mind than his surroundings, whereby no worse consequences befell the hero than transfer to a regiment in more remote quarters. Whether in subsequent Easters the annual greeting was persevered with or discontinued I have failed to ascertain.

In returning to our original subject, and coming gradually more within reach of our own country and epoch, we attain with increasingly clear perception the knowledge of how much of its system of adjustment, as regards the Court and possibly other departments, we owe (in addition to nomenclature) to the French, from whom, after it had settled down into more or less normal stability, it was slowly wafted to us, and established itself in our soil, not without some tussles at

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various times with the British hard stiff-neckedness, that elicited from Goldsmith's graphic pen the vivid description of his countrymen beginning "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye!" The system itself was undoubtedly brought to its highest point of finish by Louis XIV., whose famous and dignified early rebuke, "*J'ai failli attendre*," was followed up, while his reign was yet in its first days, by a code of observances, several whereof, such as the "*Entrée*," the "*Levers du Roi*," which we have both adopted in practice and adapted in language, have remained virtually unaltered to this day; while others more arbitrary or unmeaning, proving too excessive for retention, have gradually passed away.

In after years, it is curious to note that the standard of formalistic restraints suffered most at the hands of a young princess born, reared at, and imported from a court at which strict ceremonial was as the vital breath of nostrils. It has indeed always remained an unsolved problem how the intrinsically fine character of Queen Marie Antoinette could have given way, in her days of petulant youth, to such deplorable follies, including the solecism of turning into constant ridicule the most honoured Court practices, and even descending to the ill-breeding of personality in bestowing upon the Duchess de Noailles (who vainly attempted remonstrance) the scoffing nickname of "Madame l'Etiquette." A sad realisation, if one were needed, of the French maxim, "*Si jeunesse savait!*"

From this superficial survey of other ways in other lands, the transition naturally commends itself of a little critical study of the ordinances and usages in our own. The subject is not an absolutely easy one to grapple, by reason of manifold complications, conspicuous among which must be reckoned the overwhelming and well-nigh unmanageable increase of numbers in different social sets, all striving with almost giant strength to rush well to the front upon every occasion of interest, all "in haste to see, (*especially*) eager to be seen," in fact, all susceptible of description, with a little alteration, by the well-known couplet:

> "Narcissus' nature, tolerably mild,
> To win a place would hardly crush a child!"

Does this sound too strong for accuracy? Then let us take, as a case in point, that particularly thorny branch of the tree of custom, the annual May or June Drawing-room, to which flocks the overgrowth of outer society, with its rivalries, its heart-burnings, its crowdings, elbowings, *shovings*, its rending of garments, and losses of temper (also of hairpins and false jewellery!),—let us, I say, glance at all this, and conjecture how many of the strugglers in this seething mass have the slightest comprehension of the original institution and object of the Drawing-room! Thus, to more than a few, it may be news to learn that the beginning of these functions was on a very small scale in the days of Queen Charlotte, when the ladies of the Court were conveyed in their sedan-chairs, and with "dressed heads" (as the phrase ran), to morning service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Sundays, and after the service hooking on the trains that lay in readiness within these chairs, proceeded inside the palace to pay their duty to Her Majesty in her "withdrawing-room." By degrees, in the natural course of long years, the number of those involved by rank or circumstances in this complimentary office largely outgrew the original proportions, and a change of *venue* to the throne-room, as well as of days and occasions, became imperative. The Queen's daughters, as they came to fitting years, duly attended their royal mother, and we find in memoirs of that date some controversy between the Queen and George, Prince of Wales, as to the first appearance there of Princess Charlotte of Wales, to mark her entrance into Society.

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The purport of the Drawing-rooms was then clearly defined—viz., *not* to give scope to vanity or forwardness, still less to promote extravagant and fashionable display, but—to afford all loyal subjects who properly belonged to the sphere of Court ordinances, an opportunity, while complying with the prescribed regulations, of presenting their offspring and tendering their own tribute of respect to the Sovereign and other members of the royal family. It was fitly ordained that distinctive details of attire should mark the special character of these functions—namely, uniform or other full dress for men, and for women the traditional low-necked gown with train, three-feathered plume, and lappets, *not* (as some have made unseemly attempts to assume) *veils*. In periods of deep Court mourning, compliance therewith was expected, but has never been enforced where it could be decently dispensed with. In those days, and as late, certainly, as the first twenty years of our lamented Queen's reign, in addition to the ordinary ones, a Birthday Drawing-room was held, at which no presentations were permitted, and the general public were not expected to assist, but which were attended by the diplomatic body, cabinet ministers (present or past), sundry bishops, and royal chaplains, with other dignitaries, as well as members of all the royal households, to offer congratulations, private mourning being laid aside for the nonce. Until late in the 'sixties, if my memory serves aright, it was found still possible to make use, for all these assemblages, of the State Rooms in St. James's Palace, whose time-scarred old walls and broad stone staircase, without pretension to the airy lightness of the suite of apartments on the garden side of Buckingham Palace, had yet a stateliness of their own that was not without a severe charm. Their day has, however, passed away, and with it both the Birthday Drawing-room and its sequence of a sort of gala night at the Opera, where the ladies of the Court shone forth in brave show of the morning's trappings, shorn only of the train impedimenta.

In the new order of things which is coming to pass, it is probable, I understand, that the King and Queen will elect to hold these functions at night, which will make it more imperative than ever to impress upon scores—nay, hundreds—of undefeated matrons that these ceremonies are not to be regarded in the light of happy hunting-grounds for themselves and their daughters, and that St. Ursula has always been known as the only being privileged to carry unlimited virgins in her suite! This caution is scarcely so unnecessary as it may sound, for to my knowledge, one vainglorious *mater superba* boasted last season that three daughters besides herself had attended a Drawing-room! Meanwhile, it inspires confidence to reflect that in the reorganisations and arrangements which may become imperative we possess, as supreme arbiter, a sovereign who to the ripe experience that accrues to the prime of life, unites the quickness of perception and unfailing tact which so powerfully assist judgment. It is to be feared that much weariness of the flesh and spirit may continue to fall upon this Royal Head of the State in the matter of hearing and answering the Deputations whose name is Legion; but he happily has long exhibited a gift of clear and terse speech, enhanced by what would be called by the French "*des grâces d'Etat*" in manner and bearing. Let us hope, too, that in these days of expanded intelligence he will not be exposed to the ordeal of receiving so unsophisticated a company as once waited upon William IV. (I think), in the person of a provincial mayor and his councilmen, who, on the occasion of the King's visiting their little borough, came up for presentation, having been duly admonished not to loiter in the royal presence, but to kiss hands and pass on quickly on the calling out of their names. Animated by the finest sentiments of zealous loyalty, these artless citizens, at the

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first sound of their names, formed into single file and trotted gaily by, genially kissing *their own* hands to the monarch in their rapid passage before him.

In the present suspension of any programme for larger Court receptions than those connected with deputations and addresses—a suspension which is doubly accentuated, first by the mourning for the past, and next by apprehension for the future in the cruel sufferings and hopeless illness of a much-loved Royal sister in another country—public expectation and speculation remain naturally much fixed on the impending great ceremony of next year, when the responsibilities of the Monarch to his people, and the service of duty from his subjects unto him, will receive religious ratification; when, too, the masses of the people will again (as this year at the State opening of Parliament) hail with delight the apparition, decked in magnificence and surrounded with splendour, of our new Queen, whose undimmed loveliness they regard with such passionate admiration and pride. The detailed requirements of this solemn rite will, of course, be under ecclesiastical rule for the ceremony itself, and subject to the dictates of the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Heralds' College for many secular particulars, more especially the arrangement and distribution of seats to peers, peeresses, "faithful commons," and officials, in our venerable Minster, than which (were it but a little more spacious) it is difficult to imagine a more appropriate structure for such an occasion. The mention of this anticipated impressive function recalls a little anecdote, which once caused some amusement at the expense of a certain Lady Arabella Arden, daughter of a Marquis of Cleveland, who married, not in the first bloom of youth, a younger brother of the famous Lord Alvanley. Not long after the accession of the young Queen Victoria, Mr. Arden succeeded to his brother's title, and Lady Arabella received the condolences of a well-meaning friend on the loss of her high (courtesy) rank. "It is true, my dear," replied this hopeful quinquagenarian, "that I lose precedence for going in to dinner, but at least I shall be in my right place at the next coronation,"—as indeed the poor lady *will*, though no longer among the pomps and vanities of this earth.

The different gradations of etiquette on all important questions of rank and degree, whether temporary or permanent, official or hereditary, are duly set forth in competent publications, but it may not be very generally known that peers and peeresses are figuratively termed cousins of the Sovereign, and so addressed in official documents, such as patents of Lord-Lieutenants, etc. They are moreover entitled, on urgent occasion, to claim audience of the Monarch—a privilege exercised with no satisfactory result in Jacobite days by the Ladies Nithsdale and Kilmarnock on behalf of their condemned husbands. Another custom—that of resting after death in a crimson velvet coffin surmounted by the coronet which belonged to the individual's rank—has, I fancy, very properly become practically obsolete, although not infrequently adopted in the past reign; and the ill-omened distinction of a silken rope for hanging will, let us trust, ever remain in the oblivion which now engulfs it.

On minor points, it is rather remarkable, in this epoch of observation, comment, and general discussion, to find how much confusion prevails in many minds as to the correct observances towards Royalty in private houses; the strip of red cloth laid down for passage over the threshold, and the reception at the house door, frequently constituting the limits of distinction with host and hostess—both unaware that the appearance of finger-glasses at dessert should be exclusively reserved for Royal guests, that a princess on leaving the dinner-table should be immediately followed (preceding all other ladies) by the hostess, who, by all laws of hospitality, constitutes herself lady-in-waiting for the time being, and who on that principle

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takes from the servant, to offer herself, the obligatory cup of coffee. In a house honoured by the presence of an actual Sovereign the formalities are more numerous and complicated, but have so little concern with most of us, that description and comment are alike superfluous, beyond a passing hint that, as was well said long ago, "there's a divinity doth hedge a king," making it, to say the least, unwise to attempt, on the score of former acquaintance or even intimacy, any overstepping of the barrier of the Throne.

Before closing this disquisition on a constantly misunderstood subject, I should like to say a word on the fancied resemblance which I sometimes hear asserted between fashion and etiquette. Nothing can in reality be more misleading. Let us ask ourselves for a moment what constitutes the former, and the fact becomes patent. Fashion is the capricious and whimsical creation of the hour, which defies law and order, is not amenable to logic, pleases with a rattle, tickles with a straw, and attracts its countless votaries by the irresistible magnet of ever-recurring change. Upon it the sharp file of ridicule has times and again worn itself down, as against its arbitrary sway health, comfort, and convenience have pleaded in vain. In the whole code of reason there is not one excuse for its existence, nor (we must fear) in the horoscope of the human race any chance of its discontinuance; for it thrives on contradictions, lives by impertinent frivolities, and, in a very different spirit from that of the Apostle, "suffers fools gladly."

In etiquette, on the contrary, the natural law of order and harmony finds development, a truth which we can test by referring in turn to the various educated classes. There is the Military etiquette—a still severer ordinance in some countries (Germany, to wit), but sufficiently stringent in our own; the Medical etiquette, against which restless and inconsiderate patients ofttimes vainly fret; the etiquette of the Church, which even Dissenters would scarcely wish abolished altogether; the etiquette of the Law, a very awe-inspiring mystery to those outside its pale; the etiquette of Political Office, which will never feel really complete to the world, until a special grade be discovered for prime ministers as such; the etiquette of Literature, a mistily unexplained quantity; and lastly (but I would hope not altogether least), the etiquette of youth towards age, on which critics of to-day are perhaps unduly severe, but which it is indeed most desirable to foster and promote. "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey," where the claims of the old and feeble to gentleness, assistance and consideration are rudely ignored and thrust aside by the young, "mad in the strife for fame or race for pleasure," and long may it be ere such disgrace befall our British homes and hearths.

In conclusion, the special attribute of etiquette is to keep fast the line between decorum and hypocrisy, remaining untainted by servility and unmoved by pretentious audacity. Properly considered, it should as little excite envious malignity as derisive contempt; it has moreover, as I have tried to show, the sanction of antiquity and the authority of universal custom, and in its office of calming heated discussion by establishing everything on its proper footing, should be welcome to all of good breeding and well regulated minds, seeing that—

> "By deference, unforced and free, our self-respect is shown,
> Acknowledgment of other claims establishes our own;
> The golden mean of balance fair 'tis good to learn and prize;
> For in Proportion just and true Life's hidden wisdom lies."

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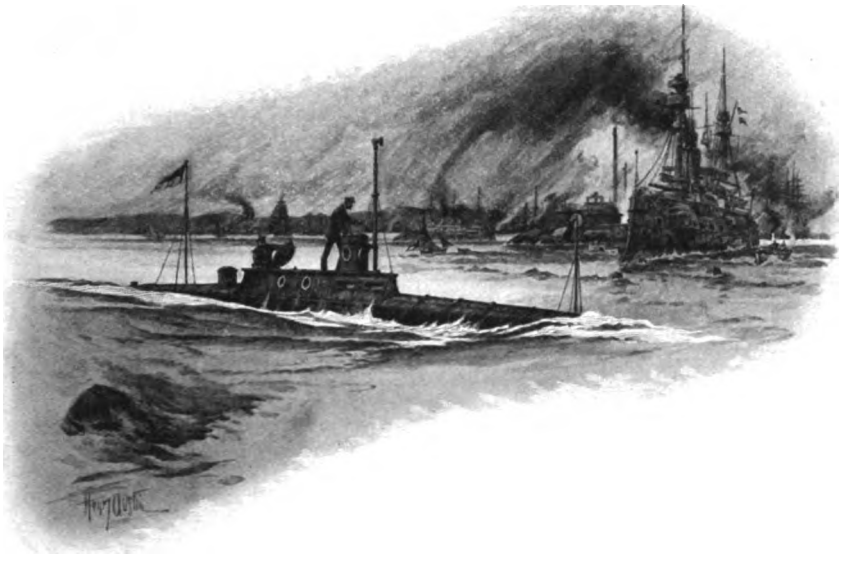

# SUBMARINE BOATS.

## *THE NAVAL PROBLEM OF THE NEW CENTURY.*

BY ONE WHO HAS SAILED IN THEM.

A PORTION of the thirty-one millions which is required by the Government for the Navy will be devoted to the purchase of five submarine boats, and England will thus soon be able to test the important question whether this new type of war-ship is to be taken seriously or not. As a matter of fact, they are already being constructed, the order for them having been placed some time ago with Messrs. Vickers, Sons, & Maxim. The purpose of this article is to give a rapid survey of the history of submarine navigation, and it is best to begin by saying that our five vessels are being built after the type of the American *Holland*, which has done so well at its trials that the United States Admiralty have themselves decided to build forthwith five vessels of the same type. There have been several submarines in America that have borne the name of *Holland*. The boat that is to serve as model for the five craft to be laid down both at home and in America, is the seventh modification of the original *Holland*, on which it is of course a vast improvement. It was put through its paces at Mount Vernon in March 1900, in the presence of Admiral Dewey. It is some 53 feet long, and its tonnage is 65. When submerged its weight is slightly inferior to its displacement, a circumstance that is utilised to assure its stability. It is fitted with a false keel, somewhat of the nature of that presently to be described in connection with the French *Goubet*, for use in the event of an accident occurring to its apparatus for returning to the surface. The *Holland* when travelling on the surface is driven by a 50-horse-power gazoline engine, which permits of a speed of ten knots. Under water an electric motor is employed. The offensive equipment of the *Holland* consists of a 380-kilos torpedo ready fixed in the discharging tube, and of two reserve torpedoes. The firing of the torpedo is effected by compressed air: and by an automatic contrivance the torpedo after it has been discharged is replaced by an equivalent weight of water, so that the stability of the boat is not



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disturbed. To get its bearings it is admitted that the *Holland* must rise to the surface for some ten to fifteen seconds. It can remain under water for at least twenty-four hours without danger to the crew.

In the course of his evidence before the committee appointed by the United States Admiralty to inquire into the value of the *Holland* for naval purposes, Admiral Dewey made some interesting statements. The boat, he declared, accomplished all that its constructors expected of it. "I have said," he added, "and I repeat, that if there had been two of these boats at Manilla I could never have held my own with the squadron under my command. The moral effect of these submarine boats is in my opinion infinitely greater than that of submarine mines, ordinary torpedo boats, or any similar engines. Were there two *Hollands* for the defence of Galveston, all the fleets in the world could not blockade the place." Admiral Dewey does not believe, however, that the *Holland* would be capable of acting in the open sea, but thinks that its *rôle* is confined for the moment to coast and harbour defence.

Our own submarines will, according to the facts which their builders have furnished, be over sixty-three feet long; the fuel will allow of a four hundred knots run; the main electric motor will give the vessels a speed of seven knots an hour below water; they will discharge torpedoes at rest, on the surface, awash, and submerged; and they will carry five torpedoes, each over eleven feet long.

Whilst we await with curiosity the experimental trips of these new scientific marvels, it must not be supposed that the submarine boat is a new invention. But the fact that the problem of submarine navigation was solved as regards essentials no less than a century ago will be learned with surprise by many people. Yet it is beyond gainsay. Almost exactly a hundred years ago, in the summer of 1801, a submarine boat executed with complete success a series of evolutions, first in the Seine and later in the roadstead before Brest. The boat was the creation of an American of the name of Fulton, whose history was that of the many inventors born out of due time and fated to be unappreciated and misunderstood.

The *Nautilus* was launched in March 1801. In appearance it resembled an elongated egg surmounted by a hermetically closing cap giving access to a manhole. The *Nautilus* in its outward aspect must have closely resembled the *Goubet*, to be described shortly. A mast, raised or lowered by means of a hinge, allowed of the boat being sailed, when on the surface, in precisely the same way as any other small craft. The submersion of the vessel was effected by letting in the requisite amount of water through specially contrived valves. Four oars, inserted in a description of waterproof sleeve made of pliable leather, served to propel the *Nautilus* when under water. A system of pumps expelled in ten minutes the water taken in as sinking ballast.

The *Nautilus* was first tested in the Seine, opposite the Invalides; but the most important trials were carried out off Brest harbour, in the presence of a committee appointed by Admiral Forfait, the Minister of Marine. I quote from the report of the committee:

"On July 3rd, 1801, the engineer (Fulton), accompanied by three men, sailed the *Nautilus* out into deep water. The vessel then plunged and disappeared from view for over an hour. During this time it remained at from five to twenty-five feet below the surface."

The crew had no difficulty in making the boat travel under water at the rate of two miles an hour. On another occasion the *Nautilus* remained submerged for nearly five hours, and Fulton succeeded without injury to his craft in blowing up

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*A "Holland" Boat, five of which are now being built for the British Navy.*



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a barge with a petard of his invention. Over eighty years in advance of any other investigator, Fulton solved up to a point the problem which is the object to-day of such ardent curiosity. But no less remarkable than the feat itself is the fate that awaited this memorable triumph. In spite of the extremely favourable report of the official committee, the French Admiralty made no attempt to profit by Fulton's discovery, which fell into oblivion.

### THE *GOUBET* AND *GYMNOTE*.

The present active grappling with the problem dates from 1886, when the *Goubet* was designed, and MM. Zédé and Krebbs, both of them French naval engineers, began the construction of the *Gymnote* with the authorisation of the pioneering Admiral Aube. The *Goubet* is the work of a private engineer, and is named after its inventor. Shaped like an egg with somewhat pointed extremities, it measures twenty feet in length, and its maximum diameter is barely five feet. The shell is made of bronze, cast in a single piece. The *Goubet* can only carry two persons, who sit back to back in the centre of the vessel, with their heads emerging through the manhole, which serves as entrance and conning tower. The manhole is closed by a hermetically-fitting lid. A screw of special construction, and affixed to the shaft by an arrangement known as the "Goubet joint," serves both as propeller and rudder. This steering apparatus is of extreme precision, and the *Goubet*, even when going at a snail's pace, answers its helm with great promptitude and absolute accuracy. Another of the boat's most remarkable features is its great stability. It has been proved by the severest tests that it is quite impossible for the *Goubet* to lose its balance—a result due to the very ingenious relation, based on the laws of physics, established by its inventor between its displacement and the density of its materials. In consequence of this contrivance the *Goubet* weighs nothing whatever when submerged. The screw is driven by electricity, a sufficient supply of which is carried to allow of the vessel being navigated for several hours at a speed of five or six knots.

Like the *Nautilus*, the *Goubet* is submerged by letting water into the reservoirs which constitute its bottom-most compartment. A pump worked by electricity expels the water when it is desired to rise. To guard against the possibility of the pump failing to act for any reason, the boat carries a false keel, which can be detached in case of need by those on board. When this dead weight has been cast off the craft rises at once to the surface. This precautionary arrangement saved the lives of the inventor and his companion when he was experimenting his boat on one occasion in the presence of M. de Lanessan, now Minister of Marine. The *Goubet* can remain submerged for at least a day without injury or even grave inconvenience to its crew, while the atmosphere for eight or ten hours is said to be "excellent." The air is renewed from time to time by means of tubes of compressed oxygen, and a pump expels the foul air as it congregates at the bottom of the vessel. The offensive equipment of the *Goubet* consists of two torpedoes, carried externally on stanchions on either side of the bow. The torpedoes, which are attached to the boat by a running wire, are launched and fired by electricity. But in spite of trials which were satisfactory so far as they went, the *Goubet* would not, in the opinion of experts, be of much value in naval warfare, and the submarine boats which are the hope of the French Navy are of quite a different pattern.

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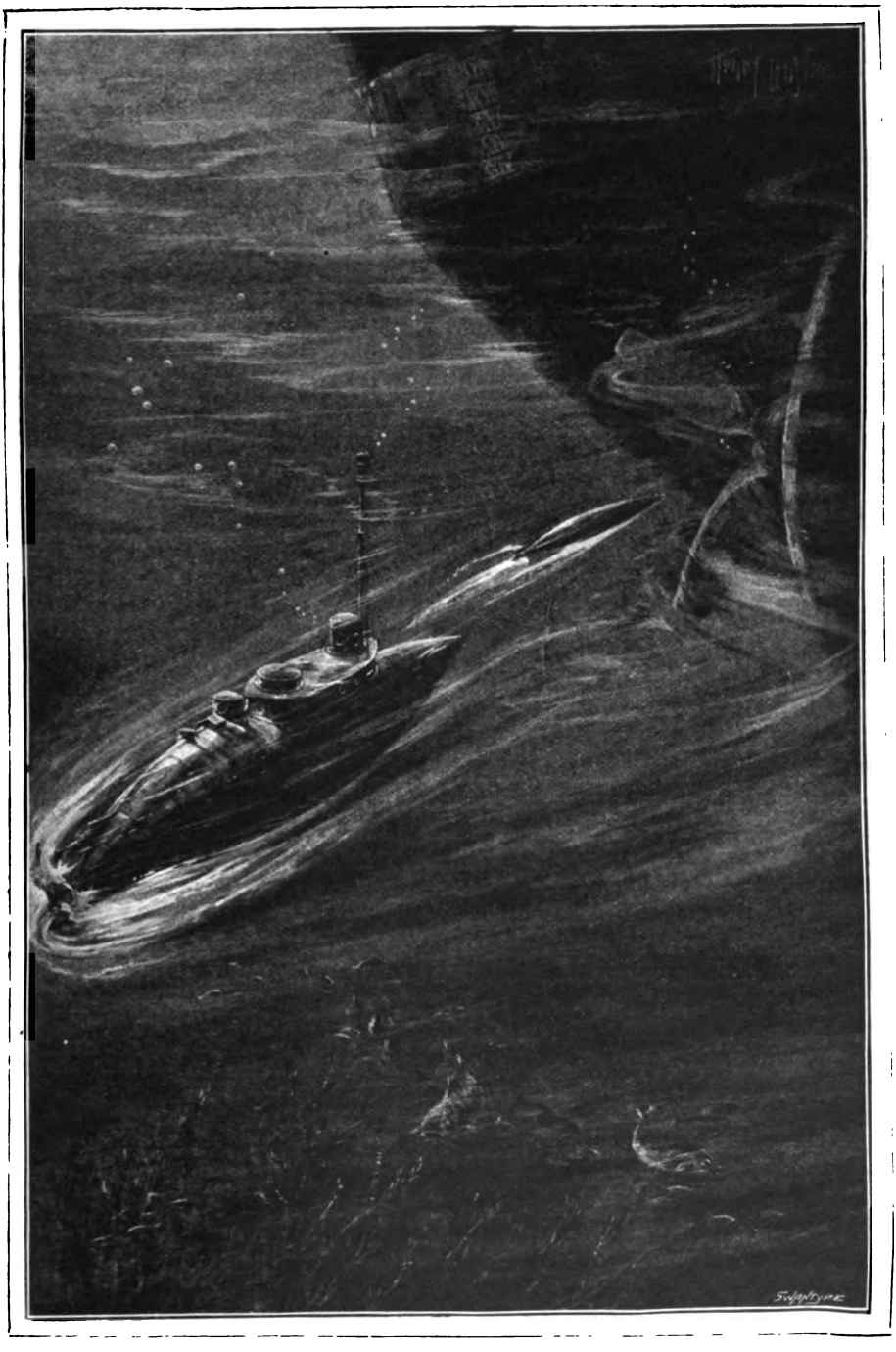

*A vision of the deep.*

## ANOTHER TEN YEARS PASS BY.

The results these experiments yielded were sufficiently satisfactory to encourage further efforts, and M. Barbery, who had succeeded Admiral Aube at the Ministry

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of Marine, entrusted M. Romazzotti with the building of an enlarged and improved *Gymnote*. This new vessel was called the *Gustave Zédé*, in memory of the engineer who was responsible in the main for its plans, but who had died before he could perfect his work. The *Gustave Zédé* is a vessel of two hundred and seventy tons, and measures a hundred and sixty feet from stem to stern. Its fortunes were long doubtful. When first launched it in no way fulfilled the expectations of its designer. Endless alterations, experiments and tinkering were necessary before the most essential difficulties were surmounted. The *Gustave Zédé* of to-day has little in common, except its hull, with the *Gustave Zédé* of a decade and more ago. It proved, indeed, so disappointing in its earlier trials, that M. Romazzotti ceased all work on it for a time, and turned his attention to another boat of his designing, the *Morse*, begun in 1893, which will be described shortly. But the fact is that some ten years elapsed without any substantial progress being made. This period of hesitancy was due, perhaps, as much to the sudden indifference of the French Admiralty as to any lack of inventiveness on the part of the engineers. The Ministers of Marine who succeeded one another in the Rue Royale were of conservative tendencies. They regarded submarine boats as a fond delusion, and refused to encourage experiments doomed, as they believed, to failure.

### The French Government offer Prizes.

The decisive date in the history of the French submarine flotilla is that of the advent to power of M. Lockroy. One of the first acts of the new Minister, who is the ardent champion of the ideas on naval matters of Admiral Aube, was to open an official competition for designs of submarine boats. This was in 1896. Prizes were offered not only for approved plans of complete boats, but also for inventions bearing on subsidiary details. Forty projects were submitted to the technical committee appointed to act as jury. The committee granted several awards, and on its recommendation the Admiralty, definitely convinced at last of the utility of submarine boats, decided to turn to practical account a certain number of the inventions brought before its notice by the competition. It was resolved, for example, to experiment with an apparatus for firing torpedoes planned by M. Drzewiecki, and a petroleum motor invented by M. Forest. These, however, were minor matters. Far more important was the authorisation accorded M. Romazzotti to proceed on the new lines he had suggested with the construction of the *Morse*, begun as related in 1893. Nor was this all. The competition obtained recognition for the labours of M. Laubœuf, a private marine engineer, who submitted a design for a submarine boat which was thought to be of great promise. Its construction was ordered, and the result was the *Narval*. The plans of another private engineer, M. Maugas, were also approved, and the *Farfadet* was commenced at Rochefort on the lines he had laid down. The general results of the competition were of no less importance. Its effect was to quicken to a remarkable extent, and in every particular, the activity of the French Admiralty in connection with submarine boats. Every possible encouragement was given to those engaged on the construction of the boats, careful attention was paid to suggestions, from whatever quarter they came, the official experts were invited to strain their inventive faculties to the utmost, and the most strenuous efforts were made to cope with the practical difficulties that were bound to be presented in abundance by the building of so novel a type of vessel. Finally a change of Ministry ceased henceforth to involve any risk of a cessation of this notable activity. Admiral Besnard, though reputed to belong to the old school, carried on the work begun

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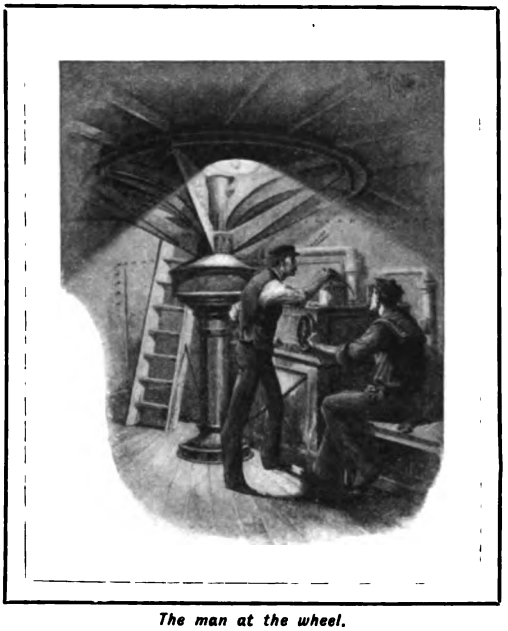
by M. Lockroy, who, when he was in office for the second time, was able to gauge the considerable progress that had been achieved in his absence. M. de Lanessan has followed in the footsteps of M. Lockroy, with the result that France is now on the eve of possessing a veritable flotilla of submarine boats.



*The man at the wheel.*

The *Gustave Zédé*, entirely remodelled, and embodying all the improvements arrived at in the way just described, was the first submarine boat completed under what may be called the new dispensation. The tests to which it was subjected, on being launched in its altered shape, and out of which it came triumphantly, proved at once that the problem of submarine navigation had been solved at any rate in the main. One of the earliest feats of the *Gustave Zédé* was the safe accomplishment of the journey from Toulon to Marseilles and back, and the trials as a whole proved that the French at last possessed a vessel of which only the hypersceptical could continue to deny the certain utility in naval warfare.

## How the "Submarine" is Worked.

The most serious difficulty that has yet to be overcome is to enable the commander of a submarine to see his way. The natural qualities of deep water, its seeming imperviousness to human sight, appear to make this difficulty almost insuperable. The French claim, however, as will be seen directly, that they have to some extent evaded it. It is intended in practice that the submarines shall proceed to their destination on the surface so long as they are in no danger of being observed. On nearing a hostile fleet or harbour they will sink, and rely for their safety and efficacy as engines of destruction on their capacity for travelling under water. It should be added that, owing to a special contrivance of which the secret is carefully guarded, but as to the results of which there is no doubt, the submarines take far less time to sink when under way than when at rest. In the latter case, when the effect is obtained solely by letting in a certain quantity of water, several minutes are required for the craft to go under, whereas when it is in motion its disappearance is very rapid, and almost instantaneous when all that emerges is the low conning tower, or rather cap, from which a glimpse of the horizon is obtained. In warfare this almost invisible cap, which surmounts the crest of the vessel in the centre, is all it can be hoped to catch sight of from a hostile ship. The submarine boat, when approaching its expected prey, may have to rise for a moment to the extent of showing this cap, so as to allow the commander to make the final observations by which he will direct his torpedo. It is by no means certain, however, that the necessity for this exposure immediately before the discharge of the torpedo has not already been obviated.

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The French boats are now provided with a "periscope," an optical contrivance composed of mirrors and lenses arranged in a narrow tube, some twenty feet long and barely four inches in diameter, which enables the commander to take stock of his surroundings while remaining below the surface. The periscope to be utilised has of course to emerge a foot or two, but even in broad daylight the slender object would easily escape the most vigilant watch, especially if the water were at all ruffled. Still it is admitted that the range of vision of the periscope is exceedingly limited. The problem of providing the submarine boats with "eyes" has still to be solved satisfactorily.

### The Experiments with the *Gustave Zédé*.

On the other hand, comparatively blind though these insidious craft be, it has been shown that they are a match even for an ironclad that has been forewarned of their attack. The experiments with the *Gustave Zédé* are held by the French authorities to be conclusive in this respect. More than a year ago the *Gustave Zédé* was pitted against the 11,000-ton *Magenta* in the presence of M. Lockroy. On this occasion it torpedoed the ironclad both at anchor and going at its normal rate of speed. The umpires, who were to judge whether the submarine could have been sighted from the big vessel and annihilated by its quick-firing guns, decided that there was no doubt whatever that the attacking craft would have effectually accomplished its task in real warfare. Nor must it be overlooked that the *Gustave Zédé* has since been materially improved. In October last M. de Lanessan, the present Minister of Marine, embarked on the *Gustave Zédé* and remained on board it throughout a series of evolutions in the Toulon roadstead. The course followed by the boat was made clear to thousands of spectators by flags flying from long poles fixed to its stem and stern. With unerring precision the *Gustave Zédé* navigated in and out among the men-of-war at anchor off the harbour. It was particularly noticed, too, that it fired a torpedo without slackening speed, thus showing that the problem of discharging a torpedo while under way has been solved. M. de Lanessan, when questioned as to the impression his submarine journey had made on him, replied: "I am delighted. I really believe that the wished-for solution in the matter of submarine navigation has been realised. What I admired above all in the *Gustave Zédé* was the simplicity of its apparatus and the easiness of its management. Its commander was not in the least preoccupied by the navigation of his boat, but was able to chat with us while superintending the operation." Needless to say, the Minister refused to give any details bearing on the construction of the vessel or its appliances. No precaution is omitted to keep these matters a profound secret. It is known, however, that the French are experimenting with two distinct types of boats—with submarine boats proper, and with a class of boat to which the name of "submergeable" is given. The *Gustave Zédé* and the *Morse* are specimens of the former type. The only submergeable which has been launched so far is the *Narval*. The submarines proper are intended in principle to navigate solely below the surface; they may rise at times for purposes of reconnoitring or of replenishing their air, but they are meant to travel under the water. The submergeables, on the other hand, are provided with two sets of machinery, one to enable them to navigate in precisely the same way as ordinary torpedo boats, and the other to serve when they are submerged. The advantage offered by this latter type is that steam can be used when the boat is to travel on the surface, and this motive force gives a far wider radius of action than electricity, of which the supply that can be carried on such

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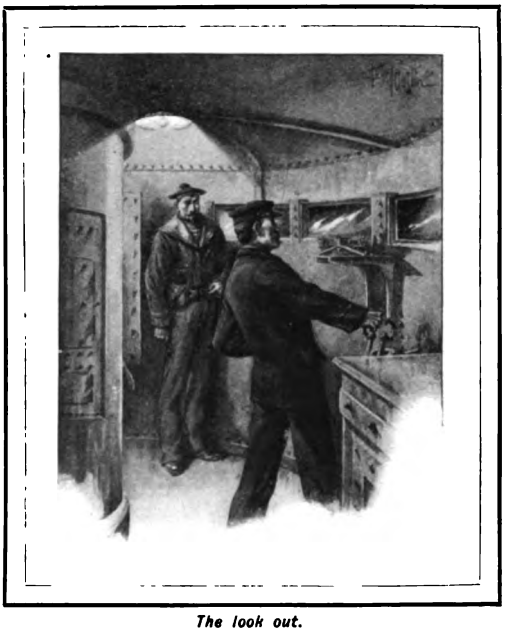
small craft is of course limited. But the submergeables have drawbacks, to which I shall refer in detail after describing the rival type.

### The Secrets of the "*Morse*."

Of the submarine boats proper most details are obtainable in the case of the *Morse*. The *Morse* is a spindle-shaped, 146-ton vessel, 118 feet long, and a little over 8 feet broad at its widest point. It is traversed from end to end by a narrow passage, barely two feet wide, in the centre of which and beneath the conning tower is the post of the officer in command. The conning tower contains three port-holes, the view obtained through which allows of the vessel being steered when the tower emerges. When it is beneath the surface the only means of vision is afforded by the periscope already referred to, the length of which is over twenty feet. The bows of the *Morse* are occupied by the torpedoes and the apparatus for firing them. Amidships are two rows superimposed of electric accumulators. The stern is taken up by the steering gear. The hold is divided into a number of compartments destined to contain the water ballast, which is pumped in or out according as it is desired that the boat should sink or rise. When navigating on the surface the *Morse* keeps its horizontal position, and in the roughest weather scarcely the least motion is observable. Those on board for the first time are particularly struck by the gliding movement of the boat, which would be almost imperceptible but for the rush and gurgle of the water, heard overhead instead of beneath the keel as in ordinary vessels, and inducing in consequence a sensation to which it takes some time to get accustomed.



*The look out.*

For the *Morse* to sink there is no necessity to bring it to a standstill; on the contrary, the submerging process is more rapid when the boat is in motion than when it is at rest, and requires in the former case but a minute at the outside. Its superiority in this respect over submergeables of the *Narval* type is, as will be seen, decisive. When the *Morse* plunges the vertical motion is not apparent to those on board, who only detect a momentary eddying of the water round the conning tower, and observe, when the vessel is completely submerged, the cessation of the splashing of the waves on its upper surface. Under water, except for the working of the machinery, the silence is absolute. No motion whatever is felt, and the boat neither throws off foam from its bows nor leaves a trace behind it. A noiseless, seemingly magic engine of doom, it threads its way through the still obscurity of the waters. At a few feet below the surface a pale, greenish light shimmers through the port-holes of the conning tower, through which, however, even at this depth it is impossible to descry surrounding objects even though close



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at hand. A little lower down—at the depth of six yards, at which the *Morse* usually travels—the last glimmer of light has vanished, and the boat proceeds on its mysterious course amid outer darkness. The periscope gives the commander a limited view of the outside world, but of what is before, around, and behind him in the enveloping mass of waters he knows nothing, and a sunken rock or other serious obstacle would be fatal to his craft.

Beneath the water the *Morse* does not remain automatically on the same horizontal plane, in which it must be kept by constant observation of the manometre and appropriate manipulation, by means of machinery of course, of the description of fins, which flank it on either side. The weak point of the *Morse* is the fact that for the present it is at the mercy of an interruption of the electric current which so to speak is its very life-blood. Should the current cease, as the result of an accident or of the exhaustion of the accumulators, all the vital functions of the vessel would stop simultaneously; waterlogged and wrapped in darkness, the situation of those on board it would be most precarious. To enable them at least to regain the surface, the *Morse* is fitted with a supply of metal ballast, which if cast loose would cause it to rise. But even if this operation were successfully accomplished the boat would be without motive force, and in consequence a mere derelict. It is said, however, that this difficulty has at last been overcome by a discovery respecting which the utmost secrecy is observed, but of which the effect will be to allow of the renewal by those on board of their store of electricity.

The longest period for which the *Morse* has remained under water up to now is eight hours; but it is believed that this lapse of time could have been doubled without the least danger or even inconvenience to the crew. A chemical analysis of the air after an immersion of eight hours showed it to be perfectly respirable—a result in accordance with the statements of the men on board, who declared that they had experienced no difficulty in breathing, and had not been troubled with humming in the ears or other disagreeable symptoms. Nor, when the manhole is opened on the vessel rising to the surface, is there any rush of air, which might be followed by injurious consequences. On a recent occasion the sailors lunched on board for the first time, and made an excellent meal in their confined dwelling.

### THE "*NARVAL*"—THE SUBMERGEABLE.

The *Narval*, as has been said, is described by its inventor M. Laubœuf as a submergeable boat of 106 tons. It is capable of navigating in precisely the same way as an ordinary torpedo boat, or of sinking and acting as a submarine. It has two motors, one for submarine navigation and another for navigating on the surface. This arrangement permits of the use of steam. The *Narval* is fitted with a triple-expansion steam engine and a tubular boiler, giving a speed for surface navigation of 15 knots an hour. The engine further serves to renew the electricity of the dynamo, which propels the *Narval* under water at a speed not exceeding 10 knots. The process of sinking the *Narval* is long and complicated, and constitutes the great defect of this type of boat. The funnel has to be lowered into the interior of the vessel and a very considerable volume of water to be introduced into the ballast compartments. But the lengthiest part of the operation is the waiting until the steam that remains in the boiler has cooled down. In spite of the great improvements which are known to have been effected, the entire process still takes considerably over a quarter of an hour. The inventor is hopeful of greatly reducing this delay, which in actual warfare would much detract from the utility of his boat; but in the meantime it has been decided that work

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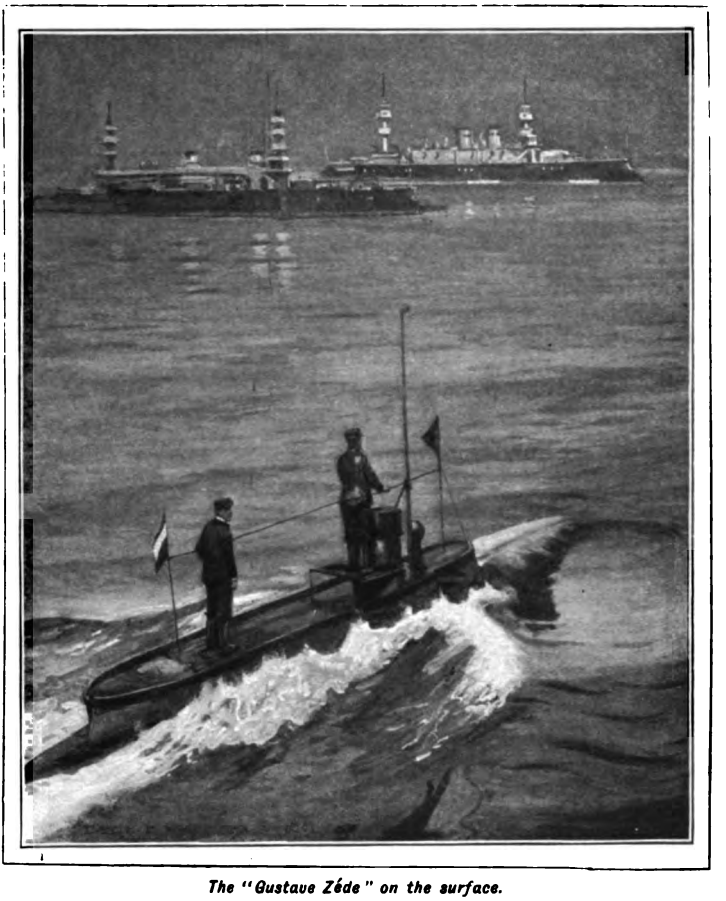
shall be adjourned on the four boats, the *Sirène*, the *Triton*, the *Silure*, and the *Espadon*, which are being built at Cherbourg on the lines of the *Narval*.

With regard to the offensive equipment of the *Morse* and the *Narval*, the former boat is not solely provided with the firing-tube worked by compressed air to which a reference has already been made. The *Morse* carries as well on either side a torpedo attached externally by a special contrivance. These torpedoes are automatic, and are set free of course from within the boat. Their trajectory, as is also the case with that of the torpedoes discharged from the tube, is in the axis of the vessel, or in other words the *Morse* can only fire in the direction in which it is going. On a recent occasion it discharged four torpedoes in the space of twenty minutes, and all of them hit the mark. The *Narval* is fitted with the torpedo-firing apparatus invented by M. Drzewiecki. It permits of the torpedoes being fired in every direction, but the difficulties of aiming are admitted to be considerable.



*The "Gustave Zéde" on the surface.*

The French possess to-day four finished submarine boats—the *Gymnote*, the *Gustave Zédé*, the *Morse*, and the *Narval*. The additions to this nucleus of a submarine flotilla will be rapid. Two new boats, the *Algérien* and the *Français*, paid for with the proceeds of a public subscription organised by the *Matin*, are already engaged on their trials, six others will be finished this year, and the naval estimates provide for the construction of forty-four more before the close of 1906. The cost of these vessels is from £25,000 to £35,000, according to the type. Of the types in existence—the *Gustave Zédé*, the *Morse*, the *Narval*, and the *Farfadet*, which is being built at Rochefort, on the plans of M. Maugas—not all are likely to subsist, as the Minister of Marine has recently appointed a committee of experts to decide which of them is the best, with a view to its exclusive adoption in the future.

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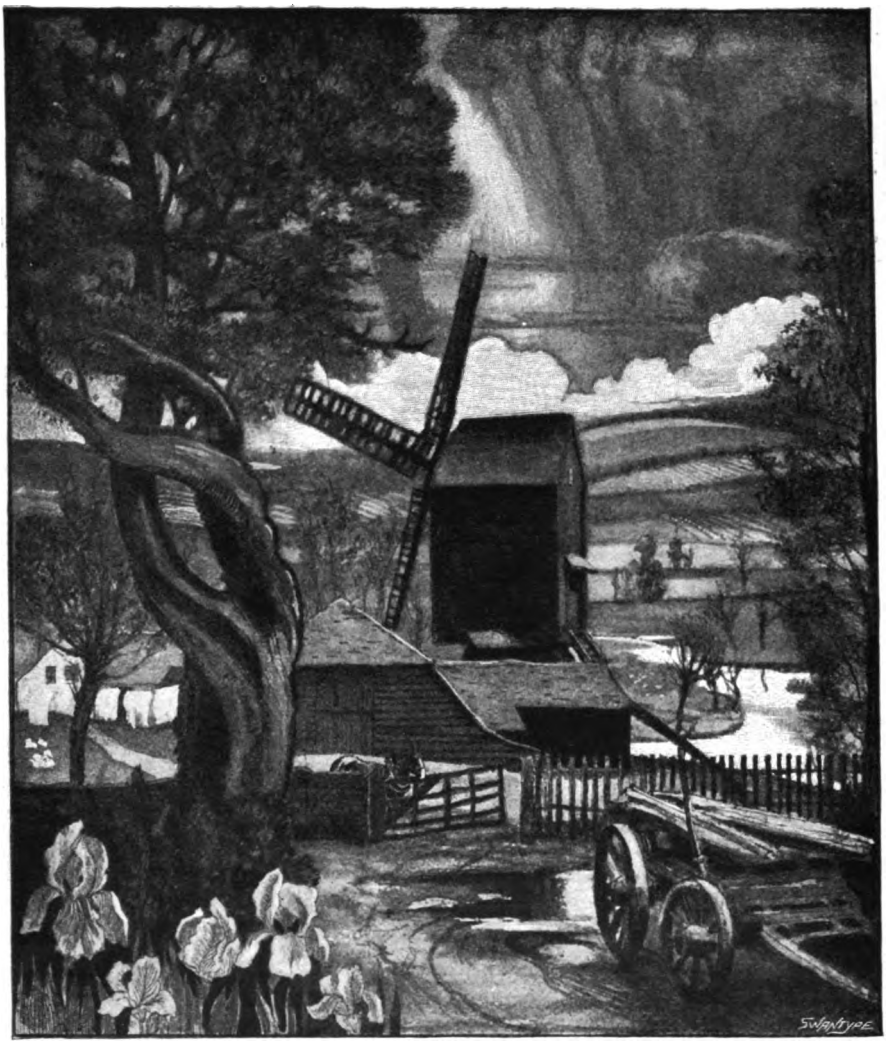

## RONDEAU.

SPRING will not fail. Each slow-advancing day
Compels him hitherward o'er hill and dale;
Though he perchance may loiter by the way,
Spring will not fail.
For Hope expectant waits with visage pale
And hands outstretched—O wearisome delay!—
And lips half parted for the gladsome "Hail!"
Such lovers true, so one in heart are they,
That Hope will never faint though doubts assail;
And, though he loiter on the homeward way,
Spring will not fail.

H. A. G.



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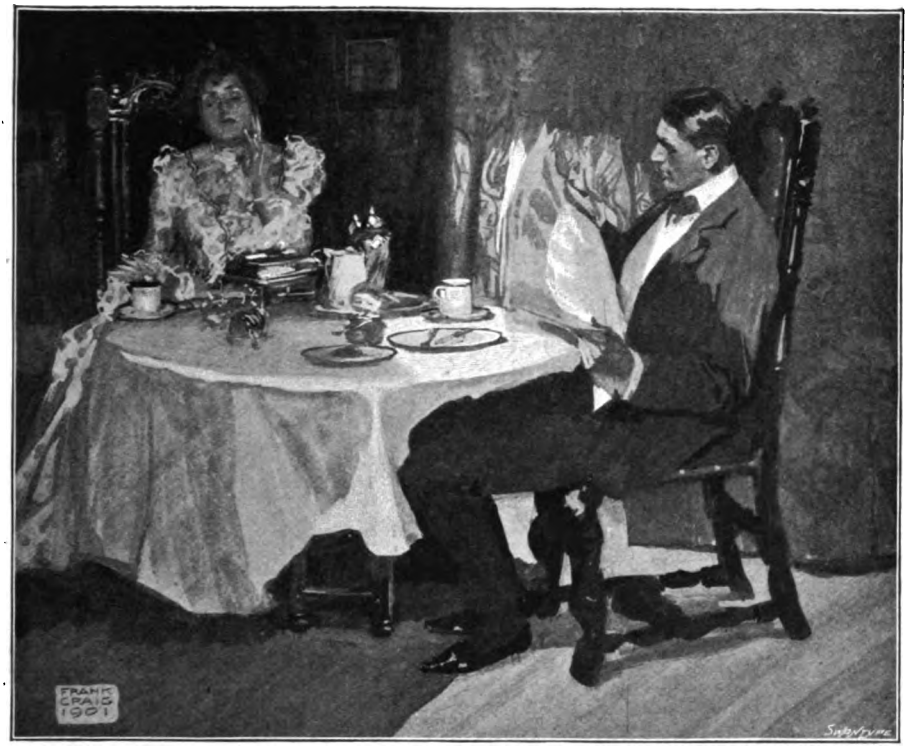


# BY MUTUAL CONSENT.

BY MABEL MILNE.

## I

"DO you care about going to the Opera to-night, Adèle?"

"It will pass the time, and you have the tickets."

"Oh, never mind about the tickets if your head still aches. Perhaps"—rolling a cigarette with careful deliberation—"you would rather stay here and rest quietly; it is very pleasant."

"Very pleasant!" Her lip curled satirically; he saw it, and his forehead puckered in a frown.

"I suppose you will go in any case?" she asked, and smothered a yawn.

He watched her as she sat swinging one foot to and fro, a steel buckle on her shoe scintillating as it caught the pale beam of moonlight that fell across the tesselated floor of the terrace. Her face was in the shadow; he could but dimly discern its outline and the dusky hair that made its coronet. But he felt intuitively that she looked unutterably bored: perhaps he was not aware that he looked the same himself. Catching the least gleam of her white teeth, he knew that her lips still wore that tantalising curve which maddened him at times almost beyond the limit of his habitual calmness.

"As you say, it will pass the time," he observed quietly. His look strayed over the sea, where the moon was reflected in a shaft of silver lustre. Somewhere in the distance a band was playing a German waltz, its strains, mellowed on the night breeze, being wafted to his ears. Over on the Promenade des Anglais a multitude of gaily dressed people, of mixed nationality and social standing, passed



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up and down, and the hum of their voices mingled with the sobbing echoes of Schubert's waltz and the rustling of the leaves of the oleanders on the terrace.

Then once more the range of his vision fell on the outline of the white-robed figure in the low basket-chair; he linked his fingers loosely and regarded her contemplatively. Their eyes met; there was a mocking light in hers, penetration in his.

"Well," she said, "don't look so terribly—blue. Silence is golden. Why not take a stroll along the Promenade?"—waving her hand seawards: "it is livelier there; possibly you would not feel so—bored. Husbands and wives are not expected to amuse each other; fortunately that is one thing that does not come under the category of matrimonial duties. It's rather a good thing we're not expected to try—don't you think so? The result would be inevitable failure."

She laughed lightly, and her restless foot, encased in its dainty shoe, beat a tattoo on the stone floor.

He rose with an impatient movement and brushed by the oleander plants. "If it is your intention to come, it is about time for you to dress," he said coldly, and passed through the open casement into the house.

A smile played across her features for a moment; then a wistfulness came into her dark eyes, and settled lines of pain replaced the ironical curve of her lips. She leant forward in her chair, and rested one white, partially bare arm on the parapet. The pallid light of the moon fell athwart her face: not a faultless or beautiful face; but it had something beyond beauty—a singular power; one could feel it after closely studying. She became lost in a brown reverie; she mused of life and its unsolvable problems, pondering most over the greatest—marriage. She wondered vaguely if people who had wedded for love, or that which was a very cheating counterfeit of it, were in any degree happier or more miserable than she. Then she sighed, and, rising, went indoors.

## II.

THERE was a new singer at the Opera that night—Madame Zoé Zanisé; her advent had been noised abroad days before—already she had achieved great things in Paris and won laurels of fame. She was a beautiful woman—or on the stage she looked so—and her voice was of marvellous power. Adèle saw that her husband was fascinated—his eyes were riveted on the stage—and jealousy clasped chill fingers around her heart. He no longer looked bored; his face lost the look of superb indifference that continually fired Adèle's pride;—utter indifference in a man a woman will never forgive. A thousand scorpions seemed to lash her into fury; it strained every nerve to the utmost tension for her to sit calmly and listen to Madame Zanisé's vibrating tones. Her temples throbbed and burned, her brain felt like a furnace. But she sat till the end—there was nothing else for her to do. Only once during the play did her husband address her: "Did she not think Madame Zanisé had a most wonderful voice?"

"Oh! beautiful—perfectly ravishing!" she returned, with unnecessary emphasis. The next moment, meeting the half-look of calm surprise in his eyes, she could have bitten her tongue out with mortification, feeling miserably conscious she had stepped down from the pedestal of her dignity. Well, she would guard herself better now; after all, Madame Zanisé was nothing to her; and her husband—well, he was still less.

She took great care to impress herself with that fact and make herself recognise its importance.

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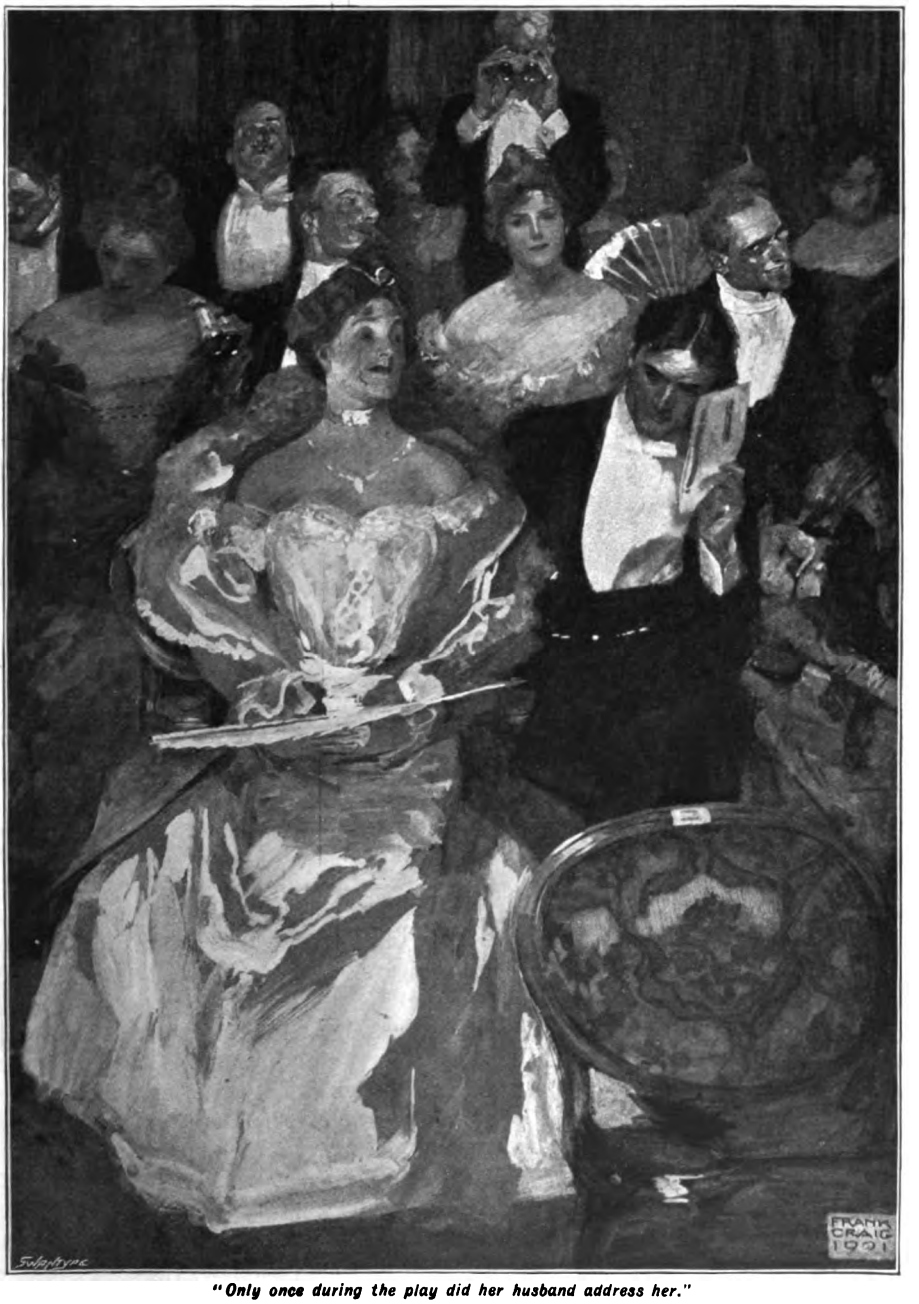


*"Only once during the play did her husband address her."*

They drove home to the villa in silence; he did not pass any further comment about the new operatic singer.

The next morning, when they met at breakfast, Adèle's eyes were heavy enough to arouse suspicion, and there were dark blue shadows drawn beneath them. She sipped her coffee slowly, but scarcely touched the rolls and dainty omelettes. Her husband remarked on her loss of appetite.

"I don't feel hungry—perhaps Nice doesn't agree with me," she said. "At

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least, I suppose it does, only I'm out of sorts. How much longer are we going to stay here, Anthony?"

"You would like to see the Carnival?"

"Oh, the Carnival—not much. But still—we'll stay; only I was thinking—perhaps *you* find it dull."

"Dull? Did you really think that?"

She felt his eyes searching her face; there was something in his tone that sent the colour flowing into her cheeks.

"Well, I suppose it is rather prosaic and monotonous—for both of us; and certainly deceiving—to others." She laughed aggravatingly. "They think we are a—devoted couple."

"Why not let them think?" he observed calmly.

"Oh, it doesn't matter, of course." She balanced the bowl end of a silver spoon on the surface of her coffee. "They would not understand if we told them we were married by reluctant, if *mutual*, consent."

He never glanced at her again, and became religiously occupied with the *Times*.

## III.

"THERE is one good thing," thought Adèle that afternoon—"we shall not see nearly so much of one another in London as we do here. We shall meet, and say 'Good-morning' and 'Good-evening'—that will be about all. Oh yes, it will be better—decidedly; I know he feels unutterably bored."

She smiled to herself,—that smile was her outdoor mask; she had perfect control over the muscles of her face when she was within range of the public eye. Nobody would ever guess at the bitter conflict of emotions she secretly battled with.

Adèle was walking with her husband in the Jardin Public; she was in one of her most flippant moods that afternoon; several of her remarks made him frown. Glasses were levelled at them as they passed by; they were conspicuous even amongst the fashionable crowd. There was military erectness in Anthony Rochefort's tall figure, and Adèle always attracted attention. Her bearing was marked by the most exquisite grace; her toilettes were more effective than most women's in their elegance and simplicity. She wore a dress of rich white silk, unrelieved by contrasts, except a narrow band of black velvet, fastened with a steel buckle, which encircled her waist. The soft folds of her skirts swept over the velvet sward; the sunlight warmly touched her dark hair with gold. Anthony glanced at her proudly; she was his, and at any rate he might be proud of her if he did not love her. He knew there were many envied the position he had stepped into with such apparent easiness; there had been no wooing, no striving—not an atom. His people and hers had practically arranged the match: she had money; and he—well, he didn't have much, but he was good-looking (he knew that), and was the heir to a baronetage. It was unheard of, of course—but he had not even proposed; his mother had schemed everything, as only a woman can. It was a *mariage de convenance*; he could have got out of it if he had liked, but he didn't trouble anything about it. He had given his consent, and Adèle had followed suit; it had been mutual. But the world knew nothing of these unromantic details.

"Do you know," Adèle had said to him, after they had been married about three months, "I really do believe people think ours was a love match. I shouldn't have thought anything about it, only I heard a casual remark passed the other

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day by an acquaintance of mine to that effect. One's friends are so wise, aren't they?—but they have a knack of twisting things about. Now, if it *had* been a love match, there would be venomous tongues at work to say you had married me for my——"

"Very well, Adèle—you needn't say any more; I can finish the sentence for myself," he had replied in his curtest tone.

The pure, balmy breezes lent the faintest colour to Adèle's cheeks; the sun, warmly gilding the grass and foliage, gave the scene a vivid brightness. Children, escaping from neglectful and chattering *bonnes*, chased each other over the sward, and pierced the air with shrill laughter. One little mite, in her excitement, ran right into the arms of Adèle. The child had the face of an angel, with yellow hair, softer than floss-silk, and wide, blue eyes. She lifted her from the ground, and kissed the rosy mouth; her face was beautiful in its tender womanliness. He saw her lip tremble; he knew she loved children.

They sat down near the band-stand. Adèle would not go in the quieter paths; she wanted to hear the music and watch the crowd. Her heart gave a loud, quick throb when she saw Madame Zanisé and two gentlemen coming towards them. She gave a surreptitious glance at her husband. Had he seen? Seemingly not; he looked unmoved. She bent slightly towards him.

"Oh, most noble Anthony, behold thy Cleopatra! Is she not divine?—she wants no crown with that golden hair. Don't compress your lips—I am serious."

Perhaps he did not think Madame Zanisé divine—he did not admire the style—but he did not tell her so.

"Oh, Anthony——" as if she had suddenly recollected something.

"Yes?"

"I forgot to mention it to you before, but I wrote to Christine Lefevre the other day, asking her to come and stay with me—till we return. She will arrive to-morrow; it slipped my memory to tell you before. I suppose you have no objection?"

There was an ominous silence; then he said abruptly, "You might have had the courtesy to have consulted me."

She knew that he was angered.

"Why should I consult you?" she returned testily. "I always thought men disliked to be bothered about feminine affairs. I tell you candidly, time hangs so heavily—I felt I must ask somebody."

"You are lavish in your compliments—to me," he remarked grimly.

"I am only saying what is the truth. Christine is so lively—it will be different when she comes. Also"—her voice faltered, though almost imperceptibly—"you will not be so tied. Common politeness compels you to be my chaperon; but Christine and I will amuse ourselves—I shall not be dull."

The line of his lips straightened—that was all.

"There is no reason," she went on defiantly, "why you should not go your way and I mine. We need not interfere with one another. Anyhow, we are married, and we've got to make the best of it."

"Or the worst," he added.

She was making a mazy pattern on the gravel with the stick of her parasol. "Therefore, living on such amicable terms, there is no occasion for us to consult each other; we can take *carte blanche*. Do you see?"

"I see—perfectly. Adèle"—he faced her suddenly—"do you ever look forward to a day when you will cease—to regret our marriage?"

She averted her face, but did not answer him.

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"His wife and a man in a long overcoat."

IV.

"My darling Adèle, there is something strange about you—I cannot define it," exclaimed Christine.

Adèle laughed and tapped her foot on the fender.

"I am getting old, I suppose—that's all."

"Old?—at twenty-six? Nonsense!"

"Well, *passée*, then," said her friend dogmatically.

"You could never be that. No, you're not going to put me off the scent, my dear—I'm too sharp I'm going to worry and ferret it out like a terrier does a rat in a hole—never fear. Now, in the first place, I'm quite confident you're not happy."

"If you're quite confident, it is no use my denying the fact."

"Well, we'll say that's settled; item one. Item two——"

"Oh! look here, Christine, I shall get terribly angry. I know I'm a very interesting subject to talk about; but let's discuss something impersonal. How did you enjoy your tour in the Highlands this summer?—you've never told me much about it."

"Another time, dear. . . . Now my business is to find out the cause of your altered demeanour. You've everything heart can wish for—including a—husband."

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"How do you know my heart wished for—that?"

"Don't be so incorrigible. You are in a difficult mood to-night. If you're always like this, I don't wonder Anthony gets disheartened."

"Disheartened! Good gracious, Christine! what are you thinking about?"

"He is disheartened—I can see by his face," repeated Christine emphatically. "I thought he looked positively unhappy at dinner this evening."

She watched to see the effect of this statement upon Adèle, but she looked blissfully undisturbed.

"I suppose you married for—love?" remarked Christine abruptly.

"No, my dear—by mutual consent. Didn't you know?"

"Well, I suppose it was by mutual consent; that doesn't enlighten me much. He could not have married you *without* your consent; there's no getting away from that fact."

Adèle bent forward to examine a rosette on her slipper; her loose dark hair veiled her face, which had grown suddenly scarlet.

The other was keen-sighted, however; she nodded wisely to herself.

"I—don't know *why* I married him," Adèle said slowly, "though I know pretty well what made him marry me: it was my fortune, of course. It's a humiliating thing to acknowledge, but plain, unvarnished truth often *is* humiliating."

A sort of dry sob caught her voice; her head fell back again against the silken cushion propped behind her.

A French clock over the mantelpiece rang out the hour of midnight in flippant, silvery chimes. Christine rose and kissed her friend.

"Good-night, dear; don't sit up any longer," she said, and left her. "Adèle is in love with her husband; and he—I've an idea he's in love with her, only they're hopelessly at loggerheads at present," she thought, as she closed the door to quietly.

## V.

DURING the next few days Christine was shrewdly observant; she felt matters were as bad as they could be between her friend and her husband; there seemed no likelihood that they would ever come to an understanding. Christine would have liked to interfere, but she was too discreet to act indiscriminately. She had a long battle with herself over the question; after all, what good had ever come of a third person dipping a finger in the matrimonial pie?—better let them fight it out themselves. Though she sympathised with Adèle, she often felt angered with her; her pride made her harder to convince than a rock; she was so confident that Anthony Rochefort had married her for her money. Perhaps he had; still——

One evening she found herself alone with him. Adèle had gone out to post a letter. She had been gone rather a long time to post a letter, too; half an hour lengthened into an hour; Christine grew uneasy, and finally rose to put on her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked Anthony.

"To see after Adèle—something must have happened."

"Well, I think I'd better come with you—something might happen to you. We don't want a double disappearance."

So they left the house together, and went in the direction of the nearest post-office; but nowhere could they see Adèle.

"She has probably gone for a stroll," remarked Anthony, who was not inclined to be alarmed.

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"Is she accustomed to go for strolls by herself at night-time?"

"Well, hardly 'accustomed'; but I have known her do so."

"Then you should have exerted your authority," said Christine shortly.

He laughed a little bitterly. "I might save my authority to exert over somebody else—Adèle does not recognise that any belongs to me."

"I wish," mused Christine, coming to a standstill, "you could understand each other better."

"We shall never understand each other."

"You are working at cross-purposes." Then she drew in her breath sharply, and her face grew white and strange.

"What is the matter?" he said; then, looking in the direction of her fixed eyes, he saw.

On the opposite side of the street his wife and a man in a long overcoat and a broad-brimmed felt hat were pacing slowly up and down.

Anthony drew Christine into the shadow of a portico. His set, stern face, the drawn lines about his mouth, told her of the battle raging within him.

"Perhaps—it is only a friend," she suggested, in as matter-of-fact a tone as she could command.

She lost all count of time; it could not have been long they stood there, but the minutes seemed like hours. Presently the two parted. Adèle crossed the road, disappeared round a corner, and they lost sight of her.

When they reached home, she was sitting out on the terrace with a book on her lap. Christine drew the pins out of her hat nervously. She felt the best plan was to shut herself in her room till the storm had burst. She waited in feverish suspense.

Anthony passed out on the terrace and stood opposite his wife.

"Did you post your letter?"

"Yes."

"You were gone a good time."

"I know: I met somebody I knew."

He started a little; he was not prepared for so cool an asseveration.

"Anthony—I want you to help me in something. I would not trouble you, only I know it cannot be done without your knowing. I want to give somebody £500."

"Your money is quite your own."

He waited; her fingers twisted a trifle nervously. "The person I want to give it to—the one I met out to-night—was a—I was nearly engaged to be married to him once."

"Indeed!"

He raised his brow; no other muscle moved to betray any emotion he might have felt. She met his gaze unflinchingly.

"We were never actually engaged; the world knew nothing about it. He was a hopeless gambler—I knew he would ruin his life—he has done so—but I want to help him. He has promised to make a fresh start, to earn a respectable livelihood. I—don't want him to go to the dogs; I—cannot forget that he cared for me once."

"For you or your——"

"You must not cast out the mote in your brother's eye when it is in your own," she said.

He winced; then his calmness vanished like smoke; a thousand furies seemed to possess him.

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"I wish to heaven you could lose every farthing of your money! I'd sooner break stones on the road to earn my bread than have your gold flung in my face! I *did* marry you for your money—I have no wish to deny it; but I tell you this much—I'd change places now with the poorest peasant if I could forget that I had ever seen your face!"

"And do you think," she said, her eyes blazing, "that a woman will ever forgive such an insult as you have cast on me? If you have no shame, at least remember that I still value my self-respect, even though I am bound to a man who sought me for my money!"

He averted his face; when he looked at her again, she was sobbing in an agony of despair.

"Oh, Adèle—Adèle!"

When he knelt by her side and held her closely, she could not cast him from her, because she remembered her pride no more, only the hungriness of her soul.

And upstairs Christine waited. . . .

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# A BOTTICELLI.

BY FRANCIS CROWTHER.

A CIRQUE of slow soft roses
Our garden wicket closes.
Ah! child Ah! little God.

God set this circle round me
The tender day he found me;
I look far out of it.

By barrier and bannister
The small sweet seraphs minister
Clustered as apple-bloom.

Thro' silken summer spaces
Of still steel blue their faces
Go up behind the moon.

Why crown me? Why adore me?
Why genuflect before me
You slight slim childish things?

Ah! children I am dreary,
One waxes very weary
In fadeless festival.

King God, it seems I waken,
Was I asleep when taken
From pearl pale Nazareth?

My lilies thirst for water;
Saint Ann say, please, your daughter
Wishes to water them.

Ah God, my slave, my jewel,
Prince Jesu is it cruel
To look with these long eyes?

Beyond our lime white wicket,
Beyond the red rose thicket
I look, and look, and look.

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BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

SHOW-SUNDAY has come and gone, and the outsider is alone in the studio with his pictures. He examines them critically once more. He asks himself whether they will look as well before the Selecting Committee, when he sends forth these children of his brush to expose them, like little naked St. Sebastians, to the shafts of their judges; he wonders how, if they pass the dread tribunal, they will be treated by the Hanging Committee, and how they will look beside their neighbours. The very Eminent Outsider is fairly easy in his mind; so, too, is the lady amateur, who has been known to send in sixteen frames (the double of the maximum) in order that "the President may choose the eight best." These persons are fairly at their ease, and experience nothing of the greatest pangs of the greatest number. They send in their pictures and patiently await their varnishing-ticket, and in the meantime think as little as they can about the matter.

The busiest time of the whole Art-year of England is the fourth week in March. The last hasty touches are given, and within a few days fourteen thousand works of every sort and size (except, perhaps, the largest sculptures) will have been lodged within the walls of Burlington House; and within another four weeks about twelve thousand of them will have filtered through Gallery III back to their unhappy authors. The vast majority are delivered by carrier's cart. The works of the London artists are collected for the most part by well-known frame-makers, who make a speciality of the task, or else are handed in by experienced models. Those from the country are first consigned to London agents, who unpack and deliver them in accordance with the strict rules of the Academy.

It is a curious scene this day of delivery, not easily forgotten by the man who witnesses it. Punctually as ten o'clock rings out on the morning air the north gate is thrown open, and along the brick-hedged passage that divides the University of London from Burlington Arcade flows the never-ending stream of Art, real and alleged. Carts, cabs, vans, pedestrians, pass slowly on beyond the entrance of the Academy schools. They stop just long enough at the next great doorway to deliver their freight to the dexterous porters, who quickly receive it and bear it in, and then they pass out into Piccadilly to hurry back to picture land for more. Cunning fellows, these carmen and drivers, many of them. They know pretty well out of their experience, in a rough-and-ready sort of way, out of



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a general knowledge of their employers' previous successes, which of these works will remain till the end of the exhibition, and which of them they will be called upon to fetch away during the next three or four weeks, and deliver to the artists with an assumption of sympathy not at all appreciated by those whom it is meant to please.

In front, in the courtyard, pictures are taken as well, but small carts and hansoms are the rule there. The publicity of it, perhaps, makes the grand vestibule less patronised than the side entrance; yet the front hall becomes fuller and fuller as the day advances: the stacks increase in number and volume; and by midnight easy circulation becomes more and more difficult. Little pictures predominate—water-colours and small oils for the most part. It is here that the lady delivers her little work to the porter and asks for a receipt. A receipt! It's as much as he and his fellows can do to take the things in and see that they have their owners' names upon them. Here, too, comes the cheerful gentleman up from the country for a month: he hands in his picture, and calculates that he will just have time to collect it before the Academy opens and he is due back in Lincolnshire. Here, again, comes the lady, who, with the little water-colour in her hand, seeks to brush past the porter.

"You can't pass in, m'm."

"Oh, but I must. I want to take my picture in."

"Then give it to me, please."

"Give it to you? Nonsense! What for? Certainly not. I've painted it for a certain place, and I want to hang it there myself."

She is stopped again.

"The idea!" she exclaims, as she turns away with her picture; and the Academy, punished by the remorseless withdrawal, must count one enemy the more.

But the great sight is at the yawning doorway in the passage. It is a strange procession on sculpture-day: soldiers, wild beasts, statesmen, busts, recumbent figures, placid goddesses, solemnly filing down the narrow way in undignified security—lacking an arm, a tail, a head; for the dangers of transport are many, and it is safer not to fit on the missing limb till the judgment-seat is reached. But canvas or paper, bronze or plaster, all is impartially drawn into the insatiable eddy, swiftly and deftly. Up drives a cart laden with a dozen pictures; the men in charge

*The Old School and the New.*

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unload it quickly, carry the canvases along the passage, and hand them over to the official keeping of the porters. If a picture be large and heavy a cry is raised for the trolly, a tiny conveyance standing six inches off the floor; and the whole thing is wheeled along to where the great hydraulic lift is at work. This huge machine is loaded as swiftly as expert hands can do it, with a curious absence of noise or fuss; but although the moving platform rises every ten minutes stacked with two or three score works, landing its freight in the Central Hall above, it cannot of course keep pace with the delivery. The pictures are ranged round below in scores, in fifties, in hundreds; and they spread like some curious geological strata along the walls of the cavernous passage—sometimes fifteen deep, and huge pictures, too, some of them—until they abut on the mouth of the entrance itself, and leave at last but an eighteen-inch rivulet of space between the banks of frames. Time goes on—and this is the last day! Six o'clock, seven, eight, ten. The stream of vehicles is becoming spasmodic, but the delivery never stops. All is quiet and orderly. The gas lamp gives a sufficient glare. Six thousand – seven—nine—twelve. "More in now than this time last year," cries an official. He knows what he is talking about, this man, and he looks now and then up the little roadway at the occasional conveyances that still keep turning the corner at the top. As the hours roll on it is clear that the numbers will rival, if not exceed, last year's total.

Eleven o'clock. All the time the great lift is working, silently, slowly; and upstairs not fewer than seven of the great Academy rooms are crammed full of works of art, and otherwise. The Selecting Committee have been sitting all day; they have begun their work early; but what impression can a day's judging make upon this vast mass of material? But they work away, they and their carpenters, and all seems calculated bustle and orderly confusion.

Half-past eleven. The numbers have been passed, and it is a record. If a dozen pictures have gone in, fourteen thousand at least have been sent up for judgment—every one with its own special little parcel of hopes, and prayers, and fears. The wind blows keenly down the passage as the gas flame flickers in the lamp. But the bare-armed porters stick to their work, and their foreheads shine with their efforts, and all around there is a litter of dust and straw and bits of gold frame-ornament, and here and there a label that has somehow been torn from the picture it described.

A quarter to twelve, and there is a lull in the procession of the carts. Will many more come? The men themselves, tired as they are, seem to be roused to curiosity as the hour of closing draws near. But they know the ways of artists, and await the heavy vans which are likely to crowd in at the last. "Here's a big 'un!" cries a voice; and it is dealt with as expeditiously as the others. A few more, and then a move is made to the great door in Burlington Gardens, and as the first stroke of midnight booms forth from the church tower hard by, the heavy gate is swung to, and whatever may be shut out must wait till another twelve months have sped round.

Above stairs the work has been proceeding. So admirable is the organisation that a staff of about twenty well-trained men suffices to deal with the enormous mass of material sent in, and in an incredibly short time the works are ready for inspection. Day by day and night by night the arrangement of them has been proceeding, for the loading, unloading, and marshalling take time; and the Central Hall, with the exception of the railed-off hole near the middle of the floor, is a solid mass of pictures ranged against the wall more or less according to size, and threaded only by narrow avenues, while they overflow into neighbouring

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rooms—a sight to strike terror into the souls of the incoming jury.

The Selecting Committee sets to work. It consists of ten members, with the President, *ex officio*, as chairman. He is forced by virtue of his office to be present year by year at this tedious, irritating, fatiguing, ungrateful, painful duty of judging; accepting, doubting, damning—chiefly doubting and damning. The rest of the Council "rotates," but the President knows no relief. He and the Secretary are fixtures, while the ordinary members "go off," five every year—each member serving two years in succession. The Associates are not eligible for this duty, but the latest-elected Member of the year is by the laws called upon to serve. The Court sits in the largest room, Gallery III, the members in a semicircle, with the President in the middle, while the "carpenters" walk before them with an ever-changing, disjointed panorama, miles long. These carpenters have been charged by the President on no account to reveal to the outside world any hint of what passes within, and they know how much their own interests depend upon their loyalty. They bring in the pictures one by one, standing about four yards off, resting the larger works on the floor and the smaller on a stool. A glance generally suffices to determine the verdict, and "No!' 'Out!" is the constant cry. If a good or a promising picture comes along, the bearer is stopped and the work examined. If it is accepted outright, it is placed in a paradise apart with the chosen few—an infinitesimal fraction of the whole; if it is doubtful, it is marked with a "D" (Doubtful)—a sort of decree *nisi*, possibly to be made absolute later on; and if it is not worthy of such hesitation, the head carpenter, on a sign from the President, chalks it with a "cross" (×), and sends it forthwith to the Academic Hades—to the cellars.

*"I want to take my pictures in."*

"It's left their sight almost as soon as in it—
They damn them at the rate of twelve a minute,"

sings a modern Peter Pindar. But he is below the mark: the rate is higher—but then the character of many of the works is vastly lower than any reader might be willing to believe. As Lord Leighton himself told me, "they are often no better than the salmon on the pavement," and the majority are judged at a glance before the porter can stop. Yet the Council is notoriously indulgent, according to its lights, although insuperably hostile to certain forms of art for which some outsiders loudly demand recognition. It will spend some little while discussing a picture, will sometimes reverse a passed judgment which might seem harsh, and will reward a fine work with a round of applause. And all the while the wonderful Secretary sits at his table taking down the names of artists and pictures as they are rapidly called out, like a recording angel inscribing in his Book of Fate the verdict of the Immortals, for good or for evil, on the Blessed and the Damned.



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When the oil-pictures are disposed of, the members close up a little, and the water-colours are dealt with in a similar way. Then come the black-and-whites, the architectural drawings, and the sculpture. In the latter case the Committee commonly visits the heavy statuary in a neighbouring room. The works of foreign artists are examined last of all, and when the short half-hour required for them is over, the duty of the Council, acting as the Selecting Committee, comes to an end. The members have been judging for many days from ten o'clock till six, with one hour's rest for luncheon and half an hour for tea, and have had but little relaxation in all that trying period. Incidents there sometimes are, and surprises. There is probably the usual insulting picture—directed against the members themselves; there is the blasphemous, the improper picture; there is the mad picture, and so forth; but these eccentricities make little sensation, as a rule. The *genus* of each is well known, and they scarcely awaken interest.

*From the country.*

Many of those who have not been present at such a "selecting" have been ready to believe the judges unmindful of the wounds they inflict at each adverse verdict pronounced, and do not hesitate to bring charges of personal animus, selfish haste, and the like. No belief is less justifiable. As to the first suggestion, the presence of ten alert judges is sufficient security against any such breach of trust: to suppose the contrary would be to believe in the possibility of a unanimous conspiracy against individual fellow-artists. Having myself served on a similar Selecting Committee (for the British section of the Paris Exhibition) with a number of Academicians, I can bear witness to the extraordinary care, patience, indulgence, and even solicitude, shown by one and all. Sympathy with the absent artist would often amount to generosity; a single champion of a picture would sometimes be allowed to carry his point against the majority, if he could show cause; and as time went on the disposition of the Committee tended more than ever towards kindness than severity, especially when the work of the younger men was concerned.

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Who knows so well as they—they who are also the administrators of benevolent funds to the poor artist—who knows so well the pang of rejection? Most of them have themselves felt it before they struggled into fame; all of them can realise the greater pain of the unsuccessful: the sickening despair, the ruin, that so often accompany the rejected picture back to the studio. And, moreover, they remember that the picture's chances are not settled by their preliminary selection—there is still the Hanging Committee, whose duty it will be to turn out at least a couple of thousand of the works which they have allowed provisionally to remain. When in 1771 Dr. Johnson interposed for Mr. Lowe (whose merits did not deserve the intervention), and pleaded for "the revocation of this incapacitating edict" in order to "deliver an unhappy man from great affliction," a man who "considers disgrace and ruin as the inevitable consequence of your determination," he was pleading the case of whole generations of artists who have suffered, some undeservedly, from the adverse verdict of their judges. But the very men who most loudly denounce the Academy's lack of judgment are commonly those who show themselves the bitterest on any display of over-indulgence by the Council that may be shown on the Academy's walls. On this Council rests the responsibility of preparing ground for the exhibition; and the men who compose it may no more close their eyes to the faults of Mr. McGilp—for all they know that Mrs. McGilp and the children are starving at home—than they may show unmerited severity to J. J., with his rising vogue and his balance at the bank.

Not to all who love her does Art toss the kerchief of her preference; not on every seeker after beauty has Nature set the seal of the elect; and those who have mistaken their ambition for their ability must accept in silence the inexorable doom, and bear the sacrifice they cannot escape.

* * * * * *

You may approve the Royal Academy as the great official living Art institution of the day, or you may deride it for its dulness—you may regard it as the chief instrument of Art education, or (forgetting that it is the main business of an Academy to be academic) you may denounce it as an impediment to all advance, all novelty, all "modernity;" but you cannot deny that it is at the centre of all the popular artistic movement of the country, and that the relatively few who repudiate its pretensions, and the fewer still who have advertised in the public prints that they "have had the honour of rejection at the hands of the Royal Academy," accept the statement that the artistic stellar system of England revolves round the pole-star of Burlington House. Effective opposition to the Royal Academy is impossible—criticism is well-nigh impotent: the great institution proceeds irresistibly on its way like an ironclad through the water, driven by the momentum imparted by its "Instrument," while even those who man the ship can not do much to steer it. But that that little is done with consummate ability will generally be allowed. Royal Commission, Parliamentary Inquiry, Ministerial appeal—all have failed to modify the course of the Academy in any essential which its Council has disapproved. The General Assembly is the shaper of its own destinies—it is responsible to its Sovereign alone—it elects whom it pleases, teaches how it pleases, exhibits what it pleases, and awards its benefactions where it pleases. Be it a Juggernaut, a Monopoly, a Tyranny of Forty, or an institution of civilisation and beneficence, it is a law unto itself and others. Its enemies characterise it as a "Trust," its friends as a "Trustee." And amid all criticism, all attack, all opposition, it advances through the years with little diminution of public esteem, and with curiously little change in either its temperament or its policy.

It is this corporation—regarded here as an exhibiting society merely—which fills

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*A little gem.*

the mind of nearly every practising artist in the country as the spring-time comes round. Last year's successes are to be repeated, last year's failures to be avenged. Great hopes are built on Academic discernment, some little faith is revived in the Academic conscience (if any)—for not many rejected painters or sculptors are disposed to believe that last year's misfortunes were really deserved. Once more the votaries are upon their knees about the idol, ready to drive nails into the figure if their prayers be not answered. Yet it is not only those who have faith in this god of art who are among the worshippers: many who most loudly denounce deficiencies, injustice, blindness, stupidity, and the like, fling themselves prostrate, as they know no other means by which they may attain their ends. Individuals may abstain, as individuals; but not as a class. Even the clever *gamins* of the art-world, who turn cart-wheels beside the coach of Art and fancy that it is art itself which is performing the revolution—even they "send in" year by year, and comfort themselves with the thought that the rejection of them is but a compliment to their individuality. Poor aching souls! they smile and smile, but there is little sincerity in their merriment.

Into this great vortex, then, is sucked nearly all the chief art effort of the year, in a volume that increases annually. It is curious and instructive to compare some of the early facts and figures with those of to-day. I copy the following announcement in the *London Chronicle* of April 5th, 1769, exactly as it appeared —the first of the kind issued by the Royal Academy:—

ROYAL ACADEMY, Pall-mall.

THE PRESIDENT and COUNCIL give NOTICE, That the EXHIBITION will open on the Twenty-sixth Day of APRIL next. - - - The ARTISTS who intend to exhibit with the ACADEMICIANS are desired to send their WORKS to the ROYAL ACADEMY in Pall-mall on Thursday the Thirteenth Day of April, or before SIX o'Clock in the Evening of Friday the Fourteenth; after which Time no Performance will be received.

F. M. NEWTON, Sec.

N.B. No Copies, nor any Pictures, &c. without Frames, will be admitted.

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Two years later the ban against "copies" was extended in the advertisement to "Needle-work, artificial Flowers, Shell-work, or anything of that Kind"—for the Academy realised that "A Tulip in Needlework, by a Lady," "A Heron and a Dog in Needlework," or "Hair-work & hot-iron work," hardly came under the heading of Fine Arts such as the body was established to foster, encouraged though they were by the rival art societies.

In spite of the influence of the Royal patronage and the prestige of the inviolable Instrument which the King had granted, the advertisement (perhaps owing to the shortness of the notice) failed to attract many contributors. Only 23 extraneous artists responded, and they contributed 52 works, the 33 Academicians adding 84, making a total of 136 works of all kinds from 56 exhibitors; while the Incorporated Society was showing 365 works by 184 artists, and the Free Society 241 by 92 exhibitors. The fact is that the Royal Academy was regarded with suspicion, with jealousy, and (in view of the circumstances of its foundation) with some indignation, by the main body of outside artists. Some of these openly denounced "back-stairs intrigues," while others, more practical in their criticism, required a definite declaration as to the disposal of Royal Academy takings. For while the habit of the other societies was to expend the profits in immediate charity, nothing had been said about the intentions of the Academy, although as a matter of fact the Academy did distribute bounty to the needy. In that year the latter, with all its splendour of support, produced but £699 17*s.* 6*d.*, while the Incorporated Society added £751 to their charity account, and the Free Society £189 4*s.* 7*d.* From many quarters the Academy was savagely attacked, both in the news-sheets of the day, such as the clever *Middlesex Journal*, a sturdy and a regular opponent, and in many a pungent satirical pamphlet, such as "The Conduct of the Royal Academicians" (1771). At first but little enthusiasm was displayed for "the King's Exhibition." But in course of time the Royal favour told, and the Academy gradually bore down its rival societies and finally extinguished them.

The rejections, which, as I have said, form so painful an accompaniment of every Royal Academy exhibition, are no new thing. They began in 1770, when the Academy was but one year old—chiefly, it must be explained, owing to a genuine want of space; and, as many of the Academicians were moved by generosity to withdraw their own works to make room for those of outsiders, it not infrequently happened that some of the most famous artists were excluded, although the titles always appeared in the catalogues. Thus in the year to which I allude eight works by Academicians were "crowded out"; in 1773 nine, including a full length of a lady by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and in 1778 three by Gainsborough appear in the catalogue, which were not hung. The following figures of the ten years 1770–79 (not including the first exhibition in 1769) afford means for comparison:

| Year. | Works sent in. | Works rejected. | Year. | Works sent in. | Works rejected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1770 | 234 | 11 | 1775 | 390 | 10 |
| 1771 | 256 | 16 | 1776 | 364 | 15 |
| 1772 | 310 | 14 | 1777 | 423 | (?) |
| 1773 | 359 | 26 | 1778 | 427 | 23 |
| 1774 | 354 | 8 | 1779 | 411 | 16 |

On the removal of the Royal Academy from Pall Mall to Somerset House rejections were obviated for a time; for although some "persons interested in the arts" were permitted to make odd contributions to the exhibitions, the general public, misguided policemen, butterfly-collectors, and the like, had not yet been

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encouraged by their friends to try their luck with the Academy. For many years the self-sufficient painter regarded as a foregone conclusion the admission of every work he was pleased to send; and as late as 1848 a Mr. G. Beauclerc sent to the Press a violent open letter addressed to the Royal Academicians, asking by what right they, the servants of the artists of England, had only accepted one work out of the eight he had sent in. What the answer was we do not know; we only learn that he never again exhibited with these wicked Academicians. Towards the middle of the century the numbers increased to a yearly average of two thousand; for the Academy was now installed in the eastern wing of the National Gallery, and the greater accommodation encouraged the outside artist. To what extent the operations of the summer exhibition had increased may be seen in the following table:

| Year. | Sent in. | Accepted. | Doubtful. | Crossed (*i.e.* rejected). | Accepted, but not placed. | Doubtful, but not placed. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1860 | 2,612 | 1,110 | 518 | 984 | 153 | 301 |
| 1861 | 2,198 | 742 | 630 | 826 | 146 | 353 |
| 1862 | 2,565 | 1,081 | 503 | 981 | 223 | 255 |
| 1863 | 1,674 | 848 | 279 | 547 | 169 | 150 |

The state of things revealed by these figures caused a ferment among the outside artists; and in order to provide a remedy for the anomaly—the cruel hardship, as it was felt—of the ultimate rejection of *accepted* works, the Academy modified its custom on that point. The number of "accepted" was greatly reduced, and that of the "doubtfuls" and the "crossed" proportionately increased. But the elder Academicians of that day, it must be admitted, were not exactly conciliatory: they showed little sympathy with the aspirations of outsiders who sought reforms, for a progressive policy did not commend itself to their immoderate conservatism. I have before me as I write a letter from the sturdy James Ward, R.A., to his colleague, H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., and this is what he says on the question of reform:—

"ROUND-CROSS COLLEGE, *Jan.* 5, 1852.

"MY DEAR PICKERSGILL,

"You cannot wish my joining you on the 8th, more than myself, but it is next to impossible. I have, however, written to the President, and the Body, and ardently hope that will have more weight than my single note. I *abominate* the movement, and shall heartily rejoice in finding *that*, and *every other spirit of innovation* DESTROYED. I am, with every feeling of good wishes to you and Mrs. Pickersgill, at the present season, dear Pickersgill,

"Yours most sincerely,

"JAMES WARD."

"H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A."

One can almost admire such thorough-going Conservatism as that; but if the spirit had been maintained, the Academy would hardly now stand where it does. The Royal Academy reminds me of the Dictionary of the Académie Française—it advances regularly, but years behind the wishes of the Art Radicals—just as the dictionary aforementioned waits for slang words to be one hundred years old before it agrees to recognise them as belonging to the language. Of late, reforms have been more numerous; others are now (as they have been for some years past) quite imminent; and changes may be looked for, and perhaps, indeed, be

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seen. Certain it is that the younger spirit of the day is infecting the Academy in some degree; but the very constitution and working of the body preclude anything like hasty action.

When the Academy effected its last removal, and took up its palatial quarters in its own Burlington House, and proclaimed once for all its total independence of the Government by dismissing the accustomed sentries, the artists besieged it as they had not besieged it before. The numbers were quadrupled by the time the 'eighties were reached. In 1884 there were 8,093 works sent in, of which 761 were accepted, 2,116 marked "Doubtful," and 5,216 were rejected. In 1887, no fewer than 8,515 *pictures* (besides other works) were delivered at Burlington House; and in 1888, 9,385 works were sent in, 602 were accepted, 2,900 were "doubtful," 5,825 were rejected on their demerits, and 58 were inadmissible. As to this same year, 1888, the following classification of the works *exhibited*, as contributed proportionately by members and outsiders, will, I believe, be of general interest:—

*A young man who has studied in Paris.*

| | Paintings. | Water-Colours. | Sculpture. | Architecture. | Miniatures and Enamels. | Crayon Drawings. | Engravings. | Etchings. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Outsiders | 1,023 | 307 | 144 | 185 | 100 | 45 | 39 | 37 |
| Members | 140 | 4 | 22 | 7 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 |

It can hardly be maintained, after this, that the members monopolise the space.

Returning to the number of works sent in, and to the rapid progression year by year, we have the following startling figures:—

| 1770. | 1860. | 1884. | 1888. | 1889. | 1890. | 1900 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 234 | 2,612 | 8,093 | 9,385 | 10,986 | 11,659 | **13,666** |

That is to say, in 1900, 13,462 works were sent in by a few over 5,000 outsiders, while the body of Academicians contributed 204. What are the conclusions to be deduced from these figures, what the dangers to which they are likely to lead, what the remedies to be applied,—these points need not be dwelt on here. Such are some of the details of the "Sending-in." The situation disclosed is full of interest, eloquently suggestive to all who are concerned for the material progress of our national art.

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# COMMON HEROES.

## *THE CLERK'S WIFE*

BY HAROLD BEGBIE,

*Author of "The Handy Man."*

IN a little stuffy villa with an overwhelming name,
Where the slate roof clashes vilely with the bricks of lurid flame,
In a little dusty villa in a little dingy street—
She is toiling late and early, bravely making two ends meet;
O she walks abroad befeathered, (*Hist!* the petticoat is frayed),
But at home she tucks her sleeves up, she is cook and parlourmaid:
O the grates that she must polish! O the plates that she must rub!
O the dusting, cooking, mending! O the floors that she must scrub!

Keeping up appearances,
Aching heart and soul!
Must, of course, look ladylike—
What's the price of coal?
Must, of course, look ladylike,
Highlows down at heel—
Rather die than fail to be
Perfectly genteel!

O, her lord must have his sleep out, he has work in town to do,—
It is she who lulls the baby when it howls from twelve to two,
It is she who gets the breakfast,—it is he who pats her cheek
When he sallies forth to London for his "three-pound-ten a week";
O, she goes to church on Sunday in a wondrous hat and gown,
And she drops into the sidesman's bag what sounds like half-a-crown,
O the busy day's contriving! O the nightmare in the dark!—
But the vicar's wife gets tea-cake when she calls on Mrs. Clerk.

Keeping up appearances,
Smiling thro' it all!
Husband stricken down at last—
O the doctor's call!
Change of air and change of scene,
Fortnight down at Deal,
God! the suburb's tragedy—
Three-pound-ten genteel!



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PALL MALL MAGAZINE

*The Laughing Cavalier.*

*Frans Hals.*

SWAN ELECTRIC ENG. Co

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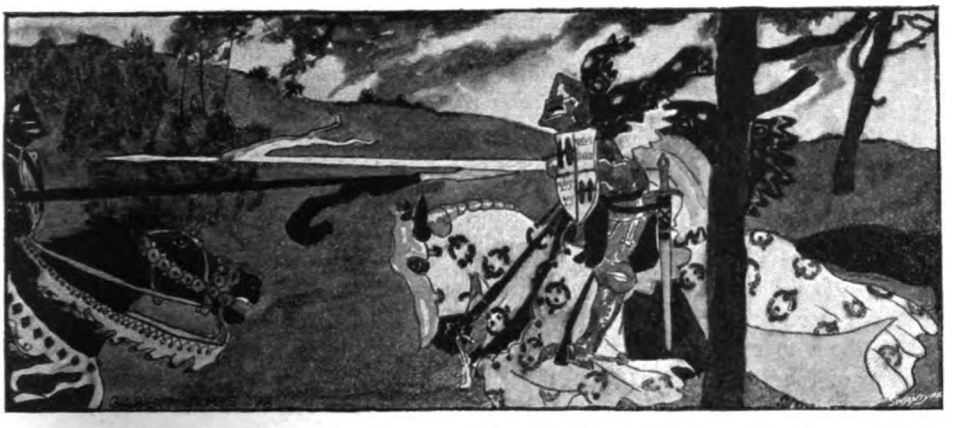

# ROMANCE AND SCIENCE.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

A GENERATION has passed since a little band of young men was drawn together by a common enthusiasm for Alpine adventure. We (for I was an early proselyte) had a very good time; and when we now meet as old comrades, we dwell with pleasure upon our old recollections, and lament the change that has come over the scene of our former happiness. They are proposing, says some one, with a shudder, to make a railway up the Jungfrau. In the old days, every mountain peak was a sacred shrine. It was accessible to none but the mountaineer, who would run the gauntlet of avalanches and falling rocks, and loved strenuous exertion on snow-slope and precipice. The man to whom the toil was a pleasure, the keener for the spice of danger, showed, so we agreed, that he was penetrated by the true mountain spirit. He, and he alone, had a right to speak as its interpreter; and the Jungfrau was set apart for the initiated. Now it will be accessible through a twopenny tube. The laziest and least poetical of tourists will be taken there after lunch, and the peak become a mere appendage to the garden of an hotel. That is only one symptom of the wider change. The Alps, so runs our lamentation, have lost their romance. In the old days, you stayed at some secluded village with a little community of unsophisticated peasants: the rare traveller was hospitably received by the priest, who made inquiries about the Thames Tunnel; the innkeeper became a personal friend; some enthusiastic chamois-hunter or a daring smuggler consented, for the nonce, to be your guide; and the sound of the Alp-horn still floated down at vespers from some remote pasturage. Now you are one of a trainful of passengers, disgorged in a throng of touts; the innkeeper may be a limited company; the guide is a professional; the Alp-horn is only blown for a trink-geld; you see no more of the natives than of the population through which you are whirled at Clapham Junction. William Tell has become a myth; and even the dogs of the St. Bernard have ceased to be animals of miraculous intelligence, carrying cordials to distressed travellers.

The change might be exemplified without going to the Alps. Everywhere, in Kensington as much as at Lucerne, we may see the victory of the prosaic and monotonous over the poetical and the picturesque; and I speak of the Alps only



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because they happen to represent my private bit of romance. The case may serve to raise the question whether such regrets are worthy of a rational being. Do they not imply a reactionary, if not a misanthropical frame of mind? The Alpine enthusiasts of whom I have spoken were themselves denounced as sacrilegious by their predecessors. Ruskin told us that we were treating Mont Blanc as a "greased pole," and masking a love of scrambling under an affectation of worshipping nature. We were but the vanguard of the great army of vulgarisers, and have no right to despise our followers. We were brought by the railways to the foot of the peaks; whereas in the happier times of diligences only the true enthusiasts would take the necessary trouble. Why, if we approve of railways as far as Berne, should we forbid them to extend to Lauterbrunnen? and if to Lauterbrunnen, why not to the top of the Jungfrau? If, on the other hand, we object to improved means of access, why draw the line at railways? The best Alpine roads were in their day as much an innovation, and were one stage in the gradual process of extruding "nature." Are we to go back to the state of things in which Hannibal found the Alps so troublesome, and certainly did not appreciate the scenery? Does not the love of the romantic become absurd if it is to set itself up against innovation in general? It involves a kind of solecism. Many people complain that a railway would destroy the charm of the English Lakes. They would, that is, keep people out of the district in order to preserve its beauty. But what is the use of beauty if people are to be prevented from seeing it? You propose to keep out only the profane or dull of feeling. But how do you decide who are the profane? and why are the poor creatures not to have a chance of learning to appreciate the beautiful? The love of the romantic in this sense looks like one version of stolid conservatism. All change strikes some people as profane. Students of folk-lore tell us, I believe, that certain primitive practices have survived in virtue of this principle. It was once a great discovery that fire could be produced by striking flint and steel better than by rubbing two sticks together. But the stick-rubbing was preserved in certain religious ceremonies because there appeared to be something profane about the new-fangled method. The man of flint implements felt in his dim and muddled brain the same sort of objection which still makes every new application of scientific devices destructive of some romantic element; and yet nobody wishes to revert to the primitive stage of savage life. We accept matches or the electric light, and very soon cease to be shocked by mechanism which becomes a part of our daily habit. The love of mountain scenery is itself a novelty, and the generally accepted history of its growth illustrates the nature of the underlying assumptions.

**The Victory of the Prosaic.**

It was, we are told, one outcome of that old-fashioned sentimentalism of which Rousseau is the established representative. Such sentimentalism blends oddly with misanthropy. Society, as eloquent preachers declared, was thoroughly artificial, and therefore corrupt to the core. The mountains and the ocean are admirable just because they cannot be enslaved by civilised arts. Byron professed to love the sea because it sends a man shivering and howling to his gods, and despises the vile strength which he wields for earth's destruction. Manfred indulges in the same cheerful vein of reflection while wandering on the cliffs of the Jungfrau. There was, however, at some undefined period, a primitive man in a state of nature, who was probably good and innocent. An ingenious romance by a disciple of Rousseau embodies the logical inference. Its hero is the subject of an experiment by judicious parents. They put him from his birth in an isolated room, into which his food is conveyed

**Rousseau and Sentimentalism.**

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through an aperture in the wall; and nature is allowed to develop itself without human interference. When he grows up, he is transported to a desert island and left to the exclusive tending of nature. At this point a slight concession to facts has to be made. By a providential coincidence, a young woman has been taken by her parents to the same island; and, with her help, he first learns to talk and then to fall in love. The pair turn out models of all the virtues. They are as much products of nature as the seagull or the chamois, because they have been carefully preserved from every kind of religious, social or political tradition. If we could all make a fresh start from the days before the fall, we might all be still angelic. The desire to fall back upon unadulterated nature is a quaint exaggeration of a tendency common to most reformers. They imagine themselves to be restoring instead of simply innovating. They assume that the evils against which they protest are corruptions of some happier state of things. It is declared to have once existed in order to make its possibility and consequently its realisation more conceivable. As, however, nobody really wanted to go back to the actual savage, or to give up the use of clothes or even of knives and forks, the doctrine had a very different practical application. It became the creed of the revolutionists, who denounced the existing social inequalities. They did not want to abandon knives and forks or, in due time, railways and telegraphs and other advantages of civilisation, but only to share them equally. The exaltation of the man of nature was merely a way of passionately protesting against the misdirection of the increased powers of man. The corruption was supposed to affect only the upper social stratum—the kings, priests, and nobles who were exploiting an enslaved and virtuous proletariat. When that incubus was destroyed, the natural instincts of justice and humanity would have fair play, society be regenerated and a true state of nature or reason inaugurated.

**Byron, Wordsworth, and Scott.**

The love of nature supposes the difficult problem: where does nature end and art begin? How are we to fix precisely the time of the golden age, or to discriminate between the natural and healthy social bonds, and the unnatural chains of tyranny that have been imposed upon it? We may develop the misanthropical element into modern pessimism and discover that the universe at large is out of joint. Nature herself is a cruel tyrant; and progress a delusion: civilisation is a mere mask for the selfish and ruthless struggle which always represents the extrinsic social forces; and the world will always gravitate to the lowest pitch of badness which is compatible with its continued existence. On the other hand, we may hold that the enthusiast for nature is applying too drastic a remedy. He would destroy as artificial a good many institutions which are very pleasant and convenient, and forgets that after all art is man's nature. We may discover the golden age, not in an indefinite period or in some ideal order involving a radical subversion of everything existing, but at the particular historical period which happens to be congenial to our imagination. While Byron professes to love the mountains as an asylum for a scorner of mankind, Wordsworth loves them as the barriers within which still flourishes a simple race of sturdy and affectionate shepherds. Such a society is thoroughly in harmony with its surroundings, and in that sense may be admitted to be natural. So far he is at one with the Rousseau variety of sentimentalism. But here he remarks that the actual shepherd is all the better for attending divine service on Sunday. The religious instinct is part of his nature, and it is desirable that he should be provided with a model parson. The Church of England had its abuses in those days; but instead of sweeping it away, with the Radical, he will show what admirable types it contained and what excellent

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sermons they could preach. Put into blank verse, their preaching became philosophical poetry. He does not sympathise with the sportsman variety of squire, but he can idealise the "shepherd lord," who has learnt by experience to do his duty to his poorer neighbours. So the high-priest of nature gradually develops into a sound Tory, denounces the Reform Bill, and suggests to Browning the "lost leader" who has completely inverted his earlier preaching. In any case, his "love of nature" included from the first a loving sympathy for certain religious and social sentiments, which his early revolutionary friends had taught him to regard as "unnatural" products of priestly imposture. Scott, sharing a similar sentiment, becomes unequivocally romantic. He loved the Cheviots or Ben Lomond and the Trossachs with a passion which, if it did not raise him to the higher regions of poetry, was so contagious as almost to create the modern tourist. His love of nature involved enthusiasm for the clans who sent the fiery cross through the glens, and the sturdy borderers whose blood he inherited, and whose exploits, even in the direction of cattle-stealing, appealed to his sympathies. And then, of course, the feudal castle or abbey were inevitable accessories, and the imagination of his contemporaries found a new and delightful stimulus in the series of picturesque figures from Robin Hood and Richard to Flora MacIvor and the Pretender. Good Radicals denounced Scott as a reactionary, though they could not resist the fascination of his novels. "Nobody detests the politician more than I do," says Hazlitt, "or loves historians more heartily." He set the fashion of the sentimental formulæ which stink in the reformer's nostrils. The "good old times," the "ages of faith," and so forth, were phrases for idle dreamers and bigoted reactionaries. They reflect the influence of a mental mirage; the embellishment by distance of a region which was really as prosaic as our own, and a great deal more barbarous and brutal.

**The early Victorians.**

The opposing needs might thus have a common starting-point. To love nature might be to regard all existing institutions as artificial and corrupt, and to desire a thorough levelling and a reconstruction on first principles. Or it might be to admire the institutions consecrated by tradition and custom, and worked into the very tissue of society, and therefore to dread rash tampering, and not merely to oppose innovation, but to hope for a reconstruction of the old order. The romantic becomes opposed to the rational, and yet we may think that they should really be complementary. We are always talking of evolution, tracing institutions back to their origins, pointing out how even the man of flint implements was laying foundations of modern order; and we ought surely to be able to see the merits of our ancestors; to appreciate what was beautiful in old ideals of chivalry or religion without trying to resuscitate what is hopelessly dead and buried. Unluckily that seems to be very difficult. The present, no doubt, wants mending. Children find out (as we grow old we become painfully aware of the fact) that their fathers are old fogies, if not positive fools, and declare war against their effete prejudices: or they look back to their grandfathers, whose faults are not so palpably inconvenient, and fall in love with the days when the existing evils had not shown themselves in the present form. Condemnation of the old as upholders of abuses suggests the doctrine that they must have introduced the abuses. There seems to be a kind of rhythmical oscillation between the two sentiments. Some fifty years ago, in the early "Victorian" epoch, a wave of optimism passed over the comfortable classes. We were beginning a new epoch: war was to be a thing of the past; free trade was to make all nations a brotherhood; and Macaulay was prophesying that in a generation or two wealth would

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be universally diffused, and cultivation spread to the top of Helvellyn. A few belated parsons at Oxford might be playing at "Puseyism," which was really as dead as Jacobitism; and an eccentric misanthrope like Carlyle might be denouncing the whole modern world or singing the praises of Cromwell or Abbot Samson. But most of us were content with railways and telegraphs and progress, and could look with good-humoured contempt upon reactionary fancies. The novels of the time gave the literary aspect of the sentiment. The romantic element died out with G. P. R. James's "Two Travellers." Scott's men in mail coats and buff jerkins had left no descendants; and could only suggest the delightful burlesque of "Rebecca and Rowena." Thackeray, indeed, when he is not dealing with contemporary society, looks back affectionately to the time of Queen Anne. But that was a congenial period, when common sense was in the ascendant; when Gothic was a term of contempt, and reason was shaking off the old fetters of antiquated prejudice. The great topic for him and his fellows was the actual society, the men and women of the clubs and drawing-rooms of the day, with no romantic yearnings for the past or ominous misgivings as to the future. The social weaknesses which they satirised were those which had flourished in the previous generation. The snobs whom Thackeray specially denounced had the contemptible George IV. for their type and idol; and it might be hoped that they would go the way of rotten boroughs and sinecures. Dickens held the political faith of the reformers of 1832; believed in the virtues of the middle classes; and regarded the aristocracy as responsible for the sanguinary criminal law and effete embodiments of red tape and the various devices of the "how not to do it" system. The excellent Anthony Trollope, too good-natured, perhaps too dull, to be a stern satirist, embodies perfectly the complacent self-satisfaction of squires and parsons and their wives and daughters, stirred as yet by no "sense of worrying" social problems; and keeping any romantic tendencies well under the rule of common sense. Bulwer, in his early performances, had talked about the true and the beautiful, and only caused the ridicule of contemporaries, who regarded such talk as a conventional appendix to the old Byronic sentimentalism. With singular versatility, he adapted himself to the change, and his later heroes became models of domestic virtues—so fully exemplified by the upper classes of the day. To me, perhaps because I was young in those days, there is a charm in the novels of that time, not only because some of them were works of genius, but because they seem to reflect so comfortable a state of mind. A younger man may say that we ought to have been more awake to social evils or to intellectual problems which have agitated later thought. Anyhow, self-complacency is exceedingly pleasant while it lasts; though (which is more to the purpose) it is unfavourable to romance. The world was going on too well, so far as the literary class was concerned, to bother itself in framing Utopian ideals, or in looking back to a golden age in some more or less remote period. The Millennium was approaching by a good humdrum process: just throwing off a few surviving prejudices and abuses which, though still lingering, had been under sentence of death since the Reform Bills.

Many things have happened since that time, and many pleasant illusions have disappeared. Progress in some directions has outstripped our anticipations. The world has grown richer and been altered beyond our guesses by mechanical invention. But international jealousies have not been destroyed, nor has war become a thing of the past. Faith and science have not been finally reconciled, and denunciations on the whole framework of society have become louder and more threatening. Have we become more or less romantic? Have the thoughts

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which have moved mankind in practice found a corresponding literary expression? or has their influence been simply paralysing? Some people tell me that literature is in a period of decay. Browning and Tennyson have left no successors of equal fame; there is no constellation of great novelists such as illuminated the middle of the nineteenth century; and no Newman or Carlyle or Mill to expound philosophy to men. I hope that our self-depreciation may be really an illusion. Contemporary authors, perhaps, may be as good as their fathers, only not yet appreciated. Our grandchildren may be dwelling upon the stupidity of the critics who, at the opening of the twentieth century, did not recognise the greatness of the immortal Smith and Jones. At worst, we may be passing through one of the slack periods which may at any time be succeeded by a fresh outburst of genius. It is possible, however, to maintain a less agreeable explanation. The symptoms, it may be said, point to a more deeply seated disease. Something in the very nature of modern progress is essentially antagonistic to poetry and to romance. The intrusion of the railway into the Alps is really and permanently destructive of their charms. The subjugation of the whole planet has brought the daylight of plain prose into the mysterious regions where fancy could once find room for the kingdom of Prester John, which pictured the "gorgeous East" abounding in barbaric pearl and gold. That may be a trifle, or have its compensations, but do we not become materialistic and grovelling as science extends, and, besides destroying old creeds and legends, fixes our aims upon mere physical comfort? Many Jeremiahs have preached that doctrine, no one so eloquently as Ruskin. His position led to a significant dilemma. As the most enthusiastic disciple of the old Puritan Carlyle, he ought to have shared his master's contemptuous indifference to the fine arts in general. Yet his great merit, according to some commentators, was precisely that he became a prophet of art. John Bull, they tell us, was sunk in dull torpor upon all such matters: he looked with a certain contempt upon painters, musicians, and dancing masters, creatures fit only for the inferior races; he was content to live in hideous streets, with ugly furniture and vulgar pictures; and, if the rich man had certain traditions about collecting "old masters," he failed to recognise the services of Turner, and was totally unable to discriminate the true merits of the great dead.

**Progress, Poetry, and Romance.**

Ruskin's exhortations worked a wonderful change. We have certainly set up a taste for art, or have at least the grace to be ashamed if we have not got it. London streets have tried to get rid of their old monopoly, and burst out into red brick instead of the poor old stucco; they bristle with attempts at the picturesque; tradesmen have learnt to prefix "art" to all manner of commodities, and we have art-schools, and our sons and daughters are no longer ashamed of taking to art as a profession. The æsthetic variety of human being came to the surface and preached his creed amidst general admiration, if here and there amid a little mild ridicule of his more daring eccentricities. If, however, Ruskin was a prime mover in this revolution, it involved the curious inconsistency which was always perplexing him. He was an ethical as well as an æsthetic preacher, and somehow the two doctrines could never be persuaded to run comfortably together. In his early stages, he inclined to the opinion that art, like science, was good in proportion to the amount of truth which it contained. Turner's excellence was proved by showing that his drawings would satisfy a geologist. That doctrine might be edifying, but was not convincing. Ruskin's æsthetic disciples dropped his ethics. They rather inclined to the heresy, that art has nothing to do with morality. The æsthetic instinct justifies itself.

**The Gospel of Ruskin.**

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What you feel to be beautiful is beautiful, and there is no sense in asking what your moral sense, if you happen to have one, has got to say to it. The true artist lives in a dream world, which has nothing to do with the world of political and social movements or theological and philosophical controversies. He admires, according to his taste, the ideals of classical or mediæval or modern periods; but has no thought of being either reactinonary or progressive, of restoring the old order or revolutionising the present. Ruskin stuck to his morality, and continued to preach that there was noble art in former times because it was the product of a noble society—of a golden age when men really believed what they professed, and did honest work instead of producing shams and shoddy. He had to condemn some art which the world had agreed to admire, and to discover that somé societies were thoroughly honest which, according to more sober historians, were barbarous and brutal, and, according to contemporaries, abounded in unmitigated scoundrels. The historical problem may be left to others, but the application to his own times is significant. It corresponds to the real difficulty. The romanticist either idealises the past and tends to the reactionary; or art tends to become a luxury for the rich and selfish. The moralist must approve of progress, and denounces the elegant as well as the coarser forms of luxury, and Ruskin becomes inconsistent in labouring to reconcile the two tendencies. The root evil of modern times, he says, is our materialism—the greed and selfishness and sensuality which make civilisation a mere superficial veneering.

Those are doubtless grave evils, if not exclusively confined to the present day, and not very likely to be eradicated by eloquent preaching. His moral doctrine is another version of the return to nature. Take to spades instead of steam ploughs, cottage industries instead of factories, and abolish machinery in general, both the physical machinery and the whole commercial machinery of credit and interest. Then we shall be able to paint pictures and make statues as good as the old ones. But artistic excellence has hitherto implied a leisure class, capable of refinement and cultivation: would it be possible if we could destroy the whole structure of modern industry? Ruskin looked back to the past, and denounced in the bitterest terms all the shibboleths of modern revolutionists. But he was accepted by Socialists because his denunciations included the hated capitalist—to him, as to his allies, the embodiment of the evil principle. Would not the abolition of the capitalist deprive the painter and the architect of his best customers? William Morris, like Ruskin, became a Socialist from the æsthetic point of view. Yet it does not seem clear that Socialism, whatever its other merits, would tend to cover the land with new cathedrals, or raise, instead of levelling, the general sensibility to beauty. It is idle to denounce institutions as politically and socially mischievous, and yet to yearn for them because they had an æsthetic charm. It is perhaps more comforting to remember that the romantic sentiment involves illusion, and dissatisfaction with the present constructs the ideal world, which we take to have existed at some arbitrary period. But the present is always dull. The gentleman who committed suicide because he became tired of putting on his boots every morning and taking them off every night was a little too sensitive; but no doubt life has to be made up to a lamentable extent of a trivial and wearying round of petty activities. We think of some saint retiring from the world in high-wrought enthusiasm, and attribute a similar enthusiasm to all his followers, some of whom may have been humbugs, and most of whom must have been commonplace bores. We admire the earnestness of times in which men were martyrs to their creed, and condemn the coldness of the age in which people were beginning to be tolerant. We do not in the least wish to suppress heretics by sword

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and fire ourselves; but the practice now and here produced such displays of heroism that we admire the time in which it prevailed.

**Past and Present.**

The graphic method of writing history meant picking out the picturesque incidents and impressive figures of an age, and inferring that in those days the life in general must have been fuller of interest and attraction to the imagination. As history takes a more rational shape, such illusions tend to disappear, and we become aware that in every time there was a vast amount of humdrum and monotonous existence—that the past, in fact, was once a present, and had all the dulness which is characteristic of that stage of existence. That, of course, is to say that the romantic view, when it proposes to become a platform of reformers, is absurd. We can't get back from the twentieth to the thirteenth or any other century, and may console ourselves by reflecting that people found their own time just as tiresome as we do; that the enthusiasts were as much convinced that a millennium was coming to-morrow, and the cynical that the cup of corruption was at last full and the Day of Judgment about to dawn. The romantic sentiment may be useful only on condition of being strictly kept to its proper functions. Thus it may be the practical method of rousing us to a consciousness of our defects by a contrast with an ideal world. The charm of the old world may be enjoyed without suggesting an impossible rehabilitation or an attempt to "shatter to bits the 'sorry schemes' of things" in general. And certainly it is at least a plausible contention that the poet who could perform such a feat is especially required just now. We need not hold to any radical opposition between science and poetry, but we may agree that a one-sided development has awkward results, and that in the past century we have had a greater dose of science than the imagination has been able to assimilate. We are in a new edifice, where builders and joiners are still at work, and decorators have not begun their task. The Alps are vulgarised, not because railways bring crowds to see them, but because and in so far as they bring uncultivated and inappreciative crowds—sightseers who don't really care for the beauty of mountains, but have been somehow impressed with a belief that it is the proper thing to care for it. If all the guests were as refined as Ruskin, there could not be too many of them. Unluckily they have been called in to admire without initiation in the art of really appreciating. Bring together all the nations of the world, and invite them to begin the reign of universal peace. They start with the old jealousies and petty hatreds, and use their new powers first by flying at each other's throats. The external change which has so increased the need for goodwill does not produce its desirable effect till the instinct of goodwill has undergone a corresponding development. So, it may be, the enormous increase of scientific knowledge has not yet taught us how to turn it to the best account. The old ideals have become obsolete, and the new are not yet constructed. They can neither revive the ancient aspirations nor give articulate form to our own. The motives of which the poet used to avail himself are too obsolete for revival. We can read Homer or the *Nibelungen Lied* with literary enthusiasm, but we admit that we cannot write living poetry on the ancient model. The gods and heroes are too dead, and we cannot seriously sympathise with the social order in which the idealised prize-fighter is the highest type of humanity. Poets, no doubt, may still turn to account the ancient types—Greek warriors or Norse Vikings or mediæval barons; but always with the plain understanding that they are merely playing with extinct fancies, to be somehow allegorised or spiritualised by their readers. Military ardour, no doubt, finds its representatives. Mr. Rudyard Kipling can give us admirable barrack-room

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ballads, and Mr. Newbolt sing worthily of Nelson and Drake. If we are patriotic enough to fall in with the sentiment for the time, we feel the danger of degenerating into mere Jingoism and the vulgar patriotism of music-halls. The spirit in which Drayton celebrated Agincourt and trampled unreservedly over the "false Frenchman" is anachronistic; and the poet who would represent the deepest thought and strongest emotions of his time would have to seek for inspiration in sentiments with which the simple fighting instinct can scarcely be blended. He may appreciate the masculine vigour, but must feel that it requires a new direction before it can be unequivocally admirable. How to present that fact, to be romantic without being reactionary, is a problem for the coming poet, and till he comes no one can prophesy the solution.

In one of his most grotesque humours, Comte audaciously laid down the plan for the great epic of the future. It is to be written by an Italian, who, as a countryman of Dante, will be qualified to supplant the *Divina Commedia*. It will consist of thirteen cantos, because "13 is a treble prime"; and give a picture of all the phases of the life of "Humanity." Fetichism, polytheism, monotheism, feudal civilisation, and the movement of modern times will all be duly portrayed; and the last canto will "idealise man's normal existence, at once affective, contemplative, and practical, with equal reference to the race and the individual." Positivism, I suppose, has not yet found a poet capable of clothing these abstractions with correct flesh and blood. Scientific theories require a good deal of manipulation before they become convertible into poetry, and Comte's programme may suggest the difficulty, if science, as scientific people often tell us, is not really opposed to poetry. It has, as the hero of "Locksley Hall" declared, its fairy tales, though it has thoroughly exorcised the fairies; and the wonders which it reveals are more interesting than the old. It has enormously extended the universe, and made us realise the pettiness of our little planet in the general system of things. It may extend the borders of our knowledge, but it only deepens the sense of the great background of mystery. If in the application to human history, it has destroyed the old mythological machinery and got rid of many supernatural heroes and transcendental peoples, it should ultimately bring compensation by showing us in their place men of real flesh and blood, whose qualities we have inherited, and who were working in their fashion upon the same tasks that occupy us to-day. If so, the romantic may revive only in a more rational form. The Alpine chain is more interesting when it teaches us sound geology instead of suggesting impossible catastrophes; and the history of its inhabitants when we have forgotten William Tell and understand the real story of the rise of the cantons. The genuine element of the romantic subject is the sympathetic interest in our ancestors and in the scenery or institutions which call up associations with them; and the sympathy is really strengthened when we can conceive of them as real human beings instead of abnormal monstrosities. That sounds like a moral and edifying conclusion; but it must be left to the poet to reconcile it to our imagination as well as to our reason; and it seems as though it would take him some time and trouble to accomplish the feat. The Dante or Shakespeare or Goethe requires generations of unconscious elaboration before the characteristic thought of the period is fitted to be embodied by the man of imaginative genius; and at present it would seem that the varying impulses characteristic of a rapidly changing epoch are too distracting to be harmonised.



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*Mrs. Craigie.*

# REAL CONVERSATIONS.

## RECORDED BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

## *CONVERSATION III.—WITH MRS. CRAIGIE* (JOHN OLIVER HOBBES)

SCENE: MRS. CRAIGIE'S *Drawing-room.* PERIOD: *Tea-time.*

***W. A.*** I did not see you at the Royalty the other evening?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** No, I have not been well enough to go much to the theatre of late. I should have liked to see *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* again. I saw it three times when it was first produced. It seems to me Mr. Pinero has made a striking and just study of an essentially religious woman without a religion,—the most tragic of all feminine temperaments, or masculine temperaments, for that matter.

***W. A.*** Do you think he has got the veneer of secularism quite right?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** I have heard it said that he has gone wrong in matters of phraseology. Personally, I disagree with that view. I think her language is lifelike. He really understands the woman he wants to draw.

***W. A.*** Should you call Pinero, then, a *féministe*, in the sense in which you used the word the other day?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Certainly. He has made some quite remarkable studies of women. But in what other sense would you use the word *féministe*?

***W. A.*** Oh, no doubt I had a wrong notion of it. I have always taken it to mean, in the widest acceptation, "a woman's-rights man." You use it to denote an artist who makes a special study of women——

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Which a "woman's-rights man" usually omits to do. He is too much occupied with Woman in the abstract to have much of an eye for women in the concrete. No, I think you will find the word *féministe* applied to such writers as Bourget, Donnay, Marcel Prévost, Tolstoy, and D'Annunzio. A most distinguished scholar lately described Euripides as a *féministe*. But it is not

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such a great feat as people suppose for a man to draw a woman with a certain *vraisemblance.*

***W. A.*** And for a woman to draw a man?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** I think this whole subject is beset with preconceptions—the commonplaces of facile criticism. Men's women are considered miracles, women's women are scrutinised for traits of "womanishness," and women's men are regarded with smiling compassion. All this proceeds from the quite superficial assumption that the natural thing is for each sex to understand itself best.

***W. A.*** Burns, at any rate, seems to have thought differently, when he said,

> O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as ithers see us.

But if men drawn by women were always the truest——

***Mrs. Craigie.*** The truest probably in certain relations—as the fathers, husbands, lovers, friends, and brothers of women. I hope you do not forget, too, that men are the sons of women!

***W. A.*** Let us put it, then, that the common prejudice against women's drawing of men is in great measure groundless,—how comes it that we generally find it shared by women? One would expect women, at any rate, to show ready recognition of the truth of women's men.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Don't you know, Mr. Archer, that the mass of women take their criticism from men, and would on no account be found guilty of the womanishness of accepting a feminine view of masculine character? And further, the average woman's idea of a man is her own particular man. (I am not speaking of artists, who are, in the nature of things, neither "average" nor "normal" in their estimates of character.) George Sand (among women) was one of the few sound critics of literary work. Flaubert did not care for her novels, but he paid the greatest regard to her criticism. Again, to whom does a man, both voluntarily and involuntarily, reveal his true self, if not to a woman?

***W. A.*** And *vice versa*, should you say?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** In a measure—but not to the same degree. Women stand more on the defensive than men. They are more sentimental and far less frank; beyond any question, too, they are more complicated psychologically. That is why no hero—unless one can make him a Don Quixote—is ever so interesting, or "thankful," as a heroine. Men, too, distrust each other in the way of confidences, and also in the way of "understanding." The maternal side of a woman's mind is very strong. Men can depend upon it in every emergency.

***W. A.*** Well, I so far agree with you that I think many men—Englishmen, at any rate—are prevented by a sense of false shame from anything like intimate self-revelation to other men, and will give themselves away much more frankly to a sympathetic woman. We are accused of always playing a part in feminine society; but the man who puts on airs and affectations before a clever woman is anything but a clever man.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Women have certainly less of the *mauvaise honte* which, you say, prevents a man from intimately revealing himself to other men. They are more expansive with each other——

***W. A.*** And far more observant of each other.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** You mean that we pick each other to pieces in a way that men don't.

***W. A.*** Oh, how can you put it so! Let us rather say that women have a talent, denied to men, for hitting each other off in neat little verbal vignettes—

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not always flattering. And the upshot seems to be that, for novel-writing, all the advantages are on the spindle side, inasmuch as women know their own sex quite as well as men can, and the other sex much better.

***Mrs. Craigie*** (*smiling*). That is the logic of the situation, certainly. But knowledge, alas, does not always mean the art of conveying it, or the genius for adapting it, or—the rarest gift—fearlessness in truth-telling. George Sand—with splendid powers—was never so truthful as Byron. I compare them because they had much in common as human beings.

***W. A.*** But don't you think some of the greatest of great men have achieved their special reputation as *féministes* by drawing, not real women, but ideal women, with whom all the world fell in love?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** That is true, I should say, of two at least—Shakespeare and George Meredith. How little individualised are some of Shakespeare's women!

***W. A.*** My dear Mrs. Craigie! What heresy!

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Is it not true that many of Portia's speeches could be transferred to Rosalind without the slightest inappropriateness, and many of Viola's speeches to Imogen?

***W. A.*** But is it not also true that the individuality of the characters lies precisely in those speeches which could *not* be so transferred? And what do you say to Juliet?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** She is the immortal type and sublimation of youthful passion in the abstract, without regard to minute distinctions of sex. The one unique womanly trait in Juliet's character is the wholesome determination to have her marriage legal!

***W. A.*** Desdemona, then?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Not very clearly distinguishable from Cordelia. Of course, their mere outward circumstances involve a certain difference. And, for the rest, the world has dwelt and brooded on them so intensely as to have given them something of the individuality which the merest speck of dust assumes under the microscope. It has filled-in Shakespeare's outlines with a thousand imaginary traits, more or less legitimately deduced from the text, but not actually present in it. Of course I know that the merit is ultimately Shakespeare's. No one but he could have so potently, so irresistibly stimulated the world's imagination. But if it comes to a question of exact and varied knowledge of subtle or complicated feminine character—such a character, for instance, as Meredith's Aminta—I find much less evidence of it in Shakespeare than people usually discern.

***W. A.*** It is true I have often wondered where, as a matter of history, he made his studies of gentlewomen. The only educated woman with whom we can definitely bring him into relation is the "Dark Lady" of the Sonnets, whom we know to have been, at any rate, a musician. But, though we may conjecture her influence in many of his utterances, I don't know of any single character which can at all plausibly be thought to reproduce her.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** What about Cleopatra?

***W. A.*** Ah, possibly—I had forgotten her for the moment. And don't you think, Mrs. Craigie, that that one character, if he had drawn no other, would be enough to establish Shakespeare's reputation as a *féministe*? Was there ever a more living woman?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Oh, by all means, a living woman! All his women are that. They are characteristically, unmistakably women—feminine in every fibre. And that you may say with equal truth of George Meredith's heroines—all that noble procession of brilliant, intellectual, competent, and yet eminently feminine and fascinating women——

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***W. A.*** Too often, as it seems to me, examples of

> Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
> The downward slope to death,

or at any rate to disaster.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Nothing can be more beautiful, certainly, or more agreeable to our self-esteem. But I confess to a feeling that they are not so much a truthful tribute to feminine character, as a revenge upon reality. The poet created for himself the characters he would fain have found in life, but did not; and the world no sooner came to know them than it fell in love with them.

***W. A.*** Then you think that many men get their reputation as *féministes* by flattering your sex?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Not so much by flattering us, as by realising, incarnating, the masculine dream of the ideal woman. It is one thing to draw a hyper-feminine woman, and quite another thing to make her exactly true to nature.

***W. A.*** I am afraid there is no doubt that the Ideal Woman does make frequent appearances in masculine fiction; though—if you will forgive my saying so—I think it ill becomes the creator of Brigit Parflete to be too critical in this respect. Talking of the Ideal Woman, did you see Gilbert Murray's *Andromache?*

***Mrs. Craigie.*** No, I was very sorry to miss it. Is Andromache the Ideal Woman?

***W. A.*** I don't know that Murray would admit it. He would have us accept her as the real woman of the Heroic Age. But I doubt whether he has a case to go to a jury. And, by-the-bye, Andromache has a rather profound saying which may go far to account for the high accomplishment of women in character-drawing. Orestes says to her, "How is it that you can read my heart so clearly—that you know what is in it better than I do myself?" And she answers something to this effect: "Slaves,"—she is Pyrrhus's slave, you remember,—"Slaves learn by very slight tokens to read the mind of their masters." If we admit, as I suppose we must, that woman has in the main, until comparatively recent years, stood in a more or less servile relation to man, may not that fact go far to account for her gift of quick and penetrating psychological observation?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Very probably. Indeed, I fancy Andromache's remark has somewhere been anticipated by Mr. Herbert Spencer. At the same time, while I think women have some incontestable advantages as writers of fiction, I don't deny that they have their disabilities too. They are of course at a certain disadvantage (perhaps at a greater disadvantage than men in the corresponding case) when they try to draw men in their relations with each other—men in the smoking-room, the mess-room, the common-room. Have you ever noticed with what consummate tact Jane Austen eludes this difficulty? She never presents two men alone together. Her men are always shown in the society of women.

***W. A.*** No, that had not occurred to me. I wonder whether she did so intentionally or by mere instinct?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Intentionally, you may be sure. She was an artist, if ever there was one. As for George Eliot, she had very rare opportunities for observing and studying men. In the first place, George Henry Lewes was a man with a very varied knowledge of the world of men——

***W. A.*** His conversation, I have been told, was virile in a very pronounced sense.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** ——and, in the second place, her peculiar position threw her much more into the society of men than of women—men whom she met on terms of equality. And how good her men are!

***W. A.*** I have always thought so. I suppose one must give up Daniel Deronda.

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***Mrs. Craigie.*** In that case, you see, she was not drawing from nature, but embodying an idea; and that is almost always fatal. But look at Grandcourt, at Lydgate, at Tom Tulliver, at Godfrey and Dunstan Cass, at Tito Melema.

***W. A.*** What should you say of Georges Sand's men?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Why, that she drew particularly well with the insight of the affections—that her portraits of Chopin, of Alfred de Musset, of Jules Sandeau, are masterpieces—and, one ought to add, of Mazzini. She is the great painter of the artistic temperament.

***W. A.*** On the whole, then, it seems to me—to put it pedantically—that you attach more value to the objective element in character-drawing than to the subjective. I mean that you think the novelist should draw from models rather than construct from his inner consciousness?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Of course, introspection must be the basis of all knowledge of character—you can interpret other people only in the light of your own experience, real or imaginative. But I do think that one of the pitfalls of a man drawing men, a woman drawing women, is that they are too apt to transfer their own ideals and limitations to their characters. How often you hear a man say, "No man would do this," and a woman, "No woman would do that," when they mean nothing more than, "*I* would never do this or that." The chances are they are mistaken even as regards themselves. And, at any rate, it is entirely unphilosophical to lay down hard-and-fast negations for either half of the human race. Character is infinitely various, and the possibilities of action inexhaustible. When a fictitious personage does or says an incredible thing—of course I am not speaking of fairy tales, but of fiction that bears some relation to fact—it is incredible, not in the abstract, as it were, but because it is wrongly correlated to the individual character. Speaking for myself, I hate and distrust plausibility. No writer is so little plausible as Balzac. His people are as full of surprises as our own most intimate friends!

***W. A.*** What you say of introspection as the basis of the novelist's art reminds me of a thing Robert Louis Stevenson told me. He said that George Meredith once read him some chapters of *The Egoist* while it was still in manuscript. As the character of the Egoist developed, he (Stevenson) grew more and more uncomfortable, till at last he interrupted the reading, and said, "Now, own up, Meredith—you drew Sir Willoughby from *me*!" Meredith burst into his Homeric laugh, and said: "No, no, my dear fellow—he is all of us; but I found him"—tapping his own breast—"mainly here!"

***Mrs. Craigie.*** That is very characteristic.

***W. A.*** It impressed me so much at the time, that I believe I have told it almost in Stevenson's own words.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** A saying almost like Meredith's is somewhere recorded of George Eliot. But the anecdote suggests to me an observation that may perhaps be new to you, though it is familiar to me, and I think undeniable.

***W. A.*** Pray let me hear it.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Has it ever struck you that the Church of Rome, which alone among the Churches of Western Europe enjoins and enforces continual examinations of conscience, is the real creator of modern analytical fiction? The Fathers of the Church are the fathers of psychology. St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, and Abelard—where will you find subtler soul-searching than in their writings?

***W. A.*** Alas, my dear Mrs. Craigie, you are speaking not only to a heretic, but to an ignoramus. My theological education has been sadly neglected. I have

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failed to read even Newman. His workmanship, of course, I admired; but he was exclusively concerned with issues that had no reality for me. And that very fact suggests the one—purely hypothetical—criticism that I will venture to make upon your remark. I presume that these great men, St. Augustine and the rest, started from a definite theory as to the history and constitution of the human mind. At any rate, they started from the one great fundamental conception of sin—of a possible beatific righteousness wilfully and criminally forgone by man. I take it—correct me if I am wrong—that Catholic theology has always been based on the assumption of free will, and that the agreeable ingenuity which reconciles the idea of sin with the doctrine of predestination is in the main a product of Protestantism. Well, now, if it should happen—just imagine this for the sake of argument—that the assumption of free will, and the view of man as a fallen creature, were inconsistent with the real facts of the case—if it should happen that the history and constitution of the human mind were in fact totally different—would not this fundamental error go far to vitiate the psychological observations of the Fathers?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Well, trying, for the sake of argument, to imagine the case as you put it, I still don't see the force of your suggestion. The observation of phenomena is not necessarily vitiated by an erroneous conception of their cause. All sciences have proceeded at first upon false assumptions—astronomy springing from astrology, chemistry from alchemy, and so forth. Even if I believed psychology to be a science like another, and the soul to be nothing but a portion of the molecular mechanism of the universe, subject to the same laws as any other portion, I should still reverence the Fathers as the founders of the science. They saw and registered what happened in the soul; and if their transcendental theories of causes and consequences were wrong, that does not affect the scientific value of their observations. So, you see, I think their evidence would hold good at the bar of science. Huxley himself has paid the highest tribute to St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Augustine. He said of "Divus Thomas" that his marvellous grasp and subtlety of intellect were almost without a parallel.

***W. A.*** I wish life were long enough to let me entertain any hope of making their acquaintance! "Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of them." But, to pass from the Fathers and the science of psychology, I should like to hear more about the connection between Catholicism and the art of fiction.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Why, surely it is manifest. Analytic fiction has always arisen and flourished in the neighbourhood of the confessional. Look at Racine, that exquisite psychologist—was he not a pupil of the Port Royal? And does not the modern analytic novel take its origin in France, among men who, though some of them rejected Catholicism, one and all sprang from Catholic surroundings and were familiar with the theory and practice of confession? Look at Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, Bourget, Renan—all products of Catholicism, even if some of them fell away from the fold. And remember that Russia, the country of Turgueneff, Dostoieffsky, Tolstoy, is also a country of the confessional. Why, it stands to reason—no Protestant searches his conscience, or habitually weighs his actions and scrutinises their motives, as every Catholic must. Believe me, the analytic fiction of Protestants has always taken its analytic bent under Catholic influences.

***W. A.*** I think I could name one or two exceptions to the rule. I don't see what Catholic influence stimulated the genius of that sturdy Protestant Samuel Richardson, or, indeed, of Jane Austen. And, for that matter, what do you make of Shakespeare?

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***Mrs. Craigie.*** My strongest case in point! He may or may not have been a Catholic himself (I think there is a very strong probability that he was); but at all events it is beyond dispute that he perfectly understood Catholicism, and was familiar with its rites and practices. Look at *Romeo and Juliet*, for instance,—the relation between Juliet and Friar Lawrence, and between Romeo and the Friar, is the relation between penitent and confessor, quite accurately portrayed. And see how Shakespeare has carefully eliminated the anti-Catholic bias of the man from whom he borrowed the theme—what was his name?

***W. A.*** Arthur Brooke, I think.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** ——who declares that he tells the story as an awful warning against the practice of "conferring with superstitious friars." Believe me, Shakespeare knew all about the confessional.

***W. A.*** Well, on the general point, I can bring you another, probably unexpected, ally. It would be hard, I fancy, to trace any Catholic influence on Henrik Ibsen; but in a very well known epigram, he has said: "At digte, det er at holde Dommedag over sig selv" (Poetical creation means holding judgment-day upon yourself). That is, in another form, your idea that constant self-examination makes the great artist; only, in Ibsen's view, the poet is his own confessor.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** I have sometimes thought of writing a drama round one of the great Catholic soul-searchers; but the subject would be too impracticable for the modern public, in the theatre or out of it.

***W. A.*** It would be difficult, certainly. Was it a blank-verse play you had in mind?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** It would have to be in verse; and people have no patience for analytic or philosophical blank-verse nowadays. They want gorgeous rhetoric and lyric fervour.

***W. A.*** That is just it. The difference between Stephen Phillips's work and the terrible blank-verse tragedies of our fathers and grandfathers lies not only in his inventive and constructive power, but especially in the lyrical quality of his verse. But, Mrs. Craigie, I don't see why you should not treat, in the form of modern drama, some of those crises of the spiritual life which interest you so much, and are, indeed, essentially interesting and dramatic, from whatever point of view one regards them. For instance, why should you not tell us the story—surely no such uncommon one—of a young girl who determines, in opposition to the wishes of her family and the entreaties of her lover, to obey the vocation to a religious life, and enter a convent? That is a conspicuously dramatic theme, full of struggle and stress—essentially pathetic, yet not without opportunities for humour, too, in the comments of her worldly relations. And no one could possibly treat it with more authority, more intimate knowledge, than you. The play would be entirely novel—daring in a way—and yet I am confident that, just on that account, it would have every chance of success.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** It might, if it ever reached the public. But it never would. The managers would not look at it. "What!" they would say: "A serious play, turning upon a question of religion, and ending tragically!"—for they would regard the end as tragic—"Take it away!" they would say: "We will have none of it!" And perhaps, too, they would be right. The public does not want to think in the theatre, or to have the serious aspects of life forced upon its attention. What it chiefly wants is flattery. It wants to see its own weaknesses exalted, and its own shortcomings condoned. No dramatist ever yet made a "hit" by telling the truth—or showing it—about the majority. The safe rule is—"Throw a light on my distant, detestable neighbour, but leave me alone!" Don't you think so?

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***W. A.*** I am not sure that I do. I think you may denounce the sins of Society with all the fervour of Savonarola, and Society will not turn a hair. Invincible self-satisfaction is one of the bulwarks of the British character. We either do not recognise our own sins in those of our fictitious counterparts, or else quietly acquit ourselves on the plea of extenuating circumstances. But I was not thinking so much of a moral as of a spiritual conflict in the play I suggest. Whatever the managers may say, people like a whiff of religion in the theatre. That taste has been coarsely ministered to in the "gospel melodrama" of a few seasons ago——

***Mrs. Craigie.*** You refer to *The Sign of the Cross.* But remember the amusing, sensible Pagans who were *not* eaten by the lions.

***W. A.*** I think you will find that there are religious instincts in the higher public as well as in the lower, which would respond to a play on a religious topic. Some one in *The School for Saints*, I remember, says, "I envy anybody who can speak of God as though He were as really alive as the Prince of Wales." Unlike most people nowadays, you have that privilege: I don't see why you should abjure it in the theatre.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Would you have me devote three years of my life to a play that would never be acted? Several dramatists—Sardou for instance—have tried the experiment of a serious play turning on a question of religion. They have all failed.

***W. A.*** Because they approached it without conviction, without sincerity.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Sincerity alone would not go far in such a case, without consummate technical skill.

***W. A.*** Well, why should that consideration deter you?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** You think, then, that women are capable of highly-sustained achievement in dramatic form?

***W. A.*** I see no reason to doubt it.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Yet how few women-dramatists there are, or ever have been, in comparison with men!

***W. A.*** At the end of the eighteenth century the same remark could have been made with regard to women-novelists. But the nineteenth century, you see, has placed women-novelists nearly, if not quite, on a level with men, in number no less than in talent. And did we not agree, a little while ago, that they had some exceptional advantages for character-study, which, after all, is the basis of drama as well as of fiction?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Of course I should be only too happy to accept that argument; but I can't help suspecting a flaw in it. *Is* character-study the basis of drama? Henri Beyle has said—admirably, I think—*Tragedy is the development of an action, and comedy is the development of a character. Show the character by a succession of ideas.*

***W. A.*** Aristotle, to be sure, declares that plot is the more important element in tragedy.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Is it not clearly the case that there goes a constructive capacity to the highest drama—a power of grasping a great many factors and disposing them in a complex pattern—which is not required in narrative art?

***W. A.*** Fiction, you mean, implies concentration along a single line, drama the simultaneous apprehension of all the features and relations of a more or less extensive surface? Perhaps there is something in that. It suggests the question why women, though they have been devoted to music since the birth of the art, have done nothing of the first order—or perhaps even of the second—in the way of composition.

***Mrs. Craigie.*** They have, like Miss Maude Valérie White and Augusta Holmes, written exquisite songs, but produced no great operas or symphonies. That, I suppose, is because the higher forms of music, like the higher mathematics,

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demand a vast co-ordinative power—the faculty of educing order and beauty from an apparently limitless chaos of matter. And not only that: they require very considerable physical strength—emotional strength. However swift and comprehensive the mind, its power of sustained effort is restricted by the limitations of its indispensable servant, the body. There is one art you have not mentioned, in which I am convinced that women are prevented from attaining the highest eminence by sheer lack of physical strength—the art of painting. It takes an able-bodied man to paint a Rubens, a Velasquez, a Rembrandt, or a Sargent. And I think in all our speculations upon the differences of faculty in the two sexes, we are rather apt to forget the effect of the fundamental difference in mere bodily power of endurance.

***W. A.*** Very true; and I fear I am exemplifying that forgetfulness at this moment. You must be very tired——

***Mrs. Craigie.*** Oh, I did not mean that as a hint.

***W. A.*** If you confessed to your doctor that you had talked for two hours at a stretch on Shakespeare and the musical-glasses, do you think he would grant you absolution?

***Mrs. Craigie.*** He would probably inflict some very unpleasant penance—with quinine in it.

***W. A.*** Then you will suffer vicariously for my sin. I am truly penitent. Perhaps if you represent that to the doctor he will let you off. Good-bye. I do hope I have not really overtired you.

[*Exit.*

*Mrs. Craigie.*

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*"Away in the middle of the plain a man was riding."*

# "QUI CONFIDUNT."

## *A TALE OF THE GREAT WATER FAMINE.*

BY FRANCES CAMPBELL.

"JANET! Janet! Janet!"

Hoarse with weakness, and loud with the strength of fever, his voice had called her through all the long watches of the hot December night.

"Janet! Janet! . . . Oh! woman dear, will ye not help me down to the cool waters?—these green banks are too steep for me, I can't reach the cool water: I'm parched, Janet, I'm parched wi' thirst!"

Janet rose again wearily, her sweet delicate old face covering itself with the thousand lines and wrinkles graven there with suffering, the dreadful slow suffering of three days of absolute loneliness and want.

She took up the billy-can and looked at the clear water which had risen off the filtering sediment of oatmeal . . . there was just enough to give Sandy another drink.

Afterwards?

Janet's mind turned resolutely away from the contemplation of afterwards. She poured the water into a cup, and crept in beneath the mosquito-net, dropping it quickly behind her; the mosquitoes were buzzing round the bed in thousands. Half a cupful of lukewarm water to quench the boundless thirst of fever! Janet, while she tenderly lifted her man's head, mourned over the inadequate draught. and at the same time thought to herself, with a twinge of sorrowful pride, what a fine man Sandy was, and how like to him was his big son Jamie. Then came a quick repentance for the sinfulness of taking pride at such a moment: was not Sandy sick unto death? and Jamie . . . oh, where was Jamie? The sick man sought for the cup with the feeble groping of one blind; he felt the water at his lips, yet could not see it. Janet gave it to him, and he drained it .



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with a fearful greediness, and turned on his wool-stuffed pillow to rave of green pastures and quiet waters, and the rain on the dim Scotch hills. With the empty cup dangling from her finger, Janet stood to watch him. Hard, hard it was to see him lying there in the first sickness his sturdy, godly life had ever known; but that would have been after all a light cross, if he had but been in his right mind; the terror that devoured Janet was that they might never be together again, for they were apart. Sandy was in a region where she could not come nigh to him, where he sought her unceasingly and found her not, where her voice cried to him in vain, and his eyes never saw her, bend near to him as she would.

They had lived in the low bush bungalow together for thirty years, and this was the first and only time they had been apart.

Janet's muslin cap was a trifle dusty, over her silvery hair: there was no water to spare now, for the washing and starching of frills or laces. Three years ago, before the drought set in, when the creek ran merrily between its high banks, Janet had washed and scrubbed from morning till night; but now the last of the creek waters stood in the billy, about a quarter of an inch over the deposit of mud which had filtered through the oatmeal.

Janet looked into it again, then looked at the bed with desolate eyes—dainty, pretty old Janet, in her prim cotton gown and her dusty muslin cap!

All the lines in her face seemed to cut into the pale skin as she stood there thinking, thinking without thought, for her mind was incapable of anything just then, outside the fact that the billy-can was empty and she was powerless to fill it.

And Sandy cried aloud perpetually for water! water! water! and Janet! Janet! and seemed unconscious of having one or the other.

She walked unsteadily to the table and clutched herself by the thin throat, her blue eyes fixed on Swallow—Swallow, a prince of dogs, who was the devoted friend of her son Jamie, in the bush. It seems sometimes as if the dumb creatures are endowed with a supernatural intelligence. Swallow was a rarely gifted beast: "he could do everything but talk," so Jamie said, and as they had travelled many hundred miles together, in fine and stormy weather, and had every opportunity of knowing each other, Jamie was qualified to speak. Usually Swallow went wherever Jamie was, but this time of his master's absence he had been left behind, to take care of the old people. It pleased Jamie to think they liked having Swallow, and the dog knew his responsibility and felt it.

"Swallow," said Janet—and her voice was very soft and low, as the voices of those who dwell in the great silence always are—"we'll go down an' look at the water-hole again."

She picked up a spoon and the billy-can, and they went down the sun-baked road towards the creek bed.

Right in the very centre of the creek, Billy the black-fellow had dug a deep hole. Day by day Janet had reached a little and a little farther down to the vanishing water, till at last, on this morning, there was not even the warm mud out of which she had spooned yesterday's supply, there was not a trace of moisture in the hardening clay . . . the water was gone.

When she reached the creek for the second time Janet sank down on a flat stone, telling herself she was tired, that it was wonderfully hot, and she wanted to think. Janet would have scorned the imputation of fear . . . yet she was afraid, though she did not know it—yet.

What had happened to Billy the black-fellow? It was only thirty-five miles

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to the Head Station; a man might easily ride there and back between breakfast and supper, even in weather like this. . . . Billy had done it times without number. Had Mary failed to realise the extent of their need . . . their own daughter Mary?

At that moment, though Janet could not know it, Billy was lying face downwards, with the water-bag beneath him, amongst the she-oaks on the other side of the plain. He had dismounted to fasten the surcingle on which he rode, and had stepped on a long velvety body hidden in the yellow grass. He fell, and his horse joined a group of acquaintances starving in Fig tree Swamp; but Billy never rose again . . . they never do who tread with bare heel on the black snake. Janet was not aware of this, yet, with the strange intuition peculiar to the Celt, she knew something had happened to her messenger, and that she must put him out of the reckoning.

Snake-bite, thirst, being bushed, and the possibility of a broken back, are every-day things in the bush; any of them might have happened to Billy. Somehow, they *must* know at Collingwood, her daughter's home unless Billy had gone to the tank and taken what he wanted without seeing any one, . . . and that was precisely what he had done.

Yet, even so, there had never been such a drought in Queensland in all the thirty years since they had lived there, never in the recollection of man; for three scorching years not even a thunderstorm had broken on the great downs, and the stock was being driven to the bores, for all the land was dry. Jamie had driven a mob of cattle to the Meat Works at Brisbane, but he ought to be back by now . . . what was keeping Jamie? Janet watched a lizard flick across the stones and into her water-hole.

She bent forward and looked at it frisking on the dry yellow clay at the bottom. Swallow, with his head wisely on one side, looked too.

Janet met his intelligent eyes with a hunted expression in her own. "Man! man!" she said, in her soft, far-away accents, "the water's gone, clean gone! Swallow, good dog, what is an old woman like me to do? . . . Oh, my boy! If my boy Jamie would but come wi' a water-bag from Collingwood!"

She hung over the empty hole, watching the tiny creature twisting in the dust, while Swallow swept his silky tail to and fro over the hot pebbles, raising a cloud off the creek bed, and barking joyfully at the mention of his master's name.

"Why should they not think of sendin' us water? They must know the creek is dry: they will come . . . they will come over soon, Swallow—they will not forget!"

"For a week," continued Janet, "there has been no message from Mary, and Dick hasn't been for a month on the Sabbath. . . . If they did but know!"

That was the *crux* . . . did they but know. There was no way of letting them know if Billy had failed to reach them; Sandy could not be left, even if Janet would have dared those thirty-five terrible miles.

Why had there been no news from Collingwood?

Suddenly Janet put her hand to her side, and sank back on her flat stone.

It was Christmas week . . . by this time there would be another grandchild at the Head Station. In a flash Janet knew that Dick would think of nothing in the world but Mary, till Mary was out of danger; these times were fraught with great and terrible danger for her, and this time might have been worse than the last.

Janet's head sank between her hands. And she could not be there! Mary might be in worse plight than her father, and Janet could do nothing—nothing—nothing; and, worst of all, no help might be expected from Collingwood: who would think of the two old people at the selection, at such a time?

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Sandy and she were in the hands of God; none but the Almighty could help them. Swallow looked wistfully from the parched water-hole to the dismayed face of his mistress, and swept the dust with the fringes of his tail.

"Not a drop!" said Janet, shaking her head sorrowfully; "an' my old man will die if there's no water. But that can't be—no, that can't be!"

She rose and climbed the overhanging bank of cracked clay, and, as she went, the faint blue of the sky flushed like the heart of a crimson oleander, with the coming day.

Three years ago the little house had been a bower of bloom, overgrown with tea roses, with bougainvillia and datura, and set about with a hedge of flaming poincinias, and at the gate a glorious amherstia had showered down its scarlet tresses to make a fragrant carpet for her quiet feet.

The amherstia was dead, the daturas were dead, every green thing under the sun was withered and brown and dead.

Janet shaded her eyes with a thin hand, and gazed across the never-ending expanse of dust-coloured grass; already the mirage was shimmering in the early sun, and the green of palm and hybiscus mirrored themselves in the illusory waters, mocking her need by their lying coolness.

And within, Sandy's voice, thrilling with desire, called to her to lift him down to the still waters, while the empty billy clinked in her thin hand.

Thirty-five miles away, the Collingwood bore, ran endless streams of sparkling water, through the lines of white cedar, and orange groves; there were loosam fields there too—Janet's eyes ached for the sight of them; and the corn sprang darkly green to the sky, little pools hid themselves along the green of the sweet grass, and the home-flowers flourished in spite of the heat and the scorching desert wind.

Why, the stock fared better than Sandy and Janet! for they were driven towards the reservoir, that they might drink.

Thirty-five miles! . . . a sudden cold sweat broke over the old woman, and left her trembling; the fear had spoken, and she had heard.

"Were their children, in the midst of plenty, forgetting them? would they die alone of thirst . . . of thirst!"

"Water! water! water!" Sandy tossed from side to side, feebly repeating that unchanging cry.

Janet raised her hands with an odd gesture of pain, while her heart echoed the entreaty: she would have bartered all that remained to her of earthly happiness, for a glass of iced water to carry to her husband's hot lips.

The December sun flamed quickly up the rose-flushed sky, hanging the blue gum and brigalow with jewels of gold; every little boomerang-shaped leaf set edgeways on its slender stem looked as if it had been shaped in refined gold and set in vermilion enamel.

Suddenly the flat expanse of rolling down caught the level rays, and lo! each fluffy head of withered hawkweed became a blossom of fire, shedding a fragrance of white flame; from the open doors to the outermost edge of the glowing horizon was like the Elysian fields, covered with living flowers.

The little tree-bears lifted their tiny peaked faces out of their hand-like paws and looked down on the thirsty creek, a dingo crawled through the burnt grass, and a flock of white cockatoos too feeble to be their usual noisy selves alighted on the shingle roof.

"Janet, Janet, give me to drink!"

With a strangely girlish grace of movement Janet entered the room, and got

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below the net; she lifted the burning hand flung out on the counterpane, and pressed it between her own.

"Sandy dear," she said, with a pathetic note of terror in her voice, "there is no water: wait a bit, till Jamie comes over from Collingwood."

"Help me down, help me down to the bonnie water!" raved Sandy. "Oh, Janet, help me down!"

Her pretty old face seemed to gather into a puckered mask, expressive of nothing but pain. What could she do! Her eyes seemed to shrivel within her as she contemplated the empty billy-can; she saw the awaiting torments of the most horrible of all deaths.

A moment she stood thus, torn with fear and horror; then, with a glimmer in her fine face, she put her delicate work-stained hands together and murmured to herself.

*"She carried the great family Bible off the top of the drawers, and laid it reverently open."*

Swallow sat up at the sound, and wagged his tail furiously: the words were associated in his mind with a basin of bread and milk for breakfast and a dinner of corned mutton, in days when an honest dog could eat it with impunity.

"'They that put their trust in the Lord!'" Janet's voice quavered, and her eyes saw but dimly as she looked out into the new day.

She brought out a fine red cloth, and covered the hard-wood table; then she carried the great family Bible off the top of the drawers, and laid it reverently open.

The leaves fell apart at the eighteenth chapter of St. Luke. Janet stooped, and read the words aloud, stumbling a little, for her spectacles were dim, till she came to the seventh verse; then she closed the book softly. "If that unjust judge, who feared not God, neither regarded man . . ." Her eyes went out through the door, to watch a herd of dying cattle drag their weary limbs through the beauty of the shining mirage.

"Swallow," she said, with a note of soft determination in her gentle voice, "I'll fair *deave* the Lord, till He saves us—me an' Sandy. Yes, I will."

Swallow laid his beautiful brown head on his mistress's knee, and questioned her with his eyes.

"Water! water! water!" Sandy's words ran into each other like the speech of

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a drunken man; but, thick and inarticulate as they were, they pierced his wife's heart with agony, for the sound told her the salvation of the Lord must be quick.

She gazed through the mosquito net filled with a passion of yearning: the fever-bright eyes, the flushed cheeks and vivid lips brought back to her in an instant the love of her youth.

"Oh, Sandy, if ye but knew me!" she said, clasping her hands,—"would ye but speak to your own Janet!"

But Sandy was away by splashing mountain burn and rowan tree, at the home of their childhood.

Janet dropped down on the hard-wood floor, and laid her elbows on the top rail of a chair. Slowly her eyes travelled round the room: it flashed on her suddenly how dreadful it would be for any other woman to be mistress in this little house; every inch of it was a bit of her life, the foundations were laid in her hopes, the walls stood on her happiness, tender memories pinned the boards together, love, devotion: love—love—and love again spoke to her from every part of it.

Sandy had built it all with his own strong hands; he had felled the trees, and sawn the boards, and cut the shingles. Janet remembered, as if it was but yesterday, how they had camped under the bullock dray till all was finished, and she entered into her kingdom with his mighty arm around her.

The walls were lined with calico; he had gone all the way to Warwick to get it, because she liked pictures, and he had cut out and pasted up all those figures and faces, queens and kings and great ladies—the walls were covered everywhere. The wardrobe: who on Umbercollie possessed a chest of drawers and a wardrobe, excepting Janet?—and adorned with "splashwork" too: no wonder the storekeepers' wives rode over to see her, though Janet cunningly guessed it was to see Sandy's handiwork most of them came, in the times gone past, when it was safe to expect water at Fig-tree Swamp.

Sandy had made everything, and everything was of the best.

At the foot of the bed hung a picture, framed and glazed, of Cinderella. The young master had brought them that, saying at the time that it might have been painted for Mary. Dick Wentworth was a wealthy man, and he could have looked as high as he liked; but he chose the daughter of his old shepherd, and made Mary a lady. Janet remembered, with a pang, how silent the little house had seemed after Dick and she had gone away on their wedding trip to Brisbane. But though times were changed, Janet would not leave her own house, and she scoffed gently at the offer of another nearer the Head Station: what house could be like this one?—no, she would never leave it, never! Janet loved it; its calico-hinged door and windows, its wide hearth and low roof, the very veranda boards, rough and uneven, were dear to her old heart. Did not everything in and about it speak of the blessing and increase the Lord had bestowed upon them from the beginning? There had been no trouble with the children, no loss, no sickness; all her memories were sweet, and without the taint of pain or sorrow.

But now . . . the rains had failed, the earth was smitten with drought, the cattle fell daily stricken with pestilence, the sheep died in thousands around them; of all their fat flocks and herds there remained but a feeble remnant. And Sandy! . . . Janet knew, though she could not see, the grim Shadow hovering amongst her withered orchids and dry maidenhair would enter on the morrow unless . . . She stiffened her slender back in its prim cotton gown, and, folding her hands, looked up reproachfully.

"Lord," she said, with a kind of soft passion in her gentle old voice, "we

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need water: my man Sandy will die for the want of it; an', O Lord, that can't be—that can't be! Ye would not take my Sandy an' leave *me*; but send us water—send us water an' my boy Jamie from Collingwood."

Swallow, who was standing by, put his nose on the bar of the chair, and wagged his whole body with pleasure: Jamie was the one thing wanted. It rather hurt his sensitive dog's heart that Janet took no notice of him; but being a well-brought-up collie, who had gone to church in his time, when Sunday did not include carrying water from the bore, he knew full well that no demonstrations are allowable during the time of intercession, so he padded softly across to the door and sat down on the threshold. If Jamie came he could see him afar off and hasten to meet him; but the fine hearing lost no sound of what went on in the hot little room. He listened intently to the incoherent murmur from the bed, and to the recurring mention of "Jamie, Jamie!" in a low-spoken prayer from his mistress's white lips.

*W-h-h-r-r-r-r*—the works of Janet's cuckoo-clock were a little the rustier for their thirty years' service in the bush bungalow; the doors by which the little brown bird came out hesitated on their hinges, finally they flung open and the cuckoo curtseyed stiffly to its reflection in the mirror on the splashed drawers.

"Hark!" cried Sandy, turning on his side, "lassie, simmer is nigh."

A sudden fit of laughter took possession of Janet, and she swayed on her knees, noiselessly.

"Simmer! Oh, they that put their trust in the Lord—in the Lord! . . . Send water, send my boy Jamie wi' water soon—soon—soon!"

The hot hours of morning lingered towards the full blaze of noon; the hoarse babble on the bed ceased from entreaty in words that could be understood, and died into an incomprehensible jumble of sound.

A hot wind, laden with the impalpable sand of the desert, blew gustily over the plain; a bony grip fastened on Janet's throat, and she could only whisper. The boards burnt her knees, and a succession of aromatic heat-waves, pungent with the spicy smoke of some far-off bush fire, made her eyes sting with pain and her little slender body writhe with an agony like that of death at the stake. Yet she never faltered. If that unjust judge! . . . Janet's mind filled up the rest with a clamorous prayer for rescue.

There were times when she almost feared she might forget what it was she prayed for, and times when she asked herself dumbly why she was on her knees in the middle of the day, with all her household affairs undone. Then a spot of flame settled on the very top of her head and burnt out all remembrance of them, and she went on murmuring, "Jamie, water! Jamie, water!" If she could only make the Almighty hear, her prayer would be granted.

A strange odour lifted itself off the plain as the time sped on—a thick, sweet, deadly odour, which stopped the breath and numbed the brain with its awful suggestiveness; it came on the hot wind from lonely lagoon and dried-up water-hole, where the scattered dead of the lordly herd lay corrupting in the rustling brown of the tall reeds and rushes.

Swallow grew very uneasy; he trotted to Janet's chair, and padded with noiseless feet around Sandy's mosquito-net, sat down at the door, rose and went back to Janet again. What could this mean? Prayers were things he knew—they were necessary to Sundays; but this prayer of Janet's had kept her on her knees for hours. What was it she wanted him to do? He stood beside her, rigid with inquiry, and caught the whispered echo of Jamie's name. He barked a short, impatient note of interrogation, and raced down the veranda steps. Then something struck



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him, and he flew up again, and stopping by Janet put his nose on her shoulder and whined softly. No answer was accorded him but that faintly whispered name: it came very weakly and with great effort; Janet was far away. The dog drew back, and regarded her sorrowfully; then, with hanging head, he went thoughtfully out and set off in a long swinging canter across the plain, towards Collingwood.

Hotter and hotter the air flowed up against the walls of the slab hut, like waves off a sea of molten brass; the shingles tore themselves off the nails on the roof, the veranda boards cracked with sharp, noisy reports, and fine lines scored themselves on the coarse glass of the windows, as if an invisible hand were writing with a diamond.

And Janet was suddenly caught up to some elevated spiritual plane, where, face to face with her Saviour, she pleaded with all the compelling power of love and suffering for Sandy—Sandy, good and God-fearing and gentle, her dear and beloved man, who sorely needed water. Janet wanted nothing for herself, only for Sandy: "Water, water, water, for my Sandy!"

A snake fell down the wide chimney, and vanished through the veranda rails. Janet watched it with her material eyes, while the eyes of her soul were fixed on the compassionate Lord.

Silence, vast, crushing, odorous, brooded over the world. There was no sound on hill or valley, by empty river or lone lagoon; no life disturbed the endless avenues of monotonous gums; all was silent, lone, remote, sweltering in a heat like the dawning of the Day of Wrath.

The doves had died in the trees; the parrots, cracking their beaks, perished in the spreading branches of the screw pines; the very iguanas, gliding amongst the dead sheep, paused in their tracks, and went on no more.

Pestilence stalked in the full light of the day, and slew his victims in the sun. Death, dust, stench, and heat intolerable,—and one only living being in it all. A little, slender, blue-eyed woman, swaying on her knees beside a bed whereon lay one who might be dead also, so still he lay, and so grey.

The cuckoo counted the slow hours, from rosy red to aquamarine and gold; one by one they came and went, and the cuckoo told them all; and Janet was still on the spiritual heights, wrestling with the strength and fury of a Samson for the life of her Sandy.

All the experiences of those who thirst were hers: she came back thrilling with torment, to think of pleasant waters and quiet ways o'erhung with green. She saw her native loch flow round her chair in low-voiced waves, grey and cool; invisible hands tempted her, voices called to her, yet she would not loose her hold on the Lord's garment till she had been given her request. Janet was sure of it: she knew He would not turn idly away; He heard her now . . . if she could only keep Him all would be well.

Janet was troubled, too, by a doubt which *would* creep into her petition. Was she using a vain repetition, even as the heathen do? She tried to vary the words; but, alas! the fashion of them would not alter—she must needs go on the same. She felt as if the sound of her voice filled all earth and all heaven. Could any one sleep in the world, thought Janet, while she cried aloud like this? But though the courts of heaven were bursting with the clamour of her passionate desire, her lips made no sound, not even a whisper: what need was there for the mouth to speak when the spirit was face to face with God?

"Lord," she said, "take my life—take it an' welcome; but spare my Sandy. Oh, spare my Sandy!"

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There came a lapse in her memory, a space during which she slipped into a blessed state of oblivion; and she woke up to the sound of a pulse beating in her ear—a low drumming sound, which grew and grew till the earth rocked with thunder. A smile of beautiful content spread itself in Janet's blue eyes; she straightened herself on her knees, and smoothed a straying lock of white hair, then all at once she fell forward, and lay very still beside her chair.

Away in the middle of the plain a man was riding furiously towards the little house; he had neither saddle nor bridle, his right hand was twisted in the mane of the splendid beast he bestrode, and with his left he steadied a water-bag. For a while another rode neck to neck beside him; but presently the Rider on the White Horse was left behind.

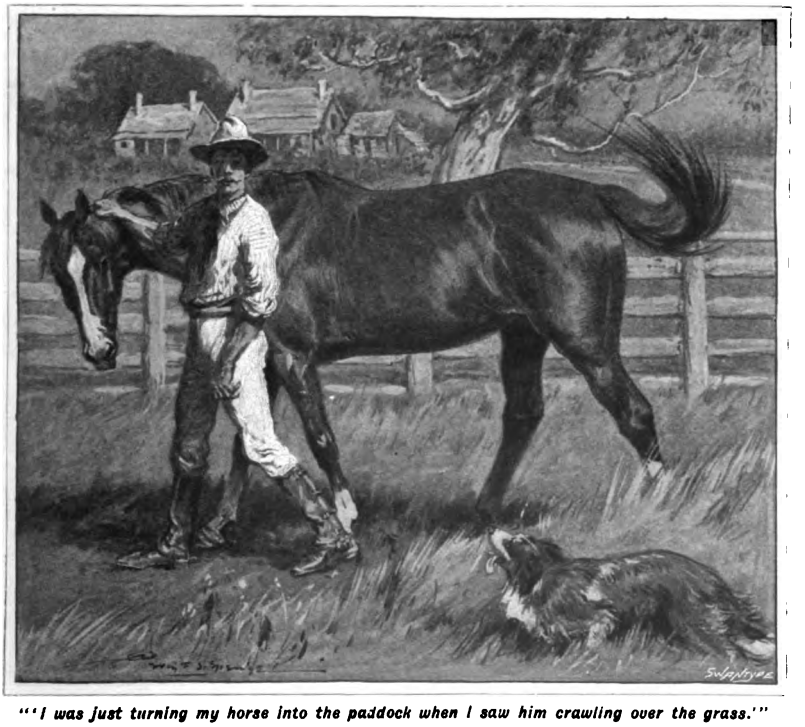
* * * * * *

"Jamie!"

"Yes, mother dear."

"I would like well," said Janet, while her eyes strayed affectionately from Sandy, sitting in a squatter's chair smoking thoughtfully, to Jamie twisting a greenhide whip,—"I would like to know how you found out our need. Did the Lord send ye a messenger at all, boy?"

Jamie's eyes, blue and sweet as his mother's, were curiously bright as he lifted them to look at her; he whistled softly, and Swallow came bounding on the veranda, and stood expectantly beside his long chair. Jamie laid a hand on the dog's head.



*"'I was just turning my horse into the paddock when I saw him crawling over the grass.'"*

"Here's the Lord's messenger, mother," he said simply. "I was just turning my horse into the paddock, when I saw him crawling over the grass. He was the deadest dog I ever saw; but do you think he would touch anything? No

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fear! He dragged himself to the tank, and scratched and scratched, and yet wouldn't drink when I gave it to him; and then all at once, when he was looking up into my face, fit to make a black-fellow cry, old Perkins cried out, 'There's no water at the selection!' Swallow seemed to flatten at that, and I left him to Dick and the hands. Dick was awfully cut up; but Mary had a near shave, you know, and after all it was just as well we had a doctor here, as things turned out. I was afraid Swallow was going to peg out; but he never did a mean thing in his life. You're a gentleman, aren't you, Swallow? and you knew I couldn't get on without you,—eh, old man?"

And Swallow, with shining eyes and head erect, slapped down a paw on Jamie's knee in a right lordly fashion, as if he would have said,—

"Right you are; and here's my hand on it!"

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## SONNET: THE SEEKING.

IF I should seek for thee I would not go
Amid the busy throng of men to find
The face for which I am to all else blind,
Nor through unrestful haunts of human woe:
But in some place my childhood used to know—
Sweet with warm scent of may-blossom entwined,
Sweet with warm breath of fragrant summer wind—
Perchance, Dear, I should find thee . . . were it so,
I would come quietly through the hushed fen
And twilight field, nor venture close to thee.
Yet if thy heart should soften to me then
And I unknowing keep apart,—afar,
Oh, call me to thy side, that I may see
For one blest moment all thy gold, my Star!

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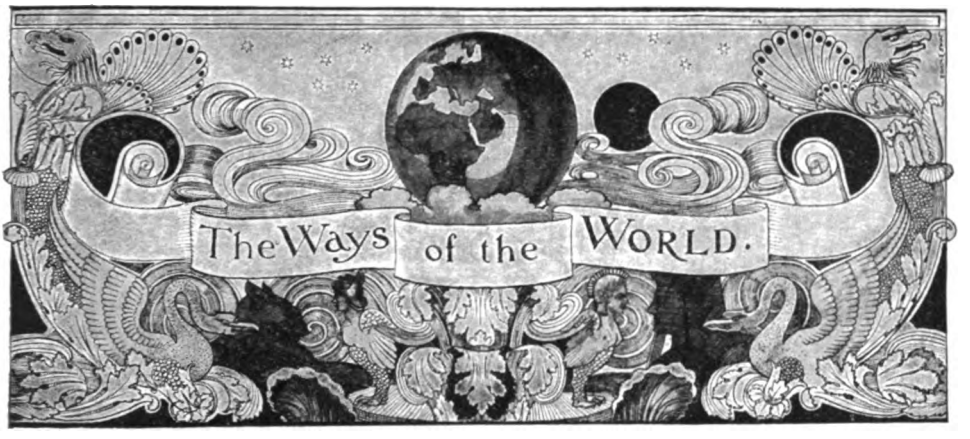


BY ALFRED KINNEAR.

**Women and Statesmanship.**

THE new century, a new reign, a new Parliament, a new struggle for ascendency, have begun without that *magnum opus* the political *salon*. It is—To Let, and has been vacant for at least thirty-five years. Women are the handmaidens of statesmanship. Yet in this crisis of Court and Parliament to whom shall we repair as the clever contriving hostess? The truth is, the clever contriving hostess has to be looked for and found. In the meantime the poor houseless politician is thrown back upon himself.

What is it that has led to the closing of the political *salon*? The answer should be, too much money and too much levelling up. Money is, of course, the tissue of all political existence. But the wrong kind of people have got hold of it; and it is in the levelling of these people up to the standard position of those who formerly constituted the political *salon* that the mischief was accomplished.

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**Tory Clubs and Liberal Organisation.**

THE political *salon* was less the device of the Tories than of the Whigs. Conservatives have managed their affairs without such adventitious aids to party homogeneity. The best club managers in the world, they may take rank with the Swiss as the born conductors of hotels and restaurants. All the Tory Clubs, whether of the more lordly type or whether the most lowly party rendezvous in the New Cut, do well. Equally in their party organisation, the Conservatives are models of discipline, cohesion, and common movement. On the other hand, Liberal Clubs have never equalled the aspirations of those that established them, and the troubles and tribulations of the party over its organisation have long been crystallised into tradition. It is the perfection of Toryism to know what it wants. Perhaps it is more correct to say that what the Tory wants is to be left alone. He is naturally in the ascendency, or would be if he were left alone.

It was the complaint of the old Whigs that it was they who were not left alone; and as the party of Reform they set out to defend the right. By way, therefore, of securing peace and protecting the right, Whiggery made war upon Toryism, and the political *salon* became a kind of Whig outpost in the midst of the Tory camp. Its object, with the aid of Society, was to make intrigue a fine art and enlist the cleverest men, the men who were rising, or the men of social graces and unfixed political consciences, to contribute to the success of the manœuvres which aimed at place and power.

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**The Influence of Society.**

IT is quite wrong to say that the influence of rank and fashion, or what is called society, upon politics has ceased to exist. But it is not what it was, of course, before the Reform Act of 1832. Place and profit under the Crown were the sport of great houses. The pocket borough was so secure a possession that the Patron could do what he liked with his own. He was as much the owner of the votes of the "free and independent" as the patron of a dozen livings, who is the dictator of the religion of



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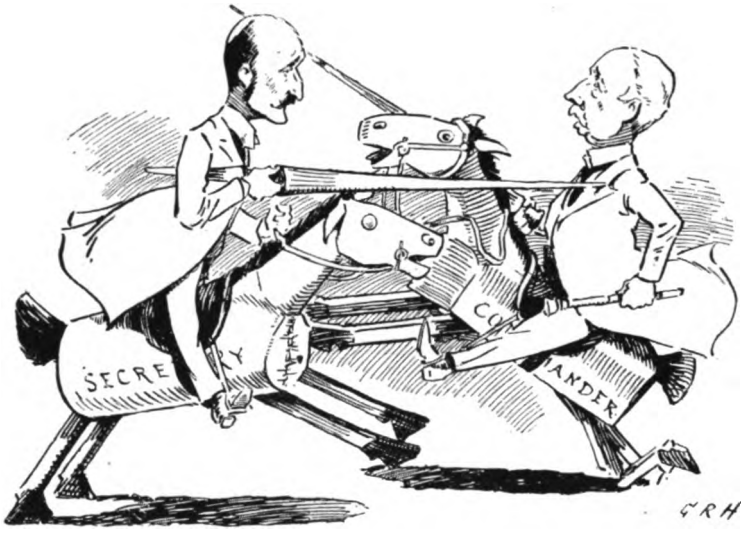


The Joust.
[Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley.]

a county in our time. Burke took his first seat in Parliament from Lord Rockingham, whose Government, according to Townshend, was "mere lute-string, pretty summer wear, but quite unfit for winter."

Rockingham made Burke his private secretary, just, indeed, as Lord Salisbury made his son the present Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and his son-in-law, Lord Selborne, the present First Lord of the Admiralty; and as Mr. Chamberlain made his son the present Secretary to the Treasury.

Pitt, Chatham's son, began under the "protection" of the house of Lowther, which still counts for something; Canning under that of the Dukedom of Portland, which still is an indisputed factor of patronage. *Blackwood*, in a characteristic article, put the situation at that time in a form which makes one ask if we differed under Rockingham and Shelburne so much from what we are to-day under the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain. "It was simply a question," says *Blackwood*, "whether his Grace of Bedford would be content with a quarter or half a Cabinet, or whether the Marquis of Rockingham would be satisfied with two-fifths, or the Earl of Shelburne would have all or should share the power with the Duke of Portland."

**Big House Politics.**

MOORE was not wrong when he said that the readiest way to tame a Radical was to invite him to Bowood. The mistake that Mr. Gladstone made in the days when, as Mr. Chaplin told the House of Commons, "railway stations were being blown about our ears," and even "this chamber is unsafe," was in not asking Mr. Parnell and his colleagues to breakfast (a variant of the *salon*) in Downing Street.

Coming to the Political *salon* itself as it existed in London in the fifties and sixties, we find the political "holy of holies." It was the reign of woman. Her chatelaine held the golden key to the paradise of the ardent, ambitious young politician. The *salon* provided the opportunity of bringing men out for good as well as of restraining the ardour of others for mischief. Mr. Chamberlain was brought out at Lady Waldegrave's, where he first met the Prince of Wales. The famous party rendezvous on Strawberry Hill might almost be called a blue-glass house for ambitious politicians and for young men of promise. It was as a young man of promise that Sir Charles Dilke passed through Lady Waldegrave's *salon*.

Some women are born to lead or make or rescue a *salon*. Lord Beaconsfield

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Question time.
[Mr. Brodrick, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain.]

attributed most of his fortune to his wife. But it is more certain that Lord Palmerston, eminent for spontaneous and unaided ability as he was, and still is held by his admirers, lay deeply indebted to the skill and understanding of his wife. Her *salon* was as the wand of a miracle-worker. It was unrivalled. It worked miracles. Lady Palmerston's influence in society rose above the influence of statesmanship. She made statesmanship. When Lord John Russell dismissed Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office it was Lady Palmerston's *salon* that in a sense ostracised Lord John. It was all accomplished at that famous evening party which the *Times* laconically recorded under the heading "To meet the expelled Minister." Lord Granville, who with Mr. Disraeli was present, as well, of course, as the dismissed statesman, recorded a *bon mot* by Disraeli, who, surveying the brilliant throng, which by its very presence avenged the Minister, frankly avowed he had been in error in saying a few nights previously "There *was* a Palmerston." Lord Palmerston's restoration followed almost as a matter of course, and it became truer to say of Lord John Russell than of his colleague, that Lord John was saved.

**The Ideal Salon.**

HERE, indeed, we reach the ideal *salon*. The precision which marked the stage management of Lady Palmerston's *salon* also distinguished that of Lady Waldegrave. A careful as well as an elaborate precision marked each alike. Lady Palmerston wrote her invitations with her own hand. In this way she checked or revised her list, and thus omitted or avoided the possible sin of inviting a single wrong person. It was thus, as at Strawberry Hill later, that collisions were prevented, and all possible cause of individual irritation averted. The guest list was a beautifully conceived piece of social and political mosaic. The blend was perfect. It was in most scrupulous exactitude the fitness of individualism to the whole.

A new man's future was really made on these occasions. Having been adopted, and having passed through the fire of the *salon*, the new man went back to Westminster. He had in another sense indeed been baptised under the approval of his godmother.

Lady Granville's receptions in the very early eighties represented the *nadir* of the political *salon*. Nevertheless the *gobe-mouches* have clung with heroic persistence

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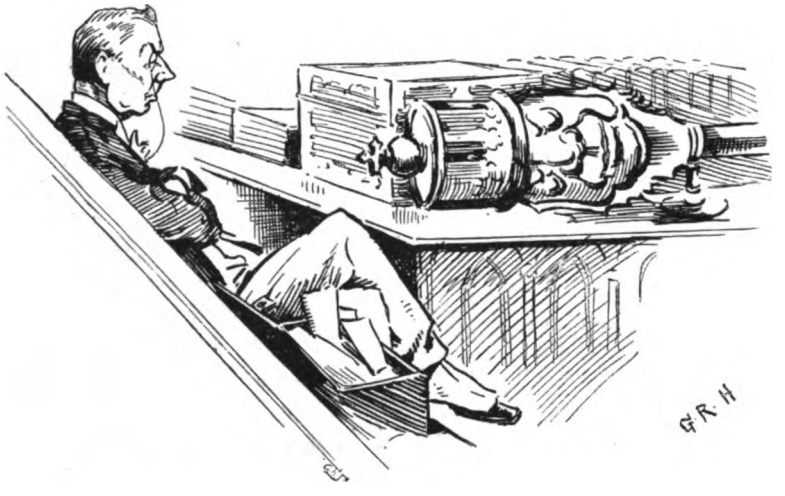

"Meditation!"

to such successive possibilities as Lady Ramsey, Lady Breadalbane, Lady Lonsdale, Lady Warwick, and Mrs. Chamberlain. The "help" so graciously and ungrudgingly given by Lady Spencer and Lady Stanhope was pronounced unofficial. Neither lady, it was mildly suggested, should claim to be regarded as the premier hostess of the party. The death of the Countess of Rosebery was rightly deemed a calamity, and the failing health of the Marchioness of Salisbury was a blow of equal severity to the Conservative party.

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**The Whig.**

AT that time the Whigs were still a definite force in politics, and, socially equal, the Whig and the Tory had no scruples with regard to meeting each other. But the Whigs found it necessary for their personal aims to coquet with persons of a lower political leaven. The enterprise succeeded, but at what a cost! One instinctively recalls poor Frankenstein and his monster. The Whigs dragged into the new amalgam became known alternately as Liberals and Radicals. They, however, have always handled the "long spoon" awkwardly, and it is only when they escape back to their old social exclusiveness that they are free to resent the opportunist levelling up. The polical *salon* of their finest period was remarkable for severe exclusiveness. The Whig is still clothed about with the gentle grace of self-glorification, and he kicks, and perhaps naturally, at the new order.

Hence, the modern reception differs in its essential purpose from the political *salon*. It rests upon the art of crowding the rooms with more people than they will hold. Persons are brought together without the least regard to the nice assimilation of the fittest. Party or individual hatreds are embittered. The wrong people meet each other. Each individual tries to avoid the other. The hostess has no interest in her guests. The majority are totally unknown to her. Lady Palmerston or Lady Waldegrave knew personally every one she invited to her parties. A strange arrival would be some "lion" of the day, but so unexceptionable in every respect that it was a triumph to be his cicerone. There be lions to-day also; indeed, London in the season now is a roaring jungle. But the modern lion is kept in his net for the exclusive view of the hostess's intimate friends. Nor are the lady's intimate friends usually seen in force at these Saturday night exhibitions of social and political zoology. They give the thing the go-by. The crowd struggles upstairs, comes into a congested mob, and gets no farther; and those who hold their comfort or health in any respect beat a hasty retreat. At the dinner preceding the reception

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"I thought you had retired!"
["C.-B." and Sir W. Harcourt!]

two or three Ministers, or ex-Ministers, with an ambassador or a distinguished soldier or traveller, and a couple of smart women of rank, nominally assist in making the new people acquainted with the old, but they find they know so few of either that the friendly intention has to be taken for granted.

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AND here we come to the revolt of the Whigs and the demise of the political *salon*. The experiment made by certain ladies, or rather by their husbands, to fuse the County Council into the House of Commons, is another variant of that "levelling up" to which the collapse of the political *salon* is in part due. The line must be drawn somewhere, and it will need all the courage of the authors of this experiment not to draw it, after a little, a very little experience. It is no doubt extremely pleasing to the social moralist and philanthropist to see people happy, and Spring Gardens is perhaps better endued with the instincts of happiness than the power of expressing it.

**The Politico-Municipal Mixture.**

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IF we have not now a Lady Palmerston, we have a Lady Tweedmouth; if we lack a Lady Holland, we have a Lady Battersea, a Lady Hayter, a Lady Llangattock, a Countess Spencer, and a Countess Stanhope. Yet it is a curious paradox that in the round of receptions given by these ladies there is not a single political *salon*. Perhaps, speaking entirely of the Whig ideal of the political *salon*, Lady Hayter's receptions have synchronised in nicety of selection with those of Lady Waldegrave and continued by Lady Granville. Party necessity is thought to have extended, as we have just seen, the social area of the reception, so as to bring in, in one sense, all sorts and conditions of municipal and parliamentary men and women. In this enterprise Lady Tweedmouth and Lady Battersea have made uncomplainingly and most gracefully considerable personal sacrifices. Brook House and Surrey House might almost be called the sanctuaries of the County Council and of the Eighty Club. The receptions by Lady Spencer and Lady Stanhope are orthodox; but, if we may be excused the remark, they mean little. An occasional lion is to be found, no doubt, lashing his tail at 27, St. James's Place; but his future, whether he be the author of a great book of travel, the newest V.C., or the hero of last night's speech in the House, is not

**Our Rulers.**

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established by the appearance of his name in the list of guests. Indeed, the House of Commons is practically now its own political *salon*, and establishes the future or fame of its rising young men. As for our literary fauna, the Whitefriars Club might pardonably enter into rivalry with the drawing-rooms of Mayfair. At any rate, the lion is better able to do his roaring at the Whitefriars or "the Authors'," and get himself a better advertisement, which, after all, in an age where self-advertisement is a fine art, is the main thing to be aimed at.

If we were permitted or were to be called upon to name a lady with all the qualifications of rank and training to establish a political *salon*, we should select either the Duchess of Devonshire or Lady Tweedmouth; or indeed, from the two poles of party, both ladies.

"Why do they laugh? Is there anything funny about me?"
[Mr. Samuel Smith.]

The Unionist party has sustained a severe loss in the death of the Marchioness of Salisbury. It is true that No. 21, Arlington Street, was not frequently thrown open to the party. Nor can it be said that Lord Salisbury on these interesting occasions quite realised the expectation of some of his ardent supporters. There are inner as there are outer circles, and it was the custom of the Premier to confine himself to the inner. He sent his private secretaries to the outer circle to congratulate the minor followers of his nephew upon their fidelity and good service. Mr. Schomberg McDonnell is *facile princeps* of secretarial diplomats, and to see him singling out the author of a commonplace speech in the House the week before last, or telling how much the Premier had admired it, was a very soothing and pretty bit of play. Still the orator would have liked it so much better if he could have shaken hands with his puissant admirer. But what is sauce for the Unionist goose is sauce also for the Radical gander. "C.-B." manages the graduating "circles" no better, and the weariness of the noble marquis is not improved by the natural permanent inertia of the Premier expectant. Obviously these secretary-managed reunions only prove the necessity for a vigorously and, I might add, a scientifically managed political *salon*.

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**Possible Leaders.**

ALL who know the Duchess of Devonshire as a leader of fashion, as a great lady and as a politician, will recognise the ideal Queen of a *salon*. In the Duke of Devonshire we see much of her influence. Lady Tweedmouth as the daughter of a Tory Duke is not necessarily a Tory herself. Indeed we have to the contrary many signal acts of adaptation. Lady Tweedmouth is a woman of the world, and it is a nice question with some old politicians whether she rather than her husband really whipped the items of Mr. Gladstone. Lady Fanny Marjoribanks' ponies carried many a sulky fortress in the eighties, and Lady Fanny Marjoribanks' "at homes" turned the wife to her side in the struggle, and led to the capitulation of disaffected supporters of her ladyship's party embarrassed by an artificial or foreign-made majority.

But obviously even these ladies would have to take in hand a heavy task. The lowering of the social status of the House of

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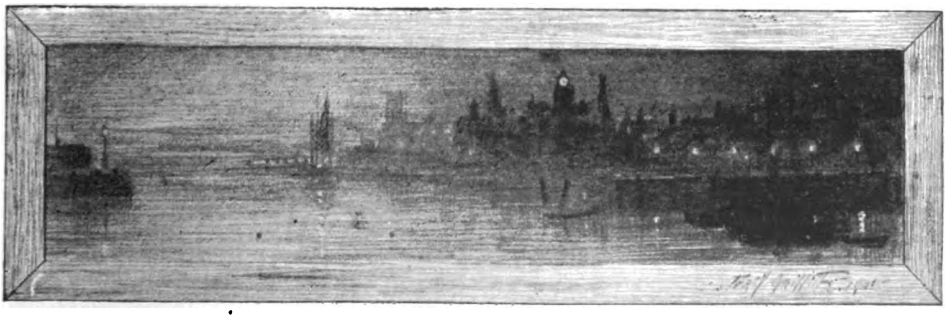
Commons is one of the startling features of the past century. There used not to be a labour member in the House, nor a financier below a banker. Now we have Capel Court and Bevis Marks dwelling in Park Lane, and in the House we have a foreman printer on one bench and a river pilot upon another. And yet people will insist that the House of Commons is not a democratic assembly. Liberalism has lost its old cohesion. It is entirely changed. The Whigs still linger about the scene of earlier glories, but only to point sadly to what they have lost, and to their determination to hold on to what is left. It does not by any means follow that Liberals are all of a kin even in the social sense. There are many Liberals who absolutely refuse to meet one another, who dodge each other in the division lobby lest their shoulders or their elbows touch at the wicket. The efforts have failed to mix the oil and the vinegar, in other words—to reconcile the old Whig to the new Liberal. The Whigs in particular stand aloof from that *omnium gatherum*, which is insisted upon even by both of the great parties, the inclusion of batches of Borough and County Councillors amongst the rank and file brought up from the House of Commons.

The church parade has taken the place of the political *salon*, and the political Sunday afternoon, whereby politics were made or unmade, must be looked for in flannels at Boulter's Lock. Indeed, it is now as easy to get to Taplow as it used to be to get to the top of Park Lane. In the days of Lady Holland Parliament was nearer to Blackheath than to Holland House, and the latter road was scarcely better and certainly not safer. The man who would have made a dash from Kensington to Printing House Square at midnight with a *ben trovato* was the forerunner of the modern war correspondent.

There is a cry heard at the close of each day's sitting of the House of Commons. It is a cry with a schoolboy refrain, and it is "Who Goes Home?" It found its origin in the old days of footpads and highwaymen, and was a signal for members living, say in Chelsea, to rally together for mutual protection. It was, however, in those days that the political *salon* flourished, and the political Sunday afternoon shaped the policy of Government or Opposition. It was the age of Greville and his imitators, and the best thing in Monday's papers was the product of Sunday's claque. Now Monday's papers are at their dullest, and one would as soon expect to see a hooded figure drive from a reception in St. James's to the office of *The Times* in Printing House Square at midnight, as to hear a dozen men talking Parliamentary plots on Sunday afternoon. The age of the political plotter of the first rank has gone.

The *salon* of Lady Holland would not, of course, adapt itself, if revived, to modern feeling or modern ideas, and the *salon* of Lady Palmerston would be almost equally an anachronism. There is a fashion in hostesses as there is a fashion in their toilettes, and a hostess of to-day no more corresponds to the life of Strawberry Hill in the Waldegravian days than the poke bonnet of the forties corresponds to the Paris toque of to-day. It is doubtful, indeed, if Lady Blessington herself would realise our ideas of a political *salon*. We may not have stiffened in our dignity, but beyond doubt there is more of us. A *salon* in these days is a crush—a struggle for those who, having reached the hostess—if they ever do reach her, now head their way back against the imperturbable column that is still coming on. And yet the Political *salon* is "To Let."



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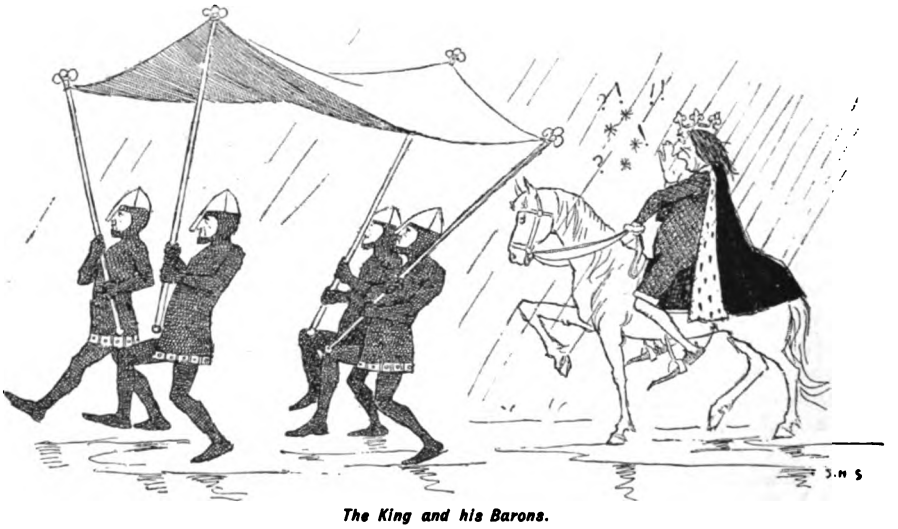
# THE ROUND TABLE.

## THE ECCENTRICITIES OF FEUDALISM.

THE arrangements in connection with the obsequies of our late lamented Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, and the proclamation of her successor, have brought prominently before the world the apt-to-be-forgotten fact that, with all our modern developments of empire, we are not a nation of yesterday, but that the quaint ceremonies which have been followed on this occasion, and those which will come even more prominently to the front at the Coronation of King Edward VII., stretch a bridge over the centuries for close upon a thousand years. A strange, far-off world that, when the population of these islands did not exceed three million souls, when roads and highways were almost unknown, and when vast forests, peopled by wild beasts, covered the land, affording ample hunting grounds for the old Norman barons and their retainers. Let us gently lift the curtain which hides these days of the long ago from our view, and take a brief glimpse at the daily life of our ancestors, as disclosed in the old Charters, under which they held their lands from the King, as their supreme overlord. Very interesting, no doubt, historically, and possibly amusing, to us who live in this first year of the twentieth century, but not by any means seen in the same light by the rural population of the earlier centuries. Says Dick, one of the rank and file in Jack Cade's agrarian rebellion, "The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers." To which the leader replies, "Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled over, should undo a man?" *

When the Normans arrived in England, the land, as every one knows, was partitioned by the Conqueror among his leading men, each of whom was responsible for the proper government of the portion allotted to him, and was taken bound to defend the kingdom by himself, and all those holding under him. And while, as we shall afterwards see, they had ample time for hunting, conviviality and sport, still their offices were by no means sinecures, especially for those who held their lands near the confines of Scotland or Wales, where the warlike natives of these countries were continually pouring over the Borders and devastating the surrounding country with fire and sword. Many of the northern landowners held their lands on condition of blowing a horn when the Scots were seen approaching, while others were taken bound



*The King and his Barons.*

* *Henry VI.*, Part II., Act IV, Scene ii.



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to provide a fixed number of bowmen and spearmen for the wars, who, instead of considering it an irksome task, expressly stipulated that they were to have the privilege of being the first to march into the enemy's country, and the last to return.

But, while the nobles and horsemen might be bravely accoutred, the Tommy Atkins of those days was, as we should consider, very badly off indeed, both as regards regimentals and commissariat. More than one estate is burdened with the obligation—whether in jest or earnest does not appear, and these dry-as-dust old documents throw no light on the subject—that it should provide for the army in Scotland a man, barefoot, but who must be clothed with a waistcoat and breeches, and carry in one hand a bow without a string, and in the other an arrow unfeathered. Some landowners were bound to furnish *balistas* or crossbows, and others catapults for discharging flights of arrows, and targets and shields for their knightly overlord, emblazoned with his crest and arms. The commissariat and length-of-service arrangements seem to have been left somewhat to haphazard, as we find one

*The fate of the Lawyers.*

landowner in the county of Salop (and probably there were many more), taken bound to provide a footman for the war in Wales, who is to take with him, among other things, one bacon or salted hog, of which, on coming to the army, he was to deliver a portion to the King's Marshal, and this official was thereupon required to dole out some of it to him daily for his dinner so long as he stayed with the army, which should only be as long as the bacon lasted!

The prices of provisions in those days would gladden the hearts of the thrifty housewives of our own time, groaning under the war-enhanced tariff, and lead them longingly to exclaim, "Will ye no' come back again?" Thus, the best sheep is put down at the value of 1*s.* 4*d.*; a horse, 5*s.*; a heifer or young bull, 10*d.*; three capons, 1*d.*; a shield of brawn, 2*d.*; and the best cheese, 6*d.*

The customs just mentioned show that other services besides those of war were asked from vassals of the Crown and other feudal superiors. Thus, certain donees of land are respectively taken bound to find the King a lardiner or chief butler, or themselves to act as caterer for his kitchen; or to furnish a pothook for his meat; keep the doors of his chamber, or his wardrobe, or guard his stable, and, occasionally to hunt the wolves with his dogs, or to shoe the King's palfrey. In this last case the obligation extended to its four feet, the King, however, providing the nails; but should the amateur blacksmith's unskilfulness cause the animal to become lame, then he was liable to forfeit a penalty of four marks to the King. We have a vivid mental photograph of the discomforts of the age, when we find in several instances, imposed as feudal conditions, that the owner for the time being should gather straw and litter for the King's bed, strew the floor of his private apartment with rushes, gather firewood for the hall fire, and provide hay for the King's horse. One is required to gather wool for the Queen, presumably from fleeces left by the sheep among the furze bushes; and another, to cut out the linen clothes of the King and Queen.

Nor were the King's pleasures neglected, many of which bear a strong resemblance to those of that jolly sovereign, famous in song, who "called for his pipe, and called for his bowl, and called for his fiddlers three," some of which, however, cannot be mentioned to ears polite. A man in Wiltshire held his lands on condition of providing one night's entertainment for His Majesty when he passed that way, with the usual customs; another for exhibiting a certain number of stage plays yearly; another was bound, personally, to dance before the King in a grotesque manner, duly specified; while a fourth had the onerous burden laid upon him of counting the King's chessmen, and

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This is the result of taking the children to the Ventriloquial Entertainment at Maskelyne & Cooke's.
JACKY (*finishing his evening devotions*): "And please make me a good boy for ever and ever"
*Sotto voce*—"All right."

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putting them into a bag, when the King chanced to play with him. Some holders of land were required to bring the King's boots; others to hold his stirrup while he mounted or dismounted his steed; some to provide basin and water with towel to refresh him when he returned from hunting; and one man in Kent, Solomon Attefeld by name, when His Majesty crossed the sea from Dover, was compelled to go with him, and when the horrors of sea-sickness seized upon him, as it will do on prince and pauper alike, to hold his head.

*Bacon.*

But, not only to the King's private pleasures and comforts were the Crown vassals bound to contribute, but many public duties were also made incumbent on them, and formed a burden on their lands. One man seems to have combined in his person the duties of public executioner and King's weigher, for his tenure obliged him to *dismember* condemned criminals, and to measure the gallons and bushels in the King's household. The cruel practice of dismembering referred to applied to those who were condemned to have their right hands, or their ears or noses, chopped off, through having incurred the King's displeasure; and may have included, also, the disembowelling of those put to death for high treason. An early mode of execution was by drowning, and in the fifteenth century we find a complaint against the Prior of Christ Church that he had so diverted the course of a certain stream that the felons could not be executed for want of water. Theft was a capital crime.

But, while we have seen that grants of land were given for services to be rendered, they were also bestowed for money payments or small gifts of acknowledgment. The pastimes of hunting and hawking were universally prevalent, and the Charters, as may be supposed, are full of references to them. Thus, it is no unusual tenure that the vassal should carry a horn for the King, present a pack of hounds, or train hare

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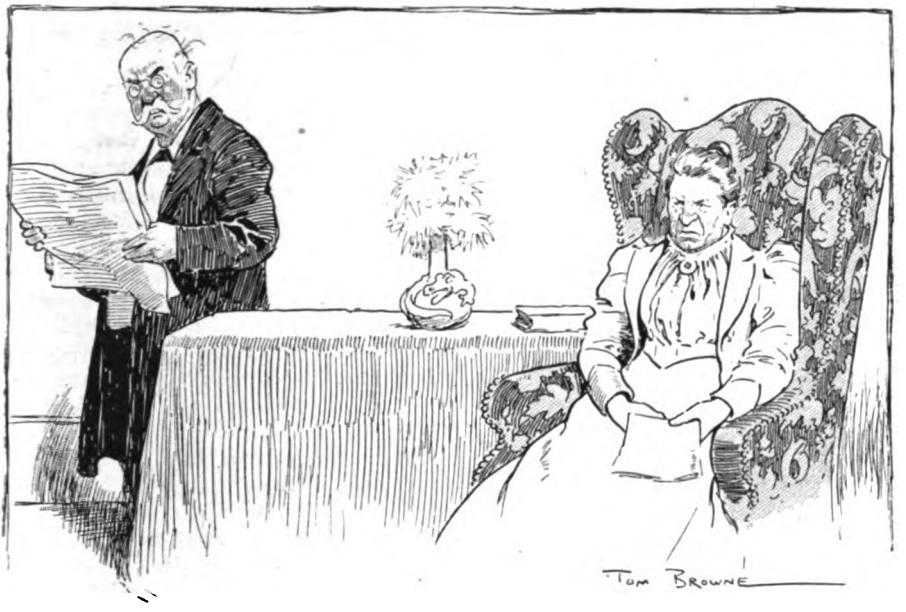


*Mr. Tootell:* "When I first met you, Jane, you were the shyest girl I ever saw."
*Mrs. Tootell:* "I was?"
*Mr. Tootell:* "Yes, and now you are the shyest married woman I know of."
*Mrs. Tootell:* "I am?"
*Mr. Tootell:* "You are,—you shy everything you get your hands on at me."

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dogs or harriers for his use. In one grant it is provided that the owner should train one falcon till it could fly, and, on taking it to the King, he should receive, as an honorarium, the King's horse with its furniture and clothes, together with the trestle and tablecloth; and, as if this were not sufficient, he was also to have all the

*The King's Chessmen.*

vessels with which the King was served that day, and a cask of wine after the King had tasted it. Contrast this munificent reward for training a falcon with the value of the life of a serf, whose death by the hands of his master was commuted by a small pecuniary fine; or, with another instance, where we find the Church decreeing that a lady who had beaten her slave to death should be punished by abstaining from butcher meat for a few days. The Church, which should naturally have been the protector of the poor, failed to a large extent in its duty to them, owing to its offices being filled by Norman ecclesiastics, who sided with the oppressors rather than with the oppressed. The tenants of many of the Church lands were prohibited from sending their sons to school, or giving their daughters in marriage, without the consent of the Prioress. The knights who held lands under the Church were taken bound to lead their followers in defence of the monastery, to appear as its champions in the lists, and to defend its rights or its patrimony, should they be challenged by any person soever. One man in Devonshire was bound, at the coming of the Bishop of Exeter, to meet him on the way,

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keep back the press of the people, conduct him to the choir to be installed, and thereafter serve the meat at the Bishop's own table. Another, in a different part of

*The Slave Beater.*

England, had, on certain saints' days, to lose his night's rest, and guard the high altar from the first hour of vespers until nine in the morning, so as to be ready to beat off the attacks of malignant demons. The poorer class of retainers were under the necessity of ploughing, sowing and reaping the Church lands, of gathering nuts, catching fish, chopping wood, and other menial services, for the monks. When lands were granted to the Church by the King, or other donor, the services demanded in return were mostly of an eleemosynary character, such as the saying daily of five Paternosters and five Aves for the souls of the King's progenitors, and the souls of *all* the faithful departed, or the keeping of a light perpetually burning before the altar, to be called the "Plough light." But, some of the donors seem to have remembered the words "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," for, among others, we find one gift of land to the Church on condition that the monks for the time being should distribute one cask of ale on All Saints' Day, for the soul of the King and his ancestors, and another, for the purpose of providing two hare pies, a quantity of ale, and two large penny loaves to be scrambled for every year on Easter Monday.

As feudalism developed itself around the Sovereign, a number of highly-paid, as well as honorary, offices at Court were created to give employment and position to a numerous following. Among those which still survive may be mentioned the Earl Marshal, Lord Chamberlain, Hereditary Cup-bearer, Master of the Horse, and Master of the Buckhounds. Many of these offices soon became hereditary, and the holders of them were rewarded with estates, with largesses of money or pensions, in exchange for which certain stated services had to be performed, chiefly at the King's Coronation. Ascending still higher in the scale, the Barons of the Cinque Ports are required to bear a canopy of cloth of gold over the King, with four staves and four bells at the corners, every stave to be borne by a baron; and, after the ceremony, they are allotted the panoply for their fees. One gentleman has the duty of giving a glove for the King's right hand, and of supporting his right arm while he holds the sceptre; and so on, in infinite variety—so much so that one is led to admire the wisdom of our ancestors

*Free Beer*

which laid the obligation of instructing the Monarch in his Coronation rites and ceremonies on the reverend and most learned Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

WILLIAM AULD.

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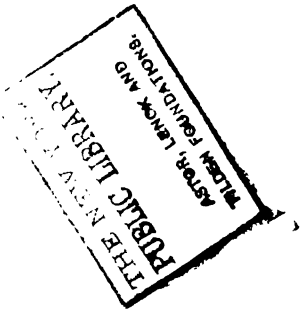


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PALL MALL MAGAZINE

*Mrs. Braddyll.*

*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

SWAN ELECTRIC ENG. Co

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Chardin. A portrait by himself.
A. Mansell & Co.

# CHARDIN

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

WITH a handkerchief round his neck, and a cap something like a nightcap confining his hair a little half-way along his head—with the figure stooping a little, with the bulbous, resolute mouth firmly set as with a purpose—the face of Chardin, in his seventy-second year, looks out upon us from the print, after the portrait painted by himself. The pastel is at the Louvre. We see it in this picture, as in Chevillet's print, or in the able translation of the same by Courtry, in a book of Bocher's, has reached the age at which face and gestures even of a great man's, a judge's, and portraitist's have in them something in common with those of an elderly woman. The life to his eyes has to a certain extent abandoned him. He surveys the world, but emotions no longer count for much in his career. Chardin has placed his cap, not at the top of his head but on the middle of it—which alone would give him, very cheaply, an appearance of unquestioned sagacity—but he is wise to recourse to such devices; he knows the world; he appreciates it; he is certain of his own place in it. Yet, judged by ordinary standards, the great painter of French domestic incident and of the rich beauty of the objects of "Still Life" was not at that time a success. He had had his vogue: it



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*Chardin A portrait by himself.*
*Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.*

# CHARDIN.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

WITH a handkerchief round his neck, and a cap something like a nightcap confined by a ribbon half-way along his head—with the figure stooping a little, with the humorous, resolute mouth firmly set as with a "purpose assured"—the face of Chardin, in his seventy-second year, looks out upon us from Chevillet's print, after the portrait painted by himself. The pastel is at the Louvre. Chardin, seen in this picture, or in Chevillet's print, or in the able translation of the same by Courtry, in a book of Bocher's, has reached the age at which a man's face and gestures—even a great man's, a judge's, a diplomatist's—have sometimes something in common with those of an elderly woman. The life peculiar to his sex has to a certain extent abandoned him. He surveys the world, and his emotions no longer count for much in his career. Chardin has placed his *pince-nez*, not at the top of his nose, but on the middle of it—which alone would give him, very cheaply, an appearance of unquestioned sagacity—but he is wise without recourse to such devices; he knows the world; he appreciates it; he is quietly certain of his own place in it. Yet, judged by ordinary standards, the masterly painter of French domestic incident and of the rich beauty of the objects called "Still Life" was not at that time a success. He had had his vogue: it



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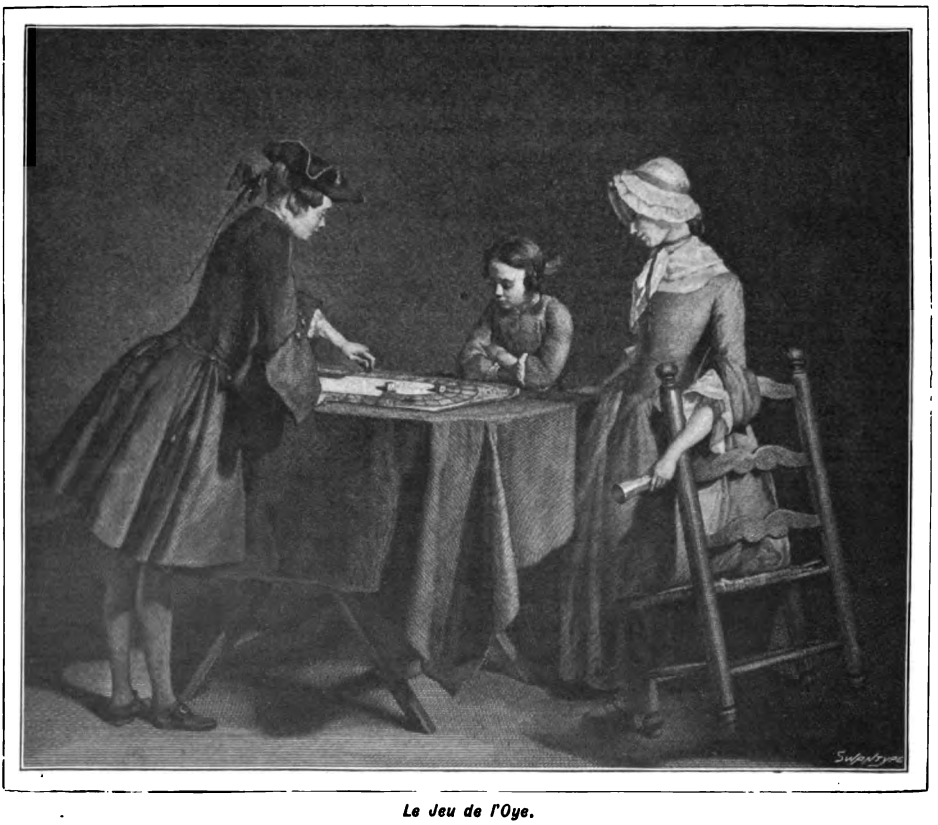
had to a great extent deserted him; and if he was painting portraits then, and good ones too—his own and other people's—it was chiefly because there was not the demand there should have been for the art in which he excelled William Hunt, and the art in which, following, in a sense, upon Terborch and Metsu, he anticipated Mulready and Webster.

The face of Chardin, as it is recorded in the piece that I have mentioned, and in every other good portrait of him that has fallen under my eyes, makes probable, if it does not give actual proof of, the character of his work. From the face one knows at least that this he might do—that that he was debarred from doing. And the character of his work, the very existence of it, is, as it were, a protest against the silly English notion that the French Eighteenth Century had nothing that was serious. Chardin was more than serious: in his domestic pieces he was almost austere—at least the life that he depicted left room for no irregularity: it was redeemed from harshness, it was sweetened and softened by the genuineness of the affections he delighted to chronicle. And these he chronicled absolutely without sentimentality or exaggeration, on the one hand; and, on the other, absolutely without fear of avowing them and taking pride in them.

A nature organised like Chardin's—sensitive, receptive, prompt and keen in its perception of pleasure and in its perception of fact—could not be austere wholly, nor wholly intellectual, nor indeed wholly spiritual: though the nature was essentially sober, the senses must have their part. The part they had in Chardin's art lay in the rich comprehensive perfection with which he perceived and depicted the beauty of matter. When Ruskin praised so lavishly William Hunt's depicting



*Le Jeu de l'Oye.*

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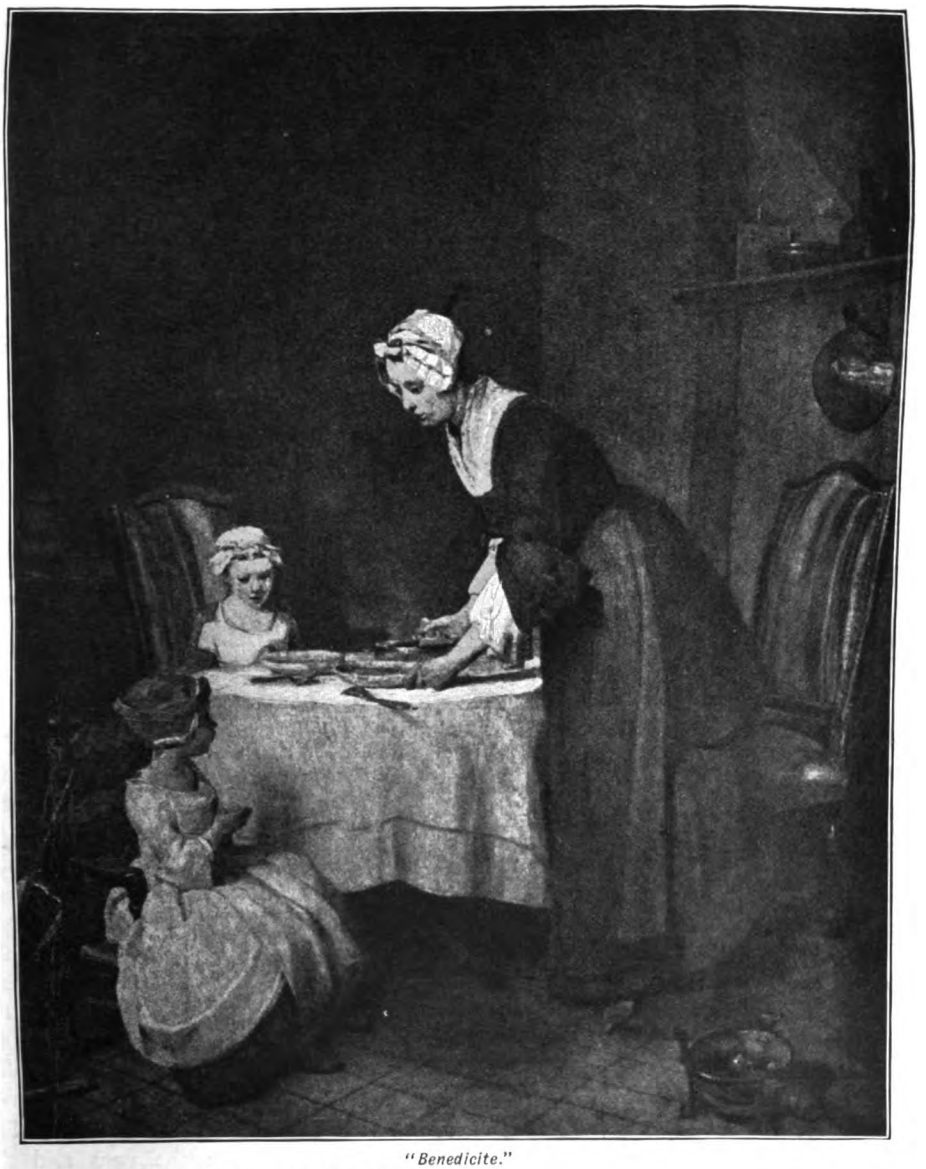

"Benedicite."

*Photo by Messrs. Ad. Braun & Co., Paris.*

of matter—his birds' nests, his flowers, his fruit, marvellously imitated though never nobly seen—I decline to believe that Ruskin knew anything whatever about the art of Chardin. Had he done so, he could scarcely have eulogised so much the art of the less important painter. Clever man as William Hunt was, when you have tasted Chardin's art the savour of the art of William Hunt has gone out for ever. Yet I am very far from considering that Chardin reached his highest point in any of the pieces in which his effort was concentrated on this depicting of matter. His sense of Humanity, as he saw it in the happy *bourgeoisie*—the "happy low," in Shakespeare's meditative phrase—as he saw it in mother and child, in brothers and sisters, in nurse and charge, in the old lady taking tea

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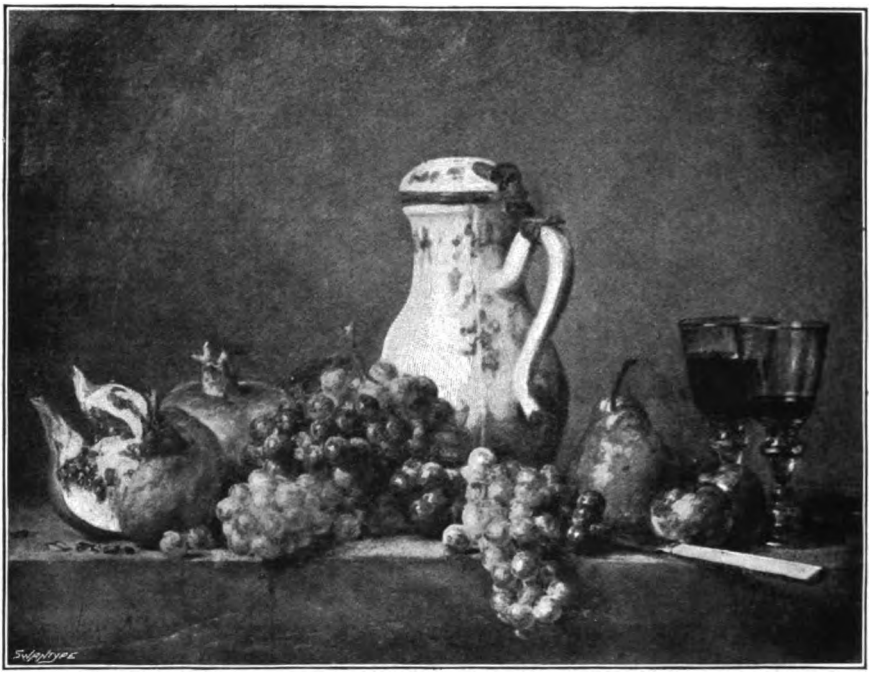

*Fruits.*

*Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.*

by herself quietly, in the "Bonne à tout faire" coming home from her marketing, in the youth making a drawing from a statue—was keen, correct, profound, as that of a novelist of a high order, as that of a poet. In dealing with Humanity, were the greatest achievements of his art.

But account must be taken seriously of the skill and enjoyment, of the breadth and the easy power, with which Chardin addressed himself to the problems of Still Life, which the academic person, the worshipper at the shrine of the Primitives, the connoisseur who is conventional, who sees by rote and feels by tradition, always foolishly looks down upon. The glory of matter, in texture, colour, and illumination — the dignity of the simplest thing, the simple charm sometimes of even the richest and most precious—this Chardin revealed. His kitchen slab tells the story of modest and frugal provision; the eggs and the saucepan please him; so does the little red jar of rough but highly glazed pottery. For him silver gleams softly; no Dutchman before him painted with quite his enthusiasm the glow of copper. The pale blue silk that lines his jewel box catches a discreet and delicate light. For him the bloom of the peach, the pleasant glaze of the sugar-bowl of Frankenthal, the jug of Old Dresden. He turns again, with his refined love of the luxury of matter, from the dessert of the rich, and contents himself with a tumbler half full of water, and in it three tiny onions. The atmosphere plays round the tumbler, plays round the jewel case, plays round the gold and silver and the little red pottery. The colour of one thing is affected subtly and truthfully by the colour of the thing nearest it. I have said in my chapter upon him in *On Books and Arts*, that Francis James paints flowers as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber: lordly dahlia, shining

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zinnia, gay carnation, resplendent rose. In a mood as blithe, and with a touch as certain, Chardin painted, a hundred years before, the Still Life that he lived amongst and greatly cared for.

"A hundred years"—but it was really something like a hundred and fifty. Jean Baptiste Simeon Chardin was born in 1699; his life he laid down in 1777, and he had laid down his pencil only two or three years earlier. Chardin was born in Paris, in the quarter of Saint Sulpice, the priestly quarter, the trading quarter too, where shopkeepers and artisans wait on the wants of the *noblesse* of the Faubourg. He was of decent humble parentage, his father a cabinet-maker: his people and their friends not generally highly educated by any means, for his godmother, Anne Bourgine, declared herself unable to sign her name in attestation of the fact of his baptism. Chardin himself had little book learning. He was meant to follow his father's trade, but in his youth he showed enough of promise as a painter to be allowed to enter Monsieur Cazes' painting-room, and it was conceded that a painter he should become. He may have sold pictures, but there

*The Purveyor.*

*Photo by Messrs. Ad. Braun & Co., Paris.*

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seems no record of his having exhibited any, before the year 1728, when we find him showing at the Place Dauphine some pieces of Still Life in the humbler forms of it. In 1732 he was already a member "de l'Académie Royale"; and from a notice in the *Mercure de France* of that year—quoted, with much besides, by Monsieur Bocher in his admirable and exhaustive Catalogue of Chardin's labours,

*The Industrious Mother.*
*Photo by Messrs. Ad. Braun & Co., Paris.*

and of the labours of those whose privilege it was to reproduce Chardin through the art of Engraving—he had purchasers as influential as M. Vanloo, the decorative painter, and as the Comte de Ruttenbourg, Ambassador of France at the Court of Madrid. To the Exhibitions of the Louvre—the principal exhibitions then for that which was at that time contemporary work—Chardin does not seem to have begun to contribute till 1737.

In the interval Chardin had married Marguerite Sainter, who had been, not

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*Returning from School.*
*Photo by Messrs. Ad. Braun & Co., Paris.*

chosen for him precisely, but suggested to him, by his parents. He had liked her when he first met her, and now she was twenty-two; and I fear it is to be conjectured, if not absolutely concluded, that the opposition which, of all people in the world, his parents finally raised to the match they had originally advocated, was due to the circumstance that since they had first thought her eligible the girl had somehow lost her small fortune, and Chardin had gained a reputation which meant, as they were confident, abundant money, and exalted things. The young people married, however, and were exceedingly happy; their only child, a son, remained to Chardin when, after but four years of union, his wife died. Then nine years passed; each of them finding Chardin, not perhaps inconsolable—he was too philosophic and too shrewd to be that—but at least not restless to marry. At forty-five, again at Saint Sulpice,—"Mon église, Monsieur," as a child in the Luxembourg Gardens once said to me, with a pretty air of enjoyable possession, looking up to Servandoni's Towers, the towers, rather, that are not Servandoni's, but that rise above his famous front,—again at Saint Sulpice, Chardin married a youngish widow, Françoise Marguerite Pouget. His son died before Chardin died, but Françoise Marguerite bore him company to the end of his days—saw him at the modest heights of his contemporary fame—was faithful and resigned with Chardin in hours when that fame had greatly left him, and when in work and in affection must alone be his happiness.

Denis Diderot, that observant and original, yet not always faultless critic, who had praised Chardin much—who had really appreciated the sterling qualities of his

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vision and his performance—had no good word for him in the end. He gave Chardin up. "*Monsieur Chardin s'en va*," the Encyclopædist wrote despairingly, of the painter's latest performances. But with much of his talent gone, in those last three or four years, of senile decay, it may be, Chardin kept an unconquerable spirit. Pain pursued him, and stayed with him. Dropsy followed upon stone. On December 6th, 1779, a sympathetic friend of the old painter's—sorrowing for his wife—wrote to another, certain likewise to be concerned at the calamity, "Madame Chardin begs me to inform you of her situation, which is pitiable." Chardin was in a state of exhaustion which caused the utmost anxiety. He had been given the last Sacraments, nothing else was to be done for him: "*Monsieur Chardin a reçu le bon Dieu.*"

Now that I have made clear the simple bourgeois nature of this good man's life—bourgeois in outward things, I mean, but in the deeper things a life of such devotion to his art as no ordinary bourgeois conceives to be possible at all—it will be easier to understand the themes, and perhaps the spirit, of this artist's work. With that part of his work that deals with Still Life I have nothing further, or at all events very little further, to do. It was accomplished in the main, though not accomplished wholly, in the earlier part of his career. Till near the end, that work continued to have interest for him. Chardin's Portraiture, though perfectly manly and straightforward, is scarcely abundant or important enough to demand a particular survey; and, good as it was, we have to remember that it was taken up chiefly when his other things, or when people's appreciation of his other things, had begun to fail. Unlike his more considerable and characteristic pieces—the domestic subjects and the Still Life—the portraits were generally in pastel—a medium which Rosalba made fashionable and Quentin Latour made distinguished. But were it not for the pleasure to be derived most legitimately from his broad, free rendering of Still Life—Still Life done with a vision so dignified, with a touch so firm and luscious—almost the whole of Chardin's claim upon our remembrance and our gratitude would rest upon his record of the French Middle Class. In that record he stood alone, in Painting. Jeaurat seemed once or twice, though in a different spirit, to be approaching him in regard to it. But on the whole it is unique: just as unique, just as veracious and refined likewise, as is that chronicle of the "great world" of Paris, which was made with delicacy, with reticence of humour, by his contemporary—the contemporary of his old age—Moreau Le Jeune. The chronicle of each is agreeable. Moreau's great people do not obtrude their faults; and those of them who are busy in public things, conceal from us, with a perfection of breeding, the stress of their occupations. On the outside everything is gay; nor, if we probed, should we find that anything was desperately sombre. The solicitudes of the average man of fashion are for dress, for the promenade, for the social entertainments shared in by the many, or shared in quite as engagingly by the one. The more than average man of fashion—and with him, too, Moreau deals—adds zest to life, it may be, by collecting bric-à-brac. He is even accessible to emotion, when—as in one of Moreau's most desirable pieces—a pretty dependant rushes into his study with the pleasing intimation, "C'est un fils, monsieur!"

These domestic joys and anxieties—preoccupations at all events—which were Moreau's themes sometimes, were Chardin's nearly always. His brush is concerned with the bringing up of children, if not exactly with their entry into the world. *Le Benedicité* is, in a sense, his typical piece. The child is at a frugal meal. Its mother is beside it. Providence, that has provided the meal, must not be forgotten when it is partaken of. Nor is there in these religious observances

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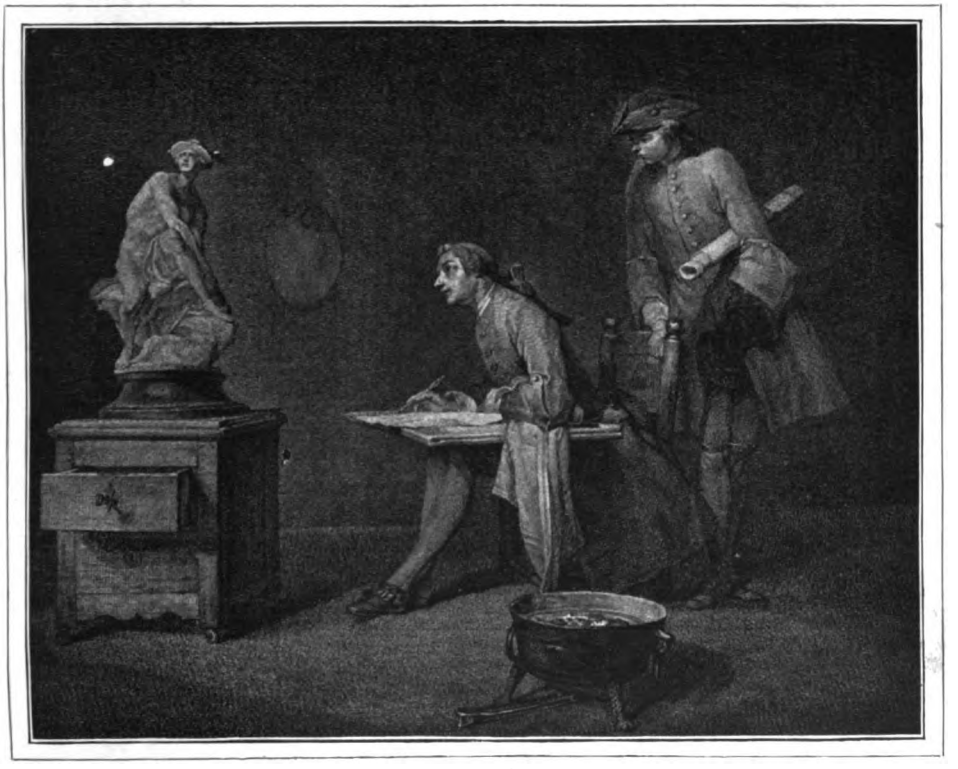
of Chardin's a touch of the insincere or the exaggerated. A natural piety belongs to most of his people: a sense of duty is in the air. Sober things are dwelt upon; a life contented in its narrow round is depicted with delicate accuracy. In a piece scarcely less characteristic than the *Benedicité*—as admirable in character-drawing, and I think even more perfect in its composition of Line—in *La Mère Laborieuse*—the mother is directing her child how to get on with her needlework. If ever any youngster was likely to be brought up well, and pleasantly to boot, it is the youngster who is being so gently reprimanded by his comely guardian in *La Gouvernante*. And there are hours of leisure, as in *Le Château de Cartes*, and hours of more assiduous devotion to the games of childhood, as in *Le Jeu*



*The Drawing School.*

*de l'Oye*. Of the groups by Chardin, *Le Jeu de l'Oye* is one of the best and most revealing. The absorption of the boy who takes part, the extraordinary quiet grace of the girl who looks on, have been observed faultlessly, sympathetically, and have been recorded with precision. Not less true, and hardly less pictorial, is *L'Ecole de Dessein*, in which the earnest youth draws steadily, carefully, from the "Mercure" of Pigalle.

Then all these good, refined middle-class people of the great century—the century in which, for the first time in France, the middle class had become important—have their material wants, which Chardin does not hesitate to provide for. There is the subject of *La Fontaine*; there is the *Garçon Cabaretier*; there is, best of all, in the small group of prints that records the servants of the comfortable, the noble print of *La Pourvoyeuse*. That print, and of course the

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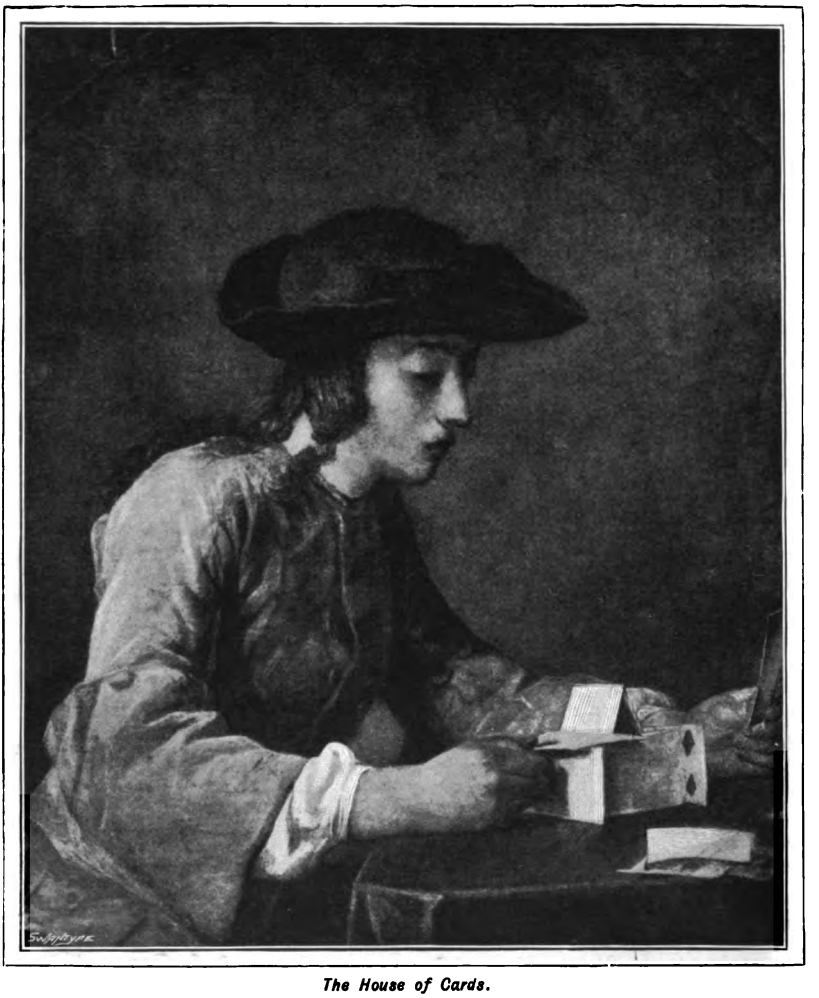

*The House of Cards.*

*Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.*

canvas from which it is taken, introduces, with the treatment of Genre, as much of Still Life as is compatible with Genre; for in Genre, however interesting may be the accessory, character and incident must be the real business. Poor Chardin! he lies open to the reproach of the narrowest adherents of a modern school, in that he deals with incident at all. They would call him too literary. They would say—in sheer forgetfulness of Hogarth and of Metsu, of Jan Steen and of Van der Meer—that he dealt with Drama, and was not occupied wholly with "paint." Yes, he dealt with Drama, the simplest, not the least engaging; but he dealt with "paint" too. With a draughtsmanship curiously expressive, correct without rigidity, dignified but not Academic, he wrought upon his canvas from a palette charged with harmonious colour. "Les blancs de Chardin"—his whites, never too cold, never too golden either, but of ivory and cream—technical critics have admitted, are no less noteworthy and admirable than the blacks of Velasquez.

A little while ago, the reader may have noticed, I was found speaking of the "prints." That is because, with all my delight in Chardin's painted works, I go back instinctively and unavoidably to the series of contemporary engravings, which

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record, not the portraits, or but seldom the portraits, and not the splendid still-life pieces—the peculiar quality of which it is beyond the power of any line-engraver to render—but the domestic pieces, in which, with keenest observation and with manliest hand, Chardin has set down much of what was most praiseworthy and creditable, most restful and most interesting, in the life of a delightful people. Of these contemporary prints, let me, in closing, say two or three words. There are about fifty of them. They are, as is of course not unnatural, of very various degrees of rarity—a matter Bocher does not much go into, but on which Bourcart's chronicle of prices is apt to throw useful light—and they are the work of many of the best engravers of Chardin's day: Lépicié, Cochin, Aveline, Fessard, Le Bas—and the list is not finished. They were issued to the print-collector—to the ordinary buyer, indeed, of Chardin's day—at very low prices: three or four francs generally purchased one. Three or four pounds to-day will purchase one, easily—a good subject; an impression in good condition: I do not say a particularly rare print. I should be sorry to guarantee that prices still comparatively low, for things of quite unquestioned artistic excellence, will not be found, ere long, to be moving. I give the hint to the collector, in any case. He has his chance now. And he has it first because the average English buyer is ignorant of Chardin, to this day, and next, because the average French buyer has inclined more to the lighter work—the work sometimes of riskier and generally more piquant theme—in the French Eighteenth Century School. It needs some deep love of homely things and simple life, to appreciate, altogether—quite fittingly to love and honour—Chardin's grave, true, and exquisite Art.

*Utensils.*

*Photo by Messrs. Ad. Braun & Co., Paris.*

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## PRISCILLA'S SONG.

WHITE blossom, pink blossom,
Swinging on the spray;
May is at the window—
Come in, May!
"How can I come in
And leave Love behind?
He is but a little child,
Foolish and blind!"
Pass by my window,
Pass on your way;
Love cannot enter here,
Even with May!



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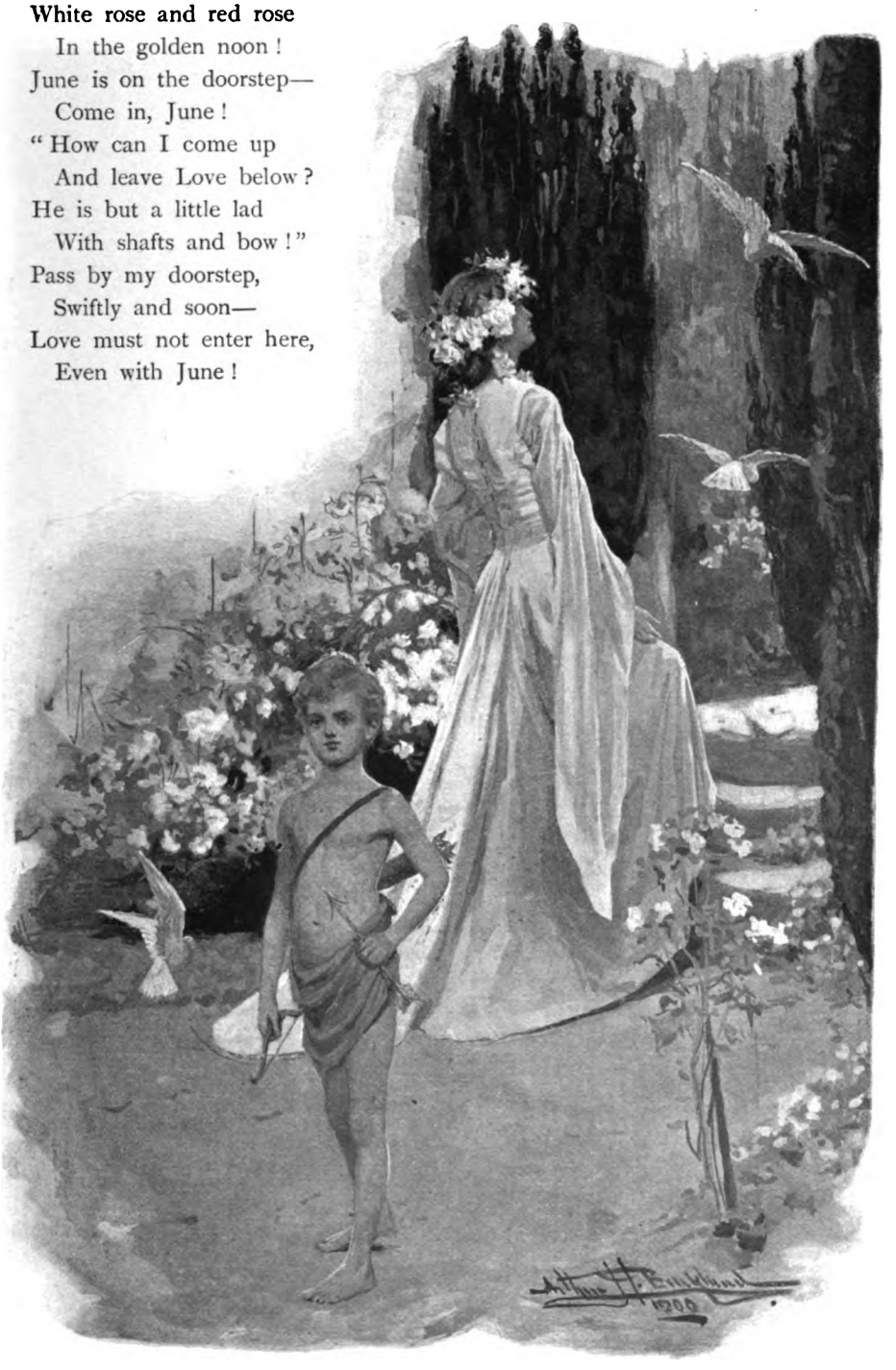
White rose and red rose
In the golden noon!
June is on the doorstep—
Come in, June!
"How can I come up
And leave Love below?
He is but a little lad
With shafts and bow!"
Pass by my doorstep,
Swiftly and soon—
Love must not enter here,
Even with June!



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Red poppies in the corn,
Haughty and high—
Who's coming up the stair?
Is it July?
"Sweet, it is little Love,
Grown to a man;
You that would keep me out,
Try if you can!"
Pink rose and red rose,
Blue sky above!
Love is in the doorway—
Come in, Love!

ADRIAN ROSS.

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*Tigers dining.*

# FEEDING TIME AT THE ZOO.

BY FRANK E. BEDDARD, F.R.S.

THE steward of a club, or the manager of a popular restaurant, has a comparatively easy series of duties to perform, let his masters or clients be as varied in their tastes as men can be. Those whose concern it is to cater for the guests at the Regent's Park menagerie have a far more complicated task to study. The yearning among single commercial gentlemen for gravy, which so harassed the soul of lean Mrs. Todgers, is a merely trifling sorrow when set against the remarkable likes and dislikes which the animal creation exhibit in the matter of food. Here, for example, is the diet which the Australian cassowary appears to prefer to all others. It feeds, says Mr. Johnstone (quoted by the Hon. Walter Rothschild), on native figs, Leichardt trees, and various species of acmena, jambosa, Davidsonia, etc.; its desire is also for the fruits of Maranta, and in captivity there is shown a fondness for bread, oranges (which are bolted whole!), the Cape mulberry, "loquats," and in short a huge variety of diverse vegetables, whose very names are unknown to most of us. But this list does not exhaust the bill of fare of this rapacious Australian bird. They are gluttons in the matter of grasshoppers, spiders, earthworms, cockroaches, and caterpillars; in short, nothing comes amiss to them.

Now it is plain that, with the usual resources of London, it would not be possible to provide the cassowary with so complicated a menu as that sketched briefly above. It has to put up with bread, maize, cabbage, raw meat, and a quantity of other accessible articles of diet, which is fairly varied, though not so strangely complex as the food selected by the bird when in its native gullies. The proof of the success of this and other compromises is naturally the longevity of the animals thus experimented upon; and here the Zoological Society can take their stand on very firm ground. Instances of creatures arriving at an extremely green old age are quite common, the term of years attained to being in a few cases almost fabulous in its length—or it might be deemed so, did not carefully posted records vouch for the facts. For a long series of years the arrival of every new beast has been duly set down in a big set of volumes devoted to that



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purpose; and should the animal die in captivity (often exchanges with other zoological gardens and with dealers occur, and thus remove specimens), the date and cause of its demise is written in with equal care, so that it is possible to ascertain how far improved sanitation and attention to feeding and such important questions have had an influence upon the well-being of the vast collection belonging to the Zoological Society.

It would be obviously impossible here to attempt anything more than the merest sketch of some of the more noteworthy instances of longevity among the captives; and the examples which may be given are striking enough. The parrot house, which is one of the older buildings in the Gardens, and which therefore might be expected not to offer such favourable evidence, shows that proper attention to cleaning and to diet may produce the most excellent results. A Madagascar parrot, known as the Vasa Parrakeet, died apparently of old age, for it was healthy enough in its internal arrangements, in the year 1884. Now this bird was one of the first ever placed in the Gardens; it was exhibited very shortly after the Zoo was opened, *i.e.* so long ago as 1830. There is no saying but that the bird might have been in the prime of life, or even elderly, when it was bought. In any case it survived for fifty-four years—a record which has not been beaten.

But the temperature of the parrot house is not far removed from the temperature which a parrot coming from Madagascar might have been accustomed to in its earlier life. Quite otherwise is it with the Polar bear. Even the depressing cold which we have just gone through must be tropical in its heat to an inhabitant of the frozen pole. Nevertheless, in spite of this fairly obvious disadvantage, there was until lately a polar bear which had topped the record for

*A nice bone.*

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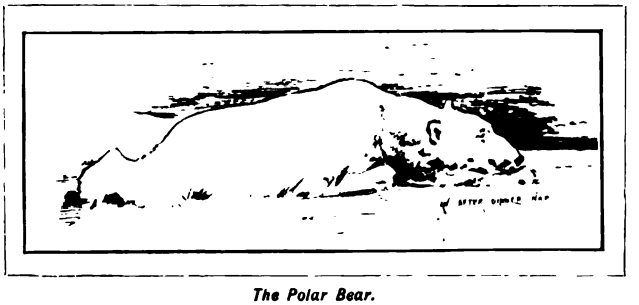
*Brooding.*

polar bears, by living in comfort here, in the middle of London, for the really enormous period of thirty-seven years. How is it that a creature who—as a writer of the last century put it with unnecessary poetry—"sways his rude sceptre over the icy mountains of Greenland and Spitzbergen," can not only put up with, but positively enjoy, our torrid clime? It must be the care and attention paid to the diet and the cleanliness of the beast.

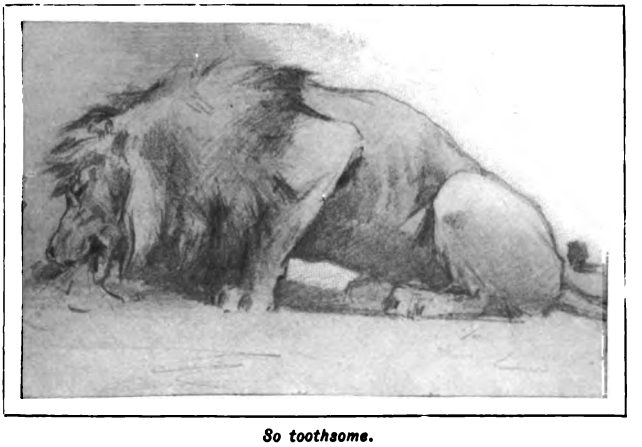
Until a few years ago (we forget the precise date) there was living an elderly crane which might have crossed the Channel in the same boat which bore the late "Mr. Smith," the monarch of July, to these hospitable shores; at any rate this crane arrived in 1848, and it came to stay, for the bird did not pay the debt of nature until at least five-and-forty years later.

But a living rhinoceros is better than a dead crane, and the hugest specimen of the rhinoceros kind that is at present on view at the Gardens, was presented to the Society so long ago as 1864, by the late Mr. Grote, as is duly set forth upon



*The Polar Bear.*

the label. This unwieldy creature has had its ups and downs; but it has invariably got the better of its complaints. It was this animal, as has often been related, who was cured of an indigestion by forty, or was it eighty?—drops of croton oil administered upon a bun! However, this vast beast feeds well, and like the "king" bee in the fourth Georgic, trails an inglorious belly, a symptom of a proper condition in an herbivorous animal. Nothing succeeds like success, and these few instances—which might be multiplied to any extent—prove how possible it is by care to prolong the life of animals which are necessarily in many cases treated in a way quite the reverse of that to which they have been accustomed in a state of nature.



*So toothsome.*

As any one who visits



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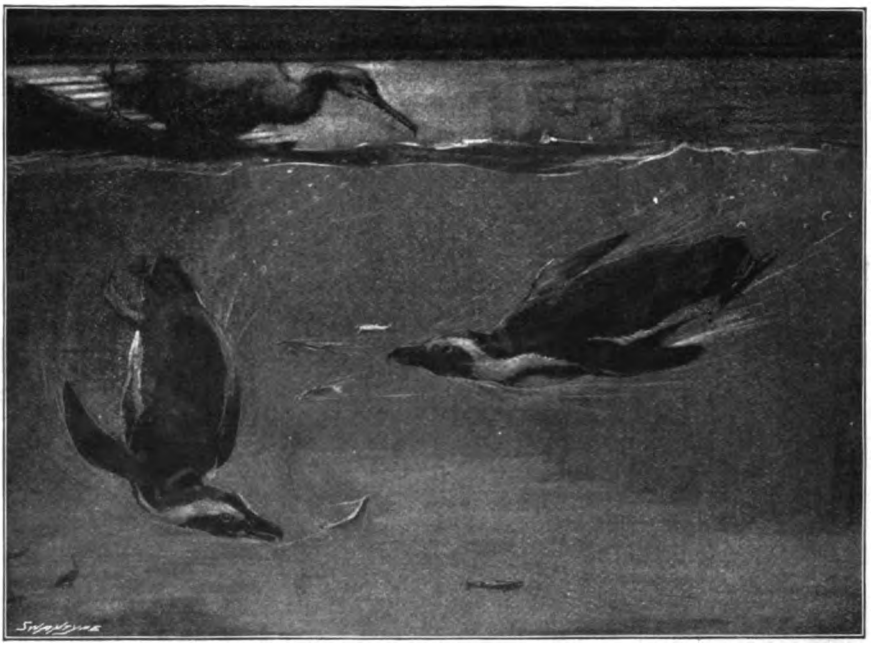
the Regent's Park Gardens may observe for himself, the idea of the public as to the proper food of animals is diagrammatic in its simplicity. Nuts and pieces of stale bread and bun (supplied by the refreshment people) are thought to constitute all that they ought to ask. Even the crocodiles, those carnivorous "fearful wild-fowl," are vainly tempted to change their mode of life by a plenteous offering of nuts, which has no more effect than to sully their pool in the Reptile House. The incident, in fact, recalls the more successful attempt of the three bold babes to convert the dragon from a being with a taste for roast maiden into an assiduous cultivator of cabbages. There have, however, been cases where the expert knowledge available was hardly in advance of the rudimentary notions of the majority of the public. In the Reptile House are two creatures which are the pride of the Society; apart from these two examples there are no living specimens of the singular Australian fish, the Ceratodus, alive in Europe.



*Diving birds.*

It is not a fish of lively manners or of engaging aspect; it is not only rare, being limited to one or two rivers in Queensland, but it is perhaps the most interesting living animal; it has sometimes been termed, in a deliberate hibernicism, a living fossil. Now this mud fish, which links together in a most perfect way the fishes proper and the amphibians, was believed for some time to prefer a vegetable diet, the opinion being based upon what, after all, might seem reasonable premises—viz, that remains of water-plants had been found in its interior in a digested, or rather semi-digested condition. This, however, proved later to be only a partial truth, and it appears that the leaves were engulfed accidentally together with the water-snails which the fish really sought for. Hence, though the crispest and most attractive of lettuces proved unalluring as food, the Ceratodus ate greedily worms and bits of meat. It is not often, however, that so great a confusion occurs in fixing approximately the food of a given animal: carnivorous, vegetarian, and omnivorous creatures generally

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bear the marks of their special tastes in their teeth, in their claws, or in their hoofs. There is a popular superstition to the effect that monkeys live entirely upon nuts—that at least they would do so if their tastes could be accurately ascertained. As a matter of fact, arguments propounded by vegetarians have been founded upon this alleged fact; and for the nonce becoming hearty evolutionists, such believers point out that as our teeth and general structure is that of a monkey, we should also be vegetarian. The monkey, however, is, like his human relative, a mixed feeder. He is fond of all kinds of fruit, and the gorilla is said to go miles in search of a particular kind of berry which specially appeals to his palate. But the generality of apes and monkeys have an equally pronounced taste for birds' eggs, and even for the young birds, besides eating quantities of caterpillars. At the Zoo mealworms are furnished in abundance for some of the American monkeys, who are extremely fond of them. It is a curious difference between the apes of the Old World and the monkeys of the New that the former have the habit of stowing away their food in cheek pouches, whereas the American monkeys do not possess that convenience for the temporary storage of their food. Whether it is correlated with the more purely arboreal habits of the monkeys of the West, and the consequently greater freedom from foes, is not certain. It is often to be noted, however, that defenceless creatures which are liable to be interrupted in their meals by an enemy desirous of eating them, have some mechanism whereby they can hastily gather up a supply of food with which they can rapidly fly or run off, and then really eat it at their leisure. The peaceful ruminant feeding in flocks is apt to be the object of chase to a leopard or tiger. But the antelope or deer fills the first part of its stomach as completely

*The ant-eaters.*

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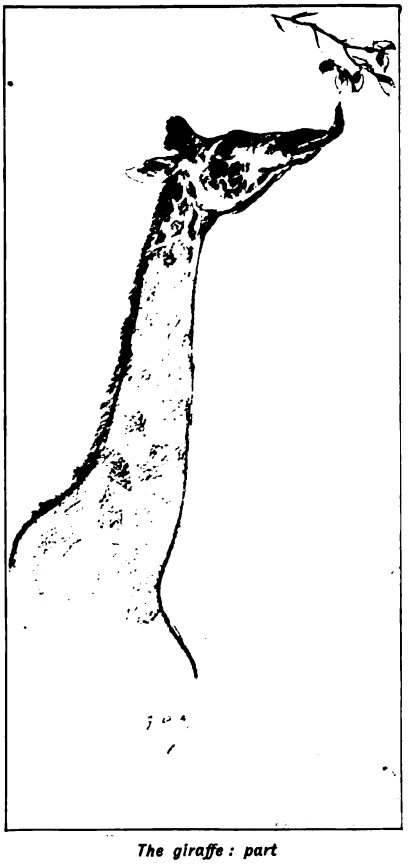
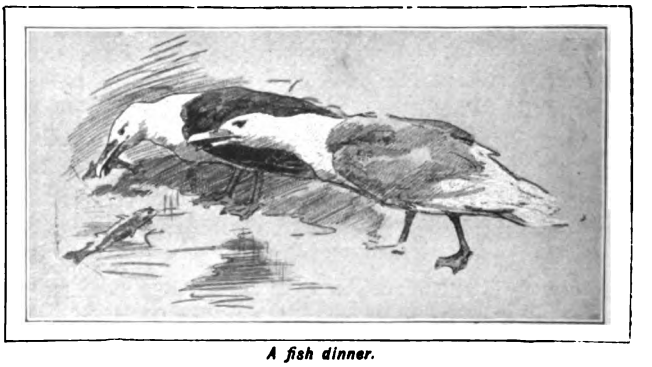


*The giraffe: part*

and rapidly as time will allow, and then returning it to the mouth can chew and subsequently digest at ease and in a safer place. The great bill of the pelican, with its pouch-like under-surface, is an excellent temporary larder, and the surprising amount of fish that it will hold is almost proverbial. We need not perhaps emphasize the stories of the hedgehog, which has been asserted—and that even by the sage Blumenbach—to rob orchards by the simple method of rolling over the fallen fruit and bearing away the spoil triumphantly upon its spines. But, broadly speaking, purely vegetable-feeding creatures have some way or other of carrying off a vast quantity of food, which is needed.

At the entrances to the Zoological Gardens the hours of feeding of many creatures are indicated; but it will be noticed that these times refer exclusively to carnivorous animals, whose proportion of food will at first sight strike the visitor as somewhat stingily docked in comparison with other apparently more favoured animals. In the year 1899 only 92 tons of horse-flesh and 186 goats were consumed by the carnivora; but no less than 280 loads of hay and clover were consumed by the antelopes, elephants, oxen, etc., not to mention such trifles as 316 quarters of oats, barley, maize, etc., 60 cwt. of oil-cake, 6386 quarterns of bread, besides a vast quantity of "greens," carrots, and fruits. Vegetable-feeding animals are, in fact, supplied with an almost constant supply of food, which would be injurious to lions and tigers and such creatures as depend in their wild state upon a scanty and varying supply of prey. To overfeed a lion would be extremely cruel; to underfeed a rabbit would be precisely the same. There are always plenty of exceptions to a general statement of any kind; but on the whole it is true that vegetable-feeding animals have a more extensive and capacious alimentary tract than have animals whose diet is purely meat. Hence the need for more food, or at least the means of dealing with increased supplies, in the former. Fish-eating beasts form a remarkable exception. As a rule, such creatures have a particularly long intestine. This is seen,



*A fish dinner.*

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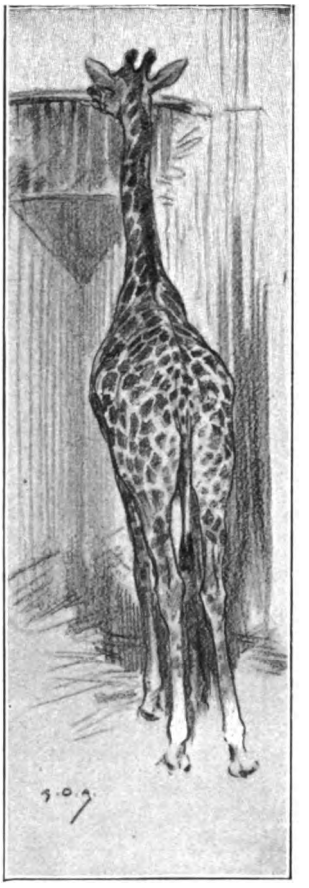
for example, with the seals and sea lions. In correspondence with this, fish-eating mammals and birds consume large quantities; the fish bills at the Zoo for a year had to account for the colossal mass of 41,470 lb. of fish of various kinds. After these figures, such apparently eccentric and luxurious articles of diet as 49 pots of Liebig, 803 tins of preserved milk, and 957 lb. of grapes seem quite trifling in their quantities. The Zoological Society could fairly advertise that the diet supplied is unlimited, after the fashion of various scholastic establishments, but with better claim, perhaps, to an accuracy of statement. Seeing that over fifty kinds of dishes are provided for the table of the inhabitants of the Zoo, the diet may be said to be fairly varied. But there are animals who are accustomed in a state of nature to foods which are practically unattainable here. A scarce species of tropical fruit may be adequately represented by bananas; and perhaps a tiger enjoys a joint of kid in London as much as a native baby in the East.



*The giraffe: the whole.*

With that comparatively large series of beasts which live upon ants the case is different, and an attempt is made to provide them with imitation ants. In Nature we may frequently note the operation of a law which is the precise converse of one that has been formulated in the science of political economy; in the latter science a demand is said to create a supply. In the realm of Nature a copious supply produces a demand. Ants known as "white ants" or termites, which are of course not ants at all in the strict sense of the word, but near allies of the dragon-fly, abound in various tropical countries, where they construct huge hills for their dwelling. The great ant-bear of South America —of which Mr. Rodway remarks that "its powerful forelegs, great claws and tapering snout suggests at once that there have been several factors at work to create such a monster,"— possibly really owes its bizarre frame to the influence of abundant ants. Its toothless gums, enormous and extensile tongue, and relatively colossal salivary glands, which cover the former with a thick and viscid secretion, serve to ensnare and sufficiently masticate the tender insects upon which it preys. The great claws, fatal to a pursuing dog,

*So shy.*

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and even, according to Waterton, to the fierce jaguar, enable it to tear open the solidly-constructed "nests" of the insects. This great creature, Myrmecophaga, is now, and is almost always, represented at the Zoo by examples. Its general build and tastes are shared by two other ant-eaters from the same continent, which diminish in size: the smaller Tamandua and the little Cyclothurus complete the series.

On the African "veldt" and in other parts of that continent lives a strange creature with a pig-like head and snout, curiously reminiscent of the figure of the devil in Dürer's picture of *Sintram*, known as the Aard vark (which means earth pig), or more technically as Orycteropus. This creature also is an ant-eater, though it has not the faintest relationship to the long-snouted and long-tailed ant-bear of America. Its tongue is long, and its salivary glands are well developed; but its teeth, although evidently going, have not entirely disappeared. The same part of the world produces a beast with a somewhat similar Dutch name, the Aard wolf, which is really and truly a somewhat toothless hyæna. It is at least a relative of those cowardly and revolting brutes, so common in certain regions of the Old World. Its teeth have come to be very small, reduced in numbers, and weak on account of its penchant for ants. But as the changes in structure are so slight as compared with those that have been undergone by the creatures already described, it would seem as if the Aard wolf had only lately taken to this peculiar kind of food.

In Australia we meet with two other ant-eaters, the Echidna and the little Myrmecobius, both of which have long tongues and big salivary glands, and neither of which has the least relationship to the other animals which have devoted themselves to ants. And to complete the list of totally unrelated creatures which feed upon ants, there is the singular and scaly Manis of India and Africa. The compromise adopted at the Zoo is to provide such of these animals as are exhibited there (all with the exception of Myrmecobius have been on view) with an imitation ragoût of termites concocted out of finely chopped meat, eggs, and milk; if this mixture were only flavoured with the acid that ants other than the termites secrete, the mixture would probably bear about the same relation to the true food as mock turtle does to its prototype. Curiously enough, it has been found at the Calcutta Zoo that the Manis occasionally takes no notice whatever of a diet of termites, when this—the proper food of the creature—has been offered to it. We have not yet tried that experiment in the Regent's Park. Practically, these various imitations of the normal food of diverse creatures are perfectly successful. But it cannot be doubted that food is frequently a most important factor in keeping up the normal appearance of the animal; on the other hand, an absolute and entire change of diet at times produces no difference that can be detected. The celebrated experiment of John Hunter in feeding the fish and garbage-eating gull upon grain, did not apparently, as that great anatomist thought, produce any real change in the bird, and was not responsible for converting its soft and collapsible stomach into the familiar gizzard of grain-eating fowls. Then there is the notorious Kea-kea parrot of New Zealand, recently rendered more famous by the inscription of its effigy upon a shilling postage-stamp of that colony, which from a harmless diet of vegetables has acquired a taste for mutton, and become a nuisance, in consequence, to the

*Post-prandial meditations.*

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farmers of New Zealand. This entire alteration in its mode of life occurred without any provocation whatsoever.

On the other side, the production of a deep orange colour in canaries by giving them cayenne pepper is familiar to fanciers; and, "curiouser and curiouser," certain parrots of the Amazon kind can alter their hues if fed upon the fat of certain fishes. Dealers are said to fake up flamingoes by judicious feeding; the familiar tiger-moth of this country can be altered with chameleon-like variety by merely changing its food-plant while in the caterpillar stage; and in short, there are plenty of examples which prove, or appear to prove, the direct influence of food upon the appearance of the animal fed. There is a bird, often—indeed it may be said always—to be seen in the eastern aviary at the Zoo, which comes from South America, and is an ibis of a beautiful scarlet hue. Rarely, however, is that bird to be seen in captivity with a full development of its magnificent colour. It is quite possible that some necessary article of food is not forthcoming, and that to attain to its proper scarlet some particular kind of crustacean is requisite. There is room for much experiment in this matter; but the mortality of valuable animals might perhaps be considered too serious a consequence of such a thirst for knowledge.

*A racoon washing his food.*

Feeding and making love are the two principal functions of the animal world, and there has been therefore much development of individual eccentricities in the performance of these acts, necessary for the animal and for its race. In captivity it sometimes happens that natural habits become a little altered in accordance with changed conditions; but after all this is not as a rule sufficient to conceal the real ways of action of the various species, which can often be studied in captivity, undoubtedly with far greater ease and probably with equal profit. Some animals have a habit of plunging and dabbling their food in water before proceeding to devour it; this is especially seen in the 'Coon, which has on that very account received the full-dress scientific name of Procyon lotor, the "washer." This habit or custom must not be put down to cleanliness on the part of the beast. It is more likely that the food when wetted betrays to the sensitive touch or smell of the racoon its relative suitability as food. Every one knows that the evil odours of cities are pent up by a dry frost, and liberated to the full with the ensuing thaw. This same racoon when feeding holds the morsel between its paws, and rather to the wristward than nearer the fingers. It has been quite lately

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pointed out that a large number of mammals which use their hands as hands, and not—as in horses, oxen, etc.—as mere organs of locomotion, possess close to the wrist, a tuft of long, strong hairs connected with a nerve below the skin; these hairs are entirely similar to the "whiskers" of the cat, and indeed also occur at least in some domestic pussies. It may well be that their presence has some relation to the careful and deliberate way in which many creatures hold and handle their food before devouring it. The lion and the tiger may or may not possess these bristly hairs; but like the true gourmet they have realised the truth of that perhaps somewhat obvious generalisation, that a person can only dine once a day. These huge carnivora enjoy the flavour of their food before proceeding to satisfy their grosser appetites by carefully licking it over. The tongue, as old John Evelyn, who was rash enough to put his hand into the mouth of a lion, tells us in his "Diary," is covered, as is that of the cat, with stiff rough papillæ, the use of which is clearly that of rasping off shreds of food as an *hors d'œuvre*. Apropos of the lion, it has been asserted that the phrase "lions roaring after their prey," is to be taken in the literal sense, and that they produce that sound, so very similar towards its close to that of a meaner beast who once assumed the lion's mantle, on a full and not upon an empty stomach.

It is not always that carnivorous creatures will put up with dead food. Fortunately the bulk of them will, for it would hardly do to convert the Zoological Gardens into a scene of bloodshed between carnivorous and herbivorous animals. At one time the Society possessed a sea-lion which, though provided with the usual and excellent whitings and other fish that are proffered to those animals, pined through declining those dead and headless fishes. The late Mr. Bartlett, with great astuteness, liberated into the seal pond a number of live eels; the pleasures of the chase restored its waning appetite to the sea-lion, and after that it accepted dead fish with satisfactory alacrity. A great variety of beasts and fowls have adopted a fishy diet, and equally varied are their ways of capturing this prey and of treating it in captivity. One of the oddest facts in natural history is the fact that the domestic cat is so decidedly not averse to fish. Coming as our pussy does from Egypt (the very name "puss" is supposed to be a corruption of Bubastis or Pasht), a dry country, what chance would it have of securing that particular kind of prey? The "poor cat i' the adage" of Shakespeare, who let "I dare not wait upon I would," is simply the prowling grimalkin of our roofs and firesides, the phrase—according to the Rev. M. G. Watkins—being a rendering of the mediæval Latin verse,—"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas." Nevertheless, there is in Java a really fishing cat, concerning whose habits, unfortunately, but little is known. It has been asserted that tabby herself has been known to fish in shallow streams, and with more success than the cat immortalised by the poet Gray. The cat tribe, however, at the Zoo are not given much in the way of fish; fowls' heads are considered to be a more suitable diet for them.

One of the features of the Zoo, duly advertised at the entrance gates, is the feeding of the "diving birds." These usually comprise a penguin or two and a darter, and perhaps a cormorant, and some auks, etc. It is noteworthy to observe the entirely different way in which these birds pursue and capture the small fishes which are put into the water for them. The darter is called at times the snake-bird, on account of its long neck, and also by reason of the fact that, like its near relative the cormorant, it swims as buoyantly as the lightest of buoys, but with its body quite plunged beneath the water. This bird, when it realises that there are fish about, dives and, swimming with its legs launches its long neck, which has a kink in the middle, at the fish; the latter is transfixed by the sharp beak of the

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bird, and is then tossed up into the air, and caught into the mouth on its descent. The penguin, on the other hand, pursues the fish with even greater rapidity under the water, using its scaly and paddle-like wings as fins. It simply engulfs the fish when they are cornered.

*The pelicans' pool.*

There is plenty more to tell of the tastes and habits of the large family housed at the Zoological Gardens; but the writer is compelled to bear in mind that the editorial definition of space is not that of the astronomer, illimitable.

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# "TOO LATE A MESSENGER"

## *AN IDYLL OF MODERN EGYPT.*

BY MARIE VAN VORST.

"O THOU Bey," said the Sheik to Redfield, "this piece is of dirt—worthless." The Arab held up a napoleon that lay like a sun-spot on his brown palm.

"Worthless?" Redfield smiled sceptically. He picked up the money and dropped it back into his waistcoat pocket.

The Sheik's face clouded. "Nevertheless I would have given unto the High Ruler 155 piastres, and denied myself two meals."

"Oh, on no account, no. Try a hand at that, Hassan."

Al-Mamuhd "tried a hand" at a lot of English coin, and from the pile of money before which he sat cross-legged he chose the requisite number of piastres to supplement the sum for which Steven Redfield waited in the dazzling sun of a spring afternoon under the slight shelter of Hassan's booth.

In front of the money-changer ran a yellow road, flanked on its opposite side by a white wall. Along the line of its shadow followed the stragglers astir in the midday's brilliance. A fat Arab, astride a miniature grey donkey, ambled past, and from the ends of the rider's bare toes dangled red heel-less slippers. With turbaned head thrown back, and eyes shut, he was devoutly praying, interrupting his prayer by his eternal "*Arr-ah*" and a dig with his pointed goad in the flanks of the little beast he rode. Half-naked children and a group of young girls bearing pitchers on their heads ran along clinging to the wall's shadow, gesticulating, talking. From the adjoining temporary bazaars, gay with Eastern wares, bright with brass and silver trinkets, native cries of barter and exchange filled the air like the mingled hum of midsummer bees.

Hassan the money-changer, in his scrupulously clean garments of the best and richest materials, was superb. His booth was divided in the centre by a falling crimson curtain, against which the Arab in his brilliant dress bent his noble features over his money-piles. He had the nose of a poet, the mouth of an ascetic, but his eyes, small, keen, uncompromising, betrayed his trade. But he was a very honourable Sheik,—he had been to Mecca.

"The Bey wearies at Luxor?" Hassan's voice sang the words, whilst his look



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at the lounging figure in its cool Anglo-Saxon *negligée* expressed dislike for the race and a certain admiration of this most well-looking male fellow-being.

Redfield shrugged. "Oh, Egypt," he said, "is for ever the same: Cairo, Luxor, desert river-bank. It is a background against which everything else appears cold."

Hassan smiled finely, but would not understand the foreigner's love of his country. "Cairo is much to the English,—it is a plaything for them. But here in Luxor," he indicated with a graceful wave of his hands, "unless one is an invalid, one grows soon weary."

Redfield looked out at the frightful glare, loth to venture forth. "Perhaps I am weary, Hassan," he nodded; "at all events, I am weary in Luxor, and I want to sleep in it,—(and dream in it)," he was about to say, but Hassan interrupted him.

"And not return to Cairo!" he regretted. Ah, then sorrow would fill the hearts of the bazaar keepers, where the great lord buys so freely!"

"When are *you* going down, Hassan?" smilingly asked "the great lord," who was nothing at all but a poor imaginative writer.

"The bazaars will remove in a few days," replied the Sheik, replacing his piles of coin in small silver and wooden boxes, each a marvel of carving. (The booth was to close until the late afternoon.) "But I shall return, before the herd."

His customer, still immovable, considered the brilliance of colour, the white and gold and pink and intense blue of the without. Ever since coming to Luxor

*"Under the slight shelter of Hassan's booth."*

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he had been under a curious spell,—from the very moment that he had stepped from the Government post-boat on to the shore, and looked up to the temple's slender colonnades lifting their lotus-flowers to the sky, he had been surrounded by a caressing influence. He seemed to be enveloped in the penumbra of another soul. The first day in his little pavilion, the first night in Luxor, were so unreal and extraordinary in their psychical influence as to make him feel that he might succumb under mental syncope. Then all idea of an abnormal state he discarded, for he had in reality never been more "fit," and after a few days he luxuriated in the *dolce far niente* of body, whilst his spirit spread her wings in the atmosphere of early summer on the borderland of the desert, and on the edge of the Nile.

As he hesitated this morning in Hassan's booth, the feelings of the past two weeks possessed him with an extraordinary intensity—a veil seemed to be thrown over him, to envelop him in an intangible, exquisite mist. Redfield drew a long sigh, lifted the helmet from his head, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. The money-changer was speaking in Arabic to some one who had parted the red curtains at the back of the booth, and the new-comer replied in a voice enchanting—a voice that was part of the spell.

Beside Hassan Al-Mamuhd stood a young girl dressed in the long blue robe of the fellaheen. Her arms, bare from the shoulder, were warmer in colour than the desert sands; her black hair, drawn straight back from her face, was full of purple shadows. Her forehead and eyes were all he could see; before her face, slightly disguising her features, fell a thin veil. Bracelets of silver and blue and green crystal hung on her wrists, and lightly against her blue cotton garment she crossed her slender, very beautiful hands. Her *voix trainante* rose and fell with a musical cadence that addressed itself to Redfield's soul, whilst the girl's eyes looked at him from over her thin face-covering. The spell incarnate was before the young Englishman. He returned the steadfast look, and if those virgin eyes questioned, his soul replied from a heart that had never known love of woman. At once the subtle, elusive atmosphere in which he had been living became personal, human, and tangible.

Hassan's voice shattered vision and occult crisis as a blow shatters glass.

"Musa, take these boxes within." He laid the carved cases in her hands.

The foreigner waved a courteous adieu to father and daughter, and stepped out at last into the heat and blaze. "Musa!" he said,—"Musa! So that is the little daughter of Al-Mamuhd. Why, she can't be more than sixteen years old!"

It was the season of Khamseen—the electric wind-storms that sweep in the summer through this part of Egypt. Redfield reasonably attributed his excited nervous tension to this current's effect, as he looked from his pavilion into the yellow atmosphere. The dust-laden wind possessed the air, and through the golden haze light sand particles were sown like seed. One could scarcely breathe in the heat. Redfield's mouth was parched and dry, his skin pricked as though he had been tattooed. The little garden about the pavilion was a marvel of red and white roses, but they were withering to death in the hideous drought. The servants covered the charred turf with cloths kept wet all day, and erected over the rose trees little tents with grass roofs. The jessamines gave out their very essence, and the mingled perfumes rose with an insistence unendurable.

Redfield did not seek Hassan's booth again, and meantime the fugitive bazaars, which had come up from Cairo on speculating tours, folded their tents and withdrew. In their stead the camels possessed the square, the native merchants reinstalled themselves. Dirt, filth, wild, confused noises, and the countless odours that only Egypt can produce, made Redfield steer clear of that quarter of Luxor

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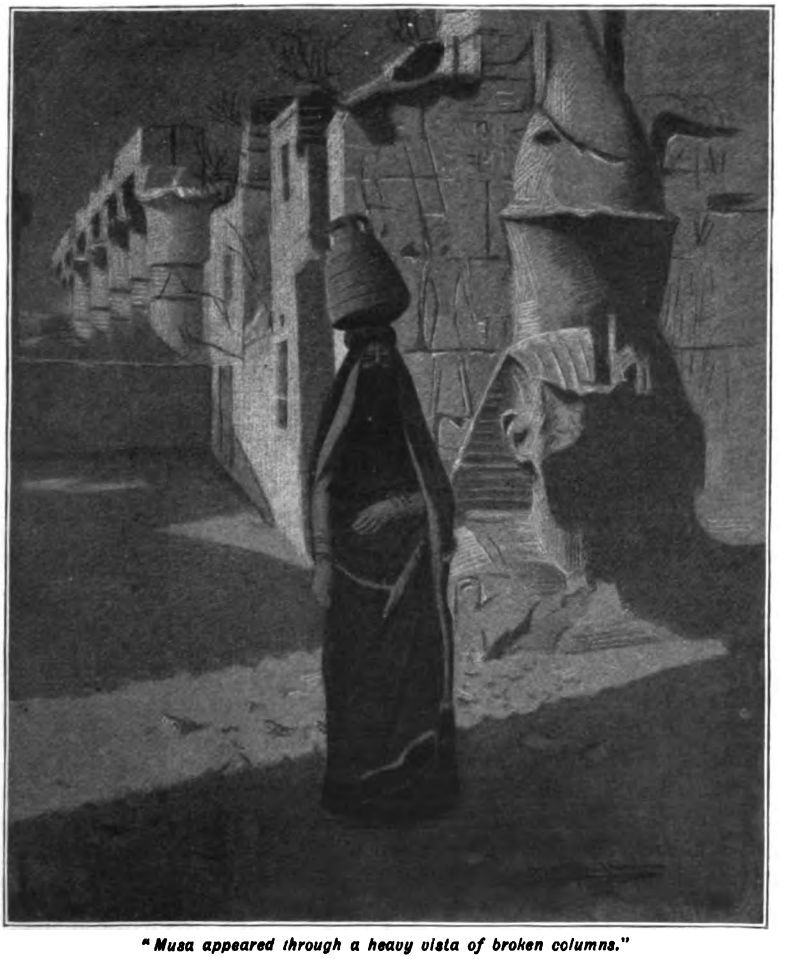
for several days. Although on his walks he looked for Musa everywhere, and followed every fluttering blue garment with anxious expectation, he saw her not at all. She had doubtless been driven back with "the herd," or been taken to Cairo by her scornful father before the general exodus. "Hassan would keep so fine a pearl well guarded!" thought Redfield. The perfumes from his garden, intense by night as by day, were fraught with suggestions that he did not wish to follow, and his pavilion became intolerable.

Late one evening, as he sought the ruins, he caught a glimpse of a figure



*"Musa appeared through a heavy vista of broken columns."*

creeping here and there in the pink light, a blue garment blended with the rose-colour of the stones. Musa disappeared like a spirit behind a pillar, carved four thousand years before her form had been made in beauty. The column rose to the lotus flower that capped it in grace no less perfect than that of the Arabian girl at its base, who leaned against a fallen pilaster, looking straight before her at the distant river bank, where the grass waved against the night sky; and toward the eastern horizon, where one by one the stars grew out, like great flowers in the night, so large, so low-hanging, that the hand could almost brush them from the sky.

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Thereafter the figure with the fluttering veil was never far away. Once Musa appeared through a short vista of broken columns, her arms holding above her head a grey cruse of water, the cool moisture oozing from the clay. She placed the bottle on a stone, faded out of sight, and Redfield surmised that the offering was for him. Parched and grateful, he went as toward an oasis, and from the clay's moist mouth drank a delicious draught. The thirst of Egypt was upon him —that dry thirst good to feel because so tremendously good to satisfy. He held the bowl of the vessel in his feverish hands until something of the coolness penetrated his palms. Then he replaced the bottle and walked quickly from the temple up the hill.

So long as the girl sought the temple of Rameses, so constantly did Redfield seek it; and, although no word was exchanged between them, they conversed. He would sit on a remote fallen column, his head bowed in his hands, strangely linked to the being who never turned more than her profile toward him.

Night after night, so soon as sundown lifted the burden from the day, he came to the ruins of Luxor, and returned through the afterglow to his pavilion hidden by white walls, where crimson bougainvillia poured flowers of flame over the snowy stucco, and laid its cool green foliage againt the walls. One night Redfield, exhausted by sensations he could not explain, threw himself on his bed fully dressed. In the centre of the room a giant block of ice had been placed on a brass tray. He watched the mass of delicious coolness gleaming in the moonlight. Around the shining square a fine frosty steam rose in the thick, hot air. Once or twice he had risen, and drawn near to this artificial winter in the hot prime of tropical summer, sitting close to the block, smoking and trying to cool the fever in his blood. But at length prostrate, his hands high above his head, he listened to the water draining from the tray through a rubber pipe lying like a black snake across the floor, listening to the drip! drip! of the water, the long baying of the jackals and the sharp bark of the scavenger dogs. Across the drowsy, sensuous trend of his thought, Reason tried in vain to cut away. The curious spell enchaining him was the strongest he had ever known, and he had no will to break it. To-night, as he lay inert, in a very halo of dreams, the venetian door of the bedroom giving on the landing of his garden stairway softly opened. He watched it. It was held ajar. Then, as though a swift hand were passed over each lath in the lattice, came a sound like a caress.

He rose, went over to the window, opened the doors wide, and stepped out on to the porch. Behind the left fold of the green shutters stood Musa, in the blue dress of the fellaheen. Her veil had been removed, but the light headdress fell over her hair, framing either side of the face raised to his. She threw out her hands with a free and graceful movement; then, as though she took all that she so passionately offered back to herself again, she clasped her hands over her heart. Her figure stood out dark in the alabaster snow of Eastern moonlight.

"*Anna taal*, Excellence," she said,—"I have come!"

Before Redfield's eyes slept his garden, in the tropical sumptuousness of rose, violet, jessamine, with the background of palm and acacia; he looked from it at this slight young creature, brilliant with wedded beauty of rose and jessamine, incarnate with charm of the night.

"Yes, child," he said, "I see you have come."

He put a hand on her shoulder, and forcing her gently in front of him, descended, with her, the pavilion steps. She moved obediently, and the two stood at length side by side before a stone seat under a palm.

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The low lines of her hair cut clear and dark above her smooth forehead and delicately drawn eyebrows. Her eyes were deep and infinitely sad, and her lips like curled flower petals. The skin of her arms and neck was pale and delicate in texture, and freedom and simplicity in her gestures and carriage. Once again she held out her arms.

"Excellence, I have come," she very softly said.

"Yes," said Redfield again, "I see you have come; and you must go."

Over her fast beating heart, where the blue folds of her gown rose and fell like a troubled little sea, she closely held her slender hands. He saw how long and slim were her fingers, with the perfect nails henna coloured. At the sides of her hands the flesh flushed, warm as a rose, to her inner palms' exquisite lovely shells.

"Excellence," she said, in her caressing tones, "I have come to stay for ever."

Under a palm near at hand stood the genius of the garden,—a pelican who soberly paced the paths all day. Now he was aloof, asleep under the tree's shadow.

"You do not know me, Excellence."

"Yes, you are Musa—Hassan Al-Mamuhd's daughter."

"But of a day ago you know that!" she laughed. "You know me of then, and not before?"

"No, not before."

"Ah!" and she made a pretty exclamation: "*I* have known the *Presence* all my life! Ever since I was a little child in Cairo! One day the *Presence* passed on foot through the street where I stood, near to the mosque of Tooloon; I had a piece of straw in my eye, and I was too small to do anything but hold my head and weep. The *Lord* was with many of his people, but he stopped and drew my hands from my face and asked me in my own tongue what was wrong. He took his handkerchief"—the girl bent toward Redfield, speaking always in her musical cadence—"he took his handkerchief and wiped my eyes of tears, and then he took the object from my eye and left me with his handkerchief in my hands. I watched for him till he came out of the mosque with his people,—I followed him to the city, and I knew him then and for ever. Every day when he went abroad, I saw him, until I grew to know his ways and his walks. And I often grew weary keeping pace with his steps!" She laughed, curling and curving her red lips. "Then when I grew older I feared to see him with some woman of his pale people; but *Allah* is good"—she drew a deep intense breath—"*that*, I never saw! and though he knew nothing of it, I walked with him all his ways. Many times when he went to *Gizeh* on his horse have I run by his side in the grass on the river bank,—often left far behind."

She shook her head, and the silver chain on her neck tinkled deliciously. "I walked to the desert's edge even, when the *Lord* went out with the camel caravan; and when he returned I was there to greet him. But that," said the Egyptian, "was long ago. Suddenly one day it came to me that I could no more follow thus. I was ashamed. The last time I followed, *Lord* . . ." she lifted to him her beautiful, sensitive face, "*would you hear?*"

"*Yes, yes!*" murmured Redfield.

"It was when it seemed good to the *Presence* to go once by night alone, to *Gizeh*; and when the world had gone and left the Pyramids and the Sphinx, the *Presence* still remained."

Redfield listened to her with close attention.

"He lay," said Musa, "all night by the head of the Sphinx in the moonlight;

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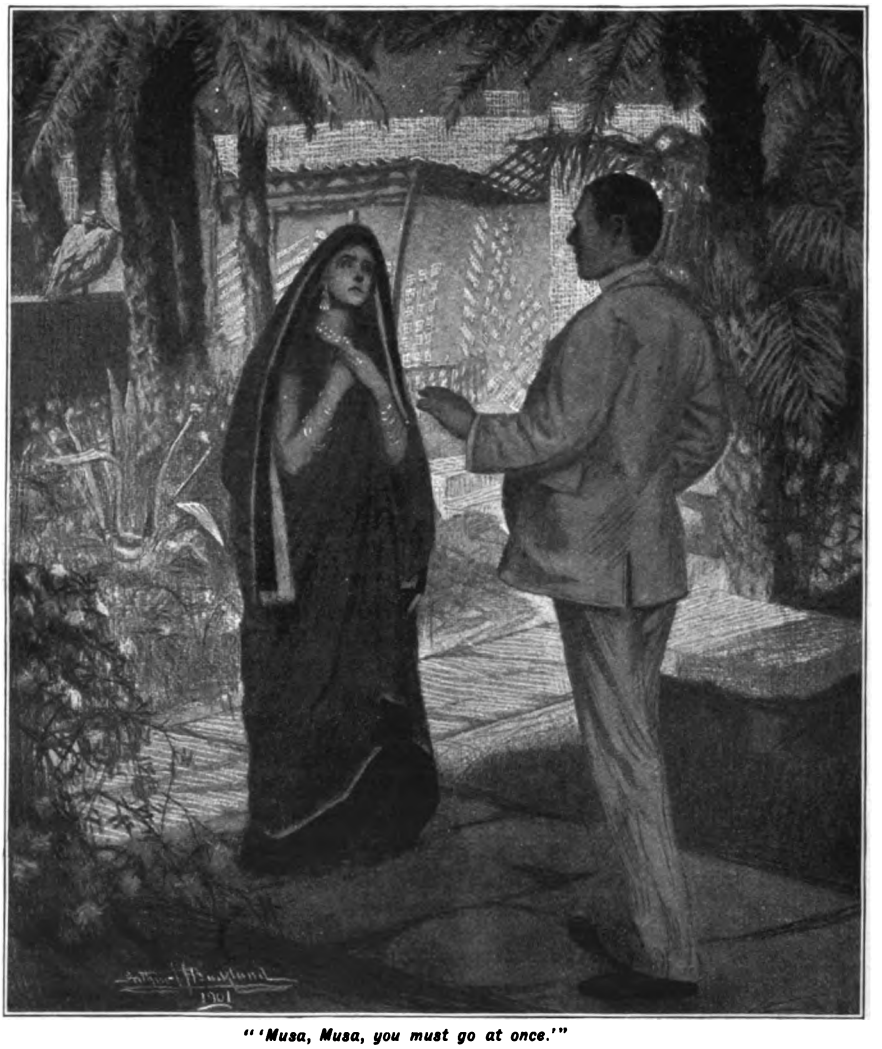
and I made a little pillow of sand, and, awake, kept watch near his feet. Sometimes the jackals came, and I drove them away."

The musical recital seemed to tell him nothing new, but it explained what he had never been able to comprehend. He remembered his nervous restlessness during his expedition of the camel corps, and the strange peace of his return, when the low hills before the barracks came in sight and he descended from his



*"'Musa, Musa, you must go at once.'"*

rocking beast, to see Cairo shining in the distance, and the little band of gathered natives waiting, curious. Musa had been of them!

Here she drew from the bosom of her robe a case worked with devices and designs. Opening it, she took out a piece of carefully folded linen, and placed it in Redfield's hand. "The Excellency's handkerchief."

He regarded this property of his that had been an unknown treasure of love for years, then gave it to her back again, and in doing so touched her hands. Instantly —as all things that belong, touch and hold fast—his hands held hers in his own.

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"*Musa!*" (and he did not know his own voice), "you must go at once."

And this was the reward of years! This was the answer of fate to her life's one devotion. She paled until the moonlight was less white, and even the brilliancy of her lips faded. She swayed as a reed in the wind. With a cry that made Redfield feel as though his heart had been cut in two, she fell at his feet on her knees, burying her head in its madonna-like hood in her hands.

"*Lissa! lissa!*—not yet, not yet," she murmured.

He lifted her as though she had been more a child than she was, and before either of them knew what had happened, they had seated themselves side by side on the stone under the palm.

The pelican moved, disturbed in his solitary dreams. Redfield, the companion of grave walks among the roses and jessamine, was not alone to-night, and the creature solemnly stared at these two, who spoke not at all, but who sat with clasped hands. There was a dignity about the silent human beings that the bird of the desert approved. He stretched his long bill into the radiant moonlight, and through the fragrant atmosphere he peered at them; then he put his head in the softest part of his wing and left them to the moon and the flowers.

Musa again drew an amulet from her chain of charms. "See how well I come dowered!"

Redfield opened the little box, where piece after piece of gold lay yellow.

"It is my bridal dower, *Lord*."

"You do not understand, my child," said the Englishman. He no longer held her hands, but rose instead and stood in front of her, fair and tall and cold. "You must go, and you must go at once." He trusted himself to speak as little as possible, and in as few words. He chose them cruelly.

The child rose too, trembling, palpitating, and fading, as the blue light in the dying candle flame.

"How long have I been here?" she softly asked.

"I do not know."

"Yes, yes. You wear that thing which tells what time it is."

"Nearly an hour, then."

"Oh no," Musa said—"not an hour, *Lord*. An hour—(her deep, sweet eyes rested on him with so much tenderness that he could have wept at the futile pain)—"an hour, *Lord*, is a round, full, perfect thing. They all have shapes to me! A quarter is like this" (she made an angle with her fingers); "a half is an ugly square; but the hour is a round circle, perfect for pain or joy."

She came close to him and put her hands on his arm. The heat folded round them like a heavy pall. His eyelids felt the weight of the stirless air, filled with the moon, crimson with heat. Every breath that he drew was burdened with the odour of flowers dying in the parched night. Against the wall the bougainvillia's close green trellis alone looked fresh and dark. Toward it and away from the eyes and lips of the daughter of Al-Mamuhd, Redfield turned his gaze. As the two stood side by side the Egyptian drew the man's soul from the innermost recesses of his memory, as though she possessed his remotest past, and as though every breath of his existence lived in her, was part of her. Present things of practical civilisation, of which he was a product, were blotted out, and before him alone was mysterious Egypt, warm, fragrant, a sanctuary holding their hearts like jewels for ages—a temple for their souls.

And here he looked down at the hands on his arm. In the smooth texture of her skin the pores were scarcely visible, and the fine woven lines that made the web of her flesh ran almost unperceived over the network of blue veins. The



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bracelets hung loosely on her wrists, and Redfield's sight followed the beautiful sweep of the young girl's arm from finger-tip to shoulder.

"One hour, *Lord*," she was pleading very low, and he stirred; putting both hands on her shoulders, he forcibly turned her away from the garden-seat towards the stairway of his house, where the ice gleamed in the moonlight. He passed determinedly the first step, ever making toward the door in the garden's trellised wall.

"Let me stay the small time of an hour," she pleaded in her picturesque speech; "one hour, that I may have a perfect circle in my life, to close round my heart."

They were before the gate that shut the Englishman's little garden from the native town. He put a hand on the latch.

Her eyes' mysterious pools were deep with devotion, and growing deeper with tears. Redfield at this felt the last portals of his reserve unfold; he tore open the wall's gate. The young Arab made an anguished gesture, such as hopeless love can alone know, complete with the despair of love unsatisfied. She seized his hand, raining on it her kisses and her tears, the last mingling with the soft touch of her lips. He made a fierce exclamation in his foreign speech (alas! if she had understood it). Then he thrust her through the little green door, shutting and barring it; they both stood motionless, he within, she without.

Redfield turned, found the farthest part of his garden, and his stone resting-place. There he sat down, and buried his face in his hands.

And Musa? If he had thought to hear her footsteps steal away in the night, he heard them not at all! Until daybreak the girl stood close to the little door, her lovely body hid in the shadow of the bougainvillia vines, green dark leaves protectingly folding about her, and red blossoms lying against her blue dress, like stars of love.

The pelican rose; seeing his companion thus bowed and solitary, stalked majestically out from his night retreat, cleaving the moonlight with his distinct form. He approached Redfield, stood close for company, and together they watched the hot hours defile into the coolness that comes just before sunrise; then Redfield arose and went within.

When the morning came, Musa pressed her lips against the door-latch. "*Khalas!*—it is finished!" she whispered. "*Layltak sa[illegible], Hadretak!*—Good-night, *Lord!*"

Early the following morning the Englishman sat amongst the piled green cushions on a divan's elevation in the Governor's house, listening to the Egyptian's fluent speech. His Excellency's tarboosh nodded excitedly as he grew warm and impressive under the sway of his feelings relieved. To the indolent, non-committal Englishman he poured forth his grievances, personal and general, against the army of occupation and British indifference. Redfield only half heard him. The Arab, after the repast he had shared with his guest, washed his hands in his silver basin, and dried them on a bit of linen, and the servant then brought to him and Redfield cigarettes and a little wand of light.

"The *Presence* will not forget," said the native, "in writing his glorious book, to speak of this following fact amongst others. Last year, in the quail season, one of the English officers, whilst shooting in the high grass along the river, shot instead of a quail a native child—a pot-bellied, fly-devoured baby, no doubt: Allah forgive me!—but he was a human being, I suppose, nevertheless. At all events, his mother wailed as though he were. I went to the funeral."

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"And then?" queried his hearer.

"And then?" repeated the dignitary,—"nothing! I could get no redress." He flung out his lithe hands melodramatically.

"In which case it must have been an inefficient effort on your part," said the other coolly.

"Alas! we could not discover the man's identity. No one came forth to claim the deed!"

Redfield shrugged.

"To offer at least backsheesh sufficient to—to——"

"To what?" smiled the other.

"To have dried the mother's tears—to have killed the matter legally."

Redfield here fairly laughed aloud.

"I agree with you he was remiss! But you see, he didn't think of it! If what you say is true, I shouldn't wonder if the sportsman was quite unconscious of what he had done, and you can be sure that he never thought of *paying* for it if he *knew* the fact."

The Governor smoked gloomily. "It *is* a fact, *Presence*," and (bending forward mysteriously) "a common fact, moreover."

Redfield's man was waiting without for him with his horse. He rose.

"And I pray that the *Presence* will note it, and will say in his book, which is to disclose much, that the British shoot the native children in the high grain-fields during the bird season like flies—like flies, *Presence*!"

Redfield frowned, then smiled in spite of himself. "I'm afraid I can't quite say that, Excellency; and I don't really think you expect it." And he went—indulgent of the native lie—pitying the jealous cause.

From thenceforth he knew himself to be a soul wedded to Egypt. The spell of Musa was about him like an amulet, and he seemed to read his present as from a mellow stone walling in the recess of his inner life in a tomb where the dust flowers of thousands of years bloom yellow and fill the hieroglyph interstices of the carving on the walls. On these tablets of his imagining curious symbols, lines of occult significance, surrounded always one woman's figure in bas-relief. The profile—long, braceleted arms, slender figure—was not Isis, but Musa, child of Hassan Al-Mamuhd, and she held in her hand the key of life and death, Goddess of Mystery in a temple which was Redfield's soul. He would marry Musa, he decided, if he could find her, and live lost to everything but his bougainvillia terrace and the mysterious love.

The ensuing nights he listened for a caressing touch on the window lattice; and once, indeed, he arose and, opening the door in the garden's wall, he looked out, up and down into the streets: night alone possessed the near and far distance, and then he left the garden gate wide-set, and, sitting as before under the palm, watched the moonshine from without flood the open doorway, entering whitely to meet the moonshine of within.

"*Lissa, lissa!*" he could hear her plead,—"Not yet, Lord!" He had thrust her out into the street, and the world would commend him!

In order to disprove his fantastic hypnotism, he went to Cairo and plunged into all of European life he could find. He ceased to be a recluse, and sought his kind, and found with a strange joy that they were his people no more. Over him surely there had passed a miracle. Redfield was not free.

One evening in December, with his bag and gun, he waded deep in the high wheat fields that stretch in yellow fertile bands on the right of the roadside. Looking almost level over the tideless, exquisite sea, he chose a point of attent,

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and setting his face eastward, waited for the whirr and rise of the quail. In front of him the line of the Nile's shining ribbon flashed between the green shores. Lately absorbing work and a more than ever determined effort had helped him to close at least the door of voluntary remembrance; but the night was full of the darkening languor of those souvenirs, and his spirit, with the rebellious freedom, returned an exile into the atmosphere of his dual existence. Motionless Redfield stood looking at the mellow loveliness around him, and it seemed to him that a vision of Musa came across the golden road passing the acacias, stepping into the wheaten sea; the grain stirred and hid this apparition from him.

"Musa was easy to conceal, she was so small and slender!" A rush of tenderness swept over him. "If I am to see apparitions too," he murmured, "it will be the last phase."

Just then he heard the quail call, and, lifting his rifle, bent waiting, attentive, his eyes following the direction of the cry. The green stalks stirred, and the air vibrated with the whirling rise; the moment the bird showed above the wheat boles Redfield fired: the quail called again sharp, startled, and flew away unharmed; but a figure rose, too, as though from the furrows of the field, and Musa parted the grain, stretching out her bare arms as though in greeting, then calling her soul to herself again, she pressed her hands over her breast, and fell face forward through the wheat.

Kneeling by her, he held her in his arms. Around them the poppies, fine as films and heavy with narcotic, bent white and violet heads as offering draughts of sleep.

"Not poppy nor mandragora," he said to himself as he looked at what he held, "can ever medicine to me sleep—I shall never sleep again!"

In the frail body, on the closed eyelids was incarnate night—rest, sleep; and both were fading for the man out of life for ever. Her head lay on his heart, the blue veil of her head-dress flung across his arm. He held his reddening handkerchief tight over her breast, and his breath came as fast and quick as hers was faint and slow.

Suddenly she lifted her eyelids, and dying life at the sight of living love sent a late messenger of joy. Her lips parted.

Redfield, terrified lest speech should set her soul free, besought her to be silent, and filled her returning consciousness with warm, beautiful words; that her filming hearing might lose no shade, he spoke with tender distinctness.

To this tardy love she made response: "Again the *Presence* gives his handkerchief. Death will keep this treasure, *Lord*. *Anna moot, Hadratak* (I am dying, *Excellence*)."

Indeed, so swiftly was she becoming of Egypt's past that Redfield held his breath that he might breathe again with her last sigh.

But she spoke once more: "*Allah* is good. I gave my life to make—the Circle,—*Lord*." Through her body ran a shudder, her beautiful limbs stiffened in the man's hold.

"*Kalas—Kalas* (it is finished!)" and Redfield, with a torrent of grief, bent and gave her the only kiss of love he should give to woman. It sealed the Perfect Hour; it closed the meeting Circle with twin signet—love and death. Redfield met both on the flower of her lips.

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"CAUSA TETERRIMA BELLI."

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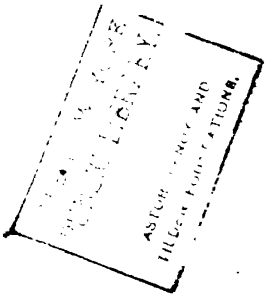


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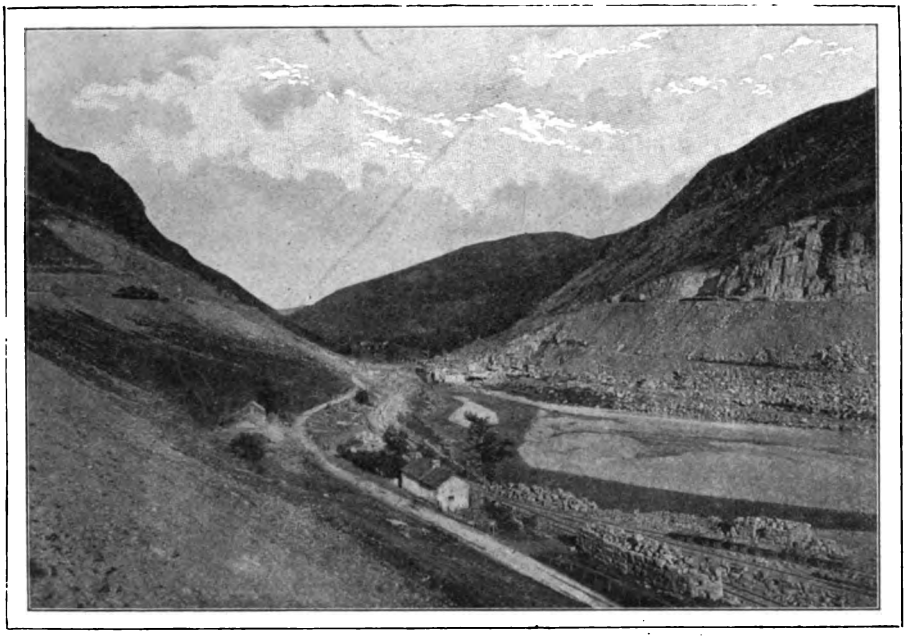

*The Caban Coch—site of the first Dam in the Elan Valley.*

# HOW THE WELSH WATER WILL COME TO BIRMINGHAM.

## *THE STORY OF A GREAT UNDERTAKING.*

BY W. H. Y. WEBBER.

*(Based on conversations with Mr. James Mansergh, Pres. Inst. C.E., Chief Engineer Birmingham Corporation Water Works.)*

A QUIET vale in Radnorshire, winding up and up between and around the eternal hills, until hill and vale grow into one undulating sky-line—not by the sinking of the hills, but by the rising of the vale. Out of one vale, another; like, yet not identical. A grey-green stream frets fast among boulders in the bottom of each, joining just where a bold escarpment juts half-way across the wider vale. Birches, bracken, gorse, heather, stones; and plodding hither and thither, a solitary figure—a young man. The fleecy clouds catch in the hill-tops, and the valleys fill with sudden, soft rain, shutting off all but the lowest, nearest prospect. The black screes glisten wet, and soon the river takes a deeper note. Still that solitary wanderer presses onward and upward, glancing now and again at the dial of a little watch-like instrument hidden in the hollow of his hand, and making a note in a pocket-book. It is not the scenery that occupies his thoughts, though he has an eye for that, too. He is no landscape-painter seeking "motives"; but an engineer. The instrument he observes so carefully is an aneroid barometer. He is noting altitudes, and a little geology, against a remote possibility of need which is but dimly present to his own mind, and has certainly not suggested itself to another. When he gets home, the thought that has driven him here, during a brief holiday, will slumber in the back chambers of his brain for a large slice



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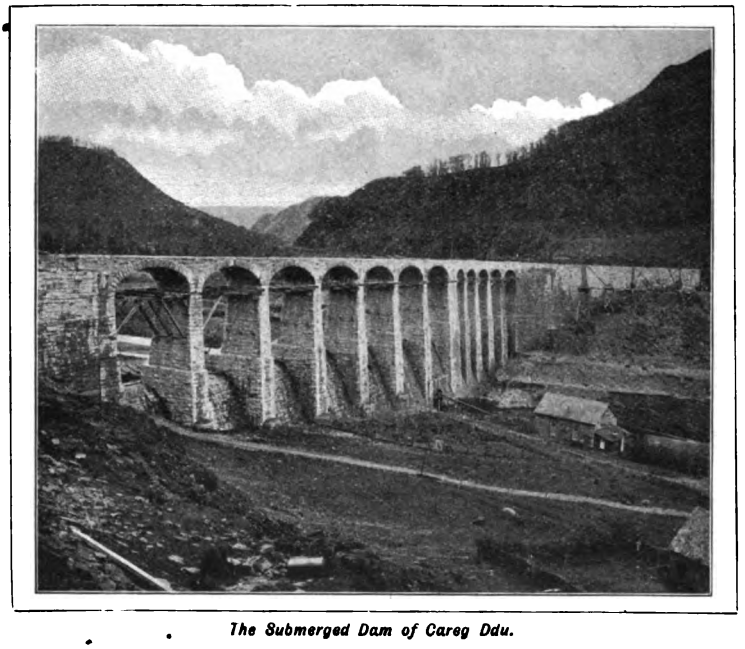
out of a busy, strenuous life; and his memoranda will gather dust on a bookshelf crammed with professional papers.

* * * * * * *

A roaring Midland town—smoky, dirty, noisy—with a crowding people intent on making things, and thereby making money. Street building out from street; factory overshadowing factory; long roads of pleasant dwellings of the prosperous, stretching away from the centre, where the railways fetch and carry bigger burdens every day. Town Hall, hotel, forum, school, warehouse—all growing bigger. Why? Who can say! It is a place marked out by Industry and Commerce for their own; and men must go where money is. Stout men they are, too; and winsome womenfolk they have, when they are at home. The people work and scheme and marry, and their number increases fast; for the town prospers exceedingly, and the renown of it goes out into all lands.

But in the Council Chamber of this thriving city greybeards look at one another, troubled; for there is something lacking to the town: Water! The wiseacre who saw a proof of the beneficence of Providence in making the big rivers flow by the large cities would have found here a glaring exception to his rule; for the river had been left out of the scheme of things of which Birmingham was the resultant expression. Who could tell, when the earliest hammer-men set up shop in the very heart of England, that a time would come when their thronging descendants would drink the country dry? Hither and thither the city fathers send in search of the one indispensable necessary for the life of a town; picking up a brooklet here, making a well there; but looming ahead they see the city's fate, unless something is quickly done to avert it. Sooner or later the manufacturer will be constrained to turn his back on Birmingham and settle himself and his workpeople elsewhere, for want of water. Such a simple need; but the one gift of Nature which can neither be foregone, nor made good by anything else.



*The Submerged Dam of Careg Ddu.*

* * * * * * *

Thirty years, then, after the summer of that young man's pilgrimage among the Radnorshire hills and dales, the slightest of chances brings him and Birmingham together. By that time become an engineer of high standing,

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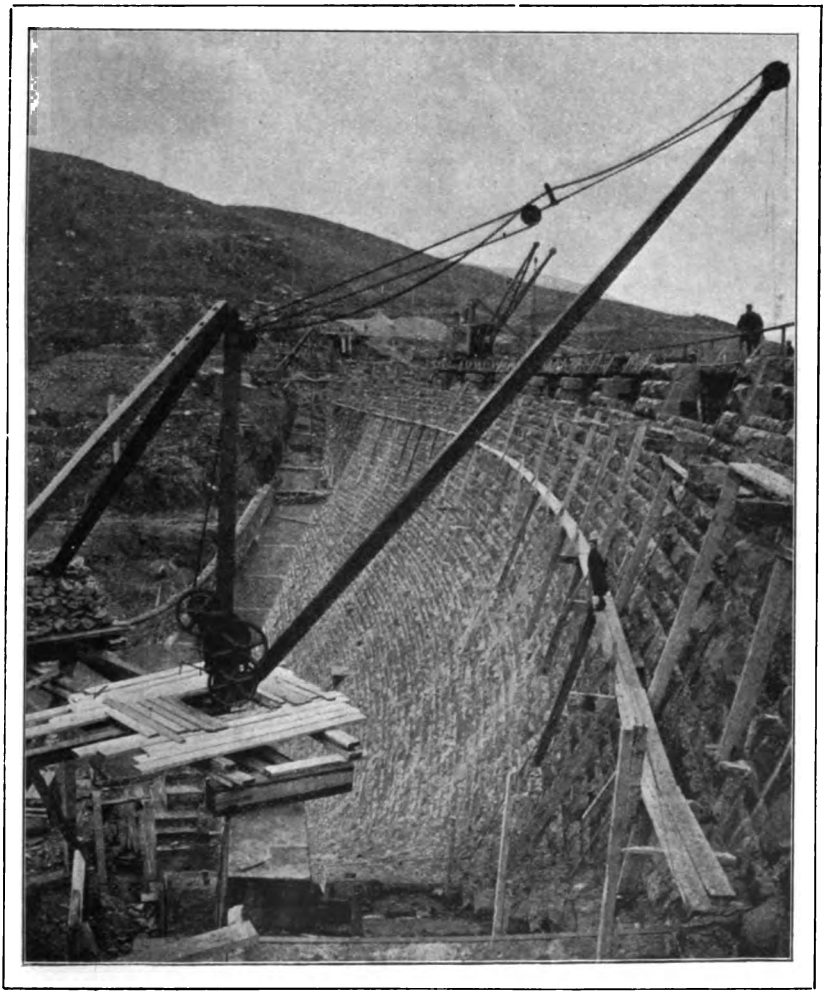
somebody was moved by somebody else to inquire of him whether he could help Birmingham to the additional water supply whereof the city stood in direst want. The engineer put his finger on the map of England and Wales, and said, "Here is water, in Radnorshire; whether for Birmingham or London. First come, first served. I do not know what may lie between; but I know there is water here, and good reservoir sites!" Naturally, he was laughed at. What madness was this, to bid Birmingham go to Mid Wales for water to drink and



*Cyclopean Masonry—Craig-Goch Dam.*

to work with! Were there not streams, rivers enough that could be more easily come by? Why Radnorshire? What was the necessary connection between that remote district and the hive of industry in the centre of England—outside the fanciful conception of one man's brain? The conception, once given to the world, stood the strain of ridicule, criticism, investigation, and, later, of attempted piracy. The pencil-mark on the map remained. The prospecting of thirty years before was justified in the sight of all men, and its results received the approval first of the Birmingham City Council, then of Parliament. A straight line was drawn

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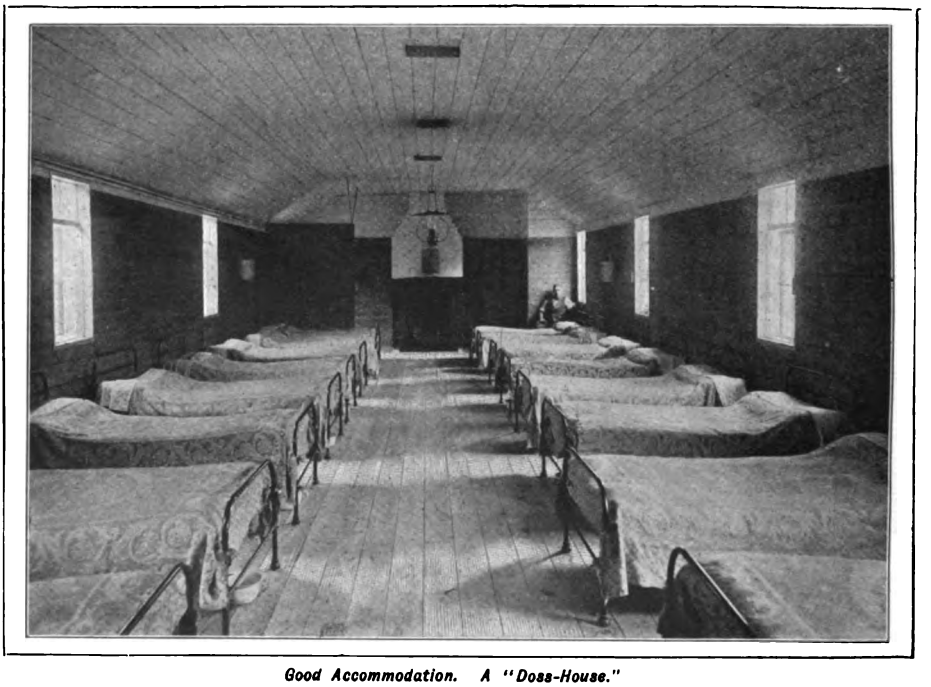
from the source to the service tank, and patient survey made the connection conform to the trace as nearly as might be. The supply was found, the plan was made, and the money was forthcoming. The long thought had blossomed at last, and the fruit would come in due season.

Birmingham having made up its mind, and Parliament having sanctioned the project, the engineer returned to his trail fully armed with powers and means, and instruction neither to do the thing by halves nor to let the grass grow under his feet. He came with an advance party of pioneers, to prepare the way for the army of workers who were to make the lonely valleys ring for years upon years with hammer-strokes, and the boom of rock-blasts, and the rattle of construction trains. When all is done the vales may sleep again; but it will be beneath the long reaches of a chain of lovely lakes whose waters will be held up by mighty walls firmly built of native stone, and bonded fast into the living rock. And through seventy-four miles of tunnel, culvert and pipe, crossing river valleys, skirting towns, piercing hills almost as lofty as its native scaurs, the soft pure flood will flow to expectant Birmingham, to be the new life-blood of her people and their trade for ever.

* * * * * * *

A small, sturdy locomotive with a brake-van waits beside the river for the engineer's party. All is ready for the run up the valley, on the materials line, to see the work, to which all that has been described is subservient, or preparatory.



*Good Accommodation. A "Doss-House."*

A typical navvy, one of the good old "thick-legged" breed, is to be our personal conductor; and by the way he hangs around, it is plain that if anybody is jammed between van and rock, or toppled over at the end of a ramp, it will first be he. The very sight of him is better than an accident insurance policy! One man yet

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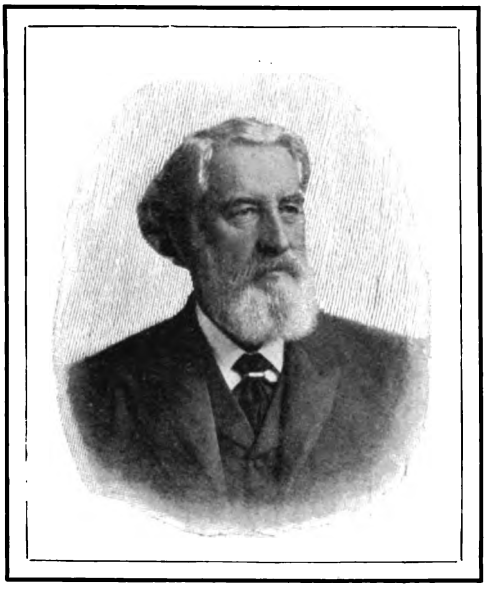
is wanted to complete the party—the resident engineer. On the instant he walks round a corner, while the Chief whispers, "King of the Valley!"

There is no mistake about that. Master of men, and also of the mechanical powers with which money is conquering the coyness of these Welsh naiads, whose names are Elan and Claerwen. He has the alert eye of the soldier; but nothing of the barrack-square rigidity.



*Mr. James Mansergh.*

"All aboard!" cries the "Chief," upon whom all the cares and responsibilities that one would think must attach to his position sit lightly as a flower. His gaiety is infectious. Everybody laughs, and clambers into the brake. Truly, this mountain air is more exhilarating than wine. What a pity that it cannot be laid on to Birmingham with the water!

What is that low, grey stone structure down in the Elan Valley, blocking it at its very narrowest pinch, where the huge round hump of the Foel starts up as though to forbid further climbing? It is the half-built mass of the Caban Coch, the first dam, which will be 120 feet high when it is finished. It will be 600 feet long on the crest; and, says the Chief, who in fancy placed it here thirty-six years ago, "I hope I may be spared to see 3 feet 6 inches of water pouring over it!" Three years of steady labour must yet be lived through before that wish can be gratified.

We do not stop here now. Higher up, an unexampled work comes in sight—a low stone dam, surmounted by a lofty viaduct. This is the submerged dam of Careg Ddu, designed to keep the tunnel to Birmingham full of water even in seasons of severest drought, while all that flows over it will go to compensate the natural watercourse below for what is taken. There is a roadway carried upon arches over it, leading to a new church built to take the place of an old one which will be drowned, and giving access to the Claerwen Valley.

After passing this point, the railway winds along the river vale for 2½ miles, only a few feet above the top water-level of the Caban Coch Reservoir. It then rapidly climbs the hill to attain a similar elevation with relation to the water-line of the second reservoir, the Pen-garreg, formed by a stone dam of similar height and length to that of the Caban.

Yet one more of these grey stone dams—the last, perhaps the handsomest—crossing the vale with a noble curve. Now, leave the train, and see how this building is put together. This is Craig-yr-allt-Goch. No jerry-work here! These dams are as thick at the base as they are high, faced with truly-squared blocks of the hardest, toughest stone in the county. In the mass, they are built of huge unwrought blocks of the same good grey Silurian grit, each one a railway truck-load, playfully called "plums," and rammed round solid with cement concrete. It is more than cyclopean masonry. It is almost deserving of being called superhuman; for man has relied upon steam to heave and place the stones where they are wanted. Small fear of these walls yielding when the floods that now slip

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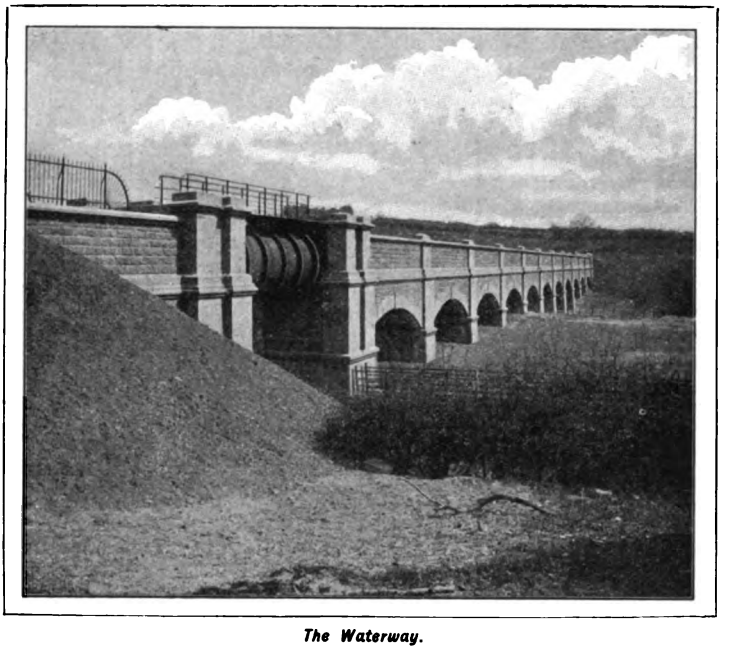

*The Waterway.*

underneath them through temporary outlets shall mount over their crests, and thunder down their fronts with all the watery wealth of their 45,562 acres of gathering ground, stored up in eight miles of lake.

So, day by day, week after week, year after year, the boom of the gelignite blast echoes along the valleys; the compressed-air drills rattle and jar; the unshapely lumps of stone are split and dressed by hammer and hand; the cranes lift them on to the trucks; the material-trains puff away with them to their appointed resting-places at the rate of a thousand tons a day. Steam wreaths from scores of engines, moving and stationary, float in the air, and mingle with the hill-mists that ever and again creep down and blot out the busy scene with rain as though to wash it all away, not knowing that it is they who have drawn all this labour here. A few years more, and the mists shall reign again over a solitude; but the flaws of wind that now send the yellow leaves fluttering into the rivers will ripple a new mere, and make crested waves tinkle against walls as eternal as the hills themselves. So shall the saying of the psalmist be literally fulfilled—"The waters stand in the hills." Be His the Glory; for "He sendeth the springs into the rivers. . . . He watereth the hills from above." *Non nobis, Domine!*

"This way to Birmingham!" calls the cheery Chief, leading the way into what looks like an enlarged rat-hole in the grey stone cliff of the Foel. Candles stuck upon rock ledges twinkle into the black infinity ahead. It is the beginning of the first tunnel, a mile and a quarter long, on the seventy-four-mile waterway, which dips towards the city of the Midlands with a total fall of 170 feet in the distance. Wherever possible the great conduit follows the natural slope of the land, being made by the method known expressively as "cut and cover," at as nearly as may be the uniform depth of thirteen feet below the surface, so as not to interfere with the surface drainage. Here and there a narrow depression is crossed by an embankment or a bridge; but all the deep valleys are negotiated by what are called syphons—stout cast-iron and steel pipes plunging down one slope and running up the opposite one, recovering the hydraulic level. That is to say, the conduit follows, but for these interruptions, the gentle fall that an open channel would take all the way, if one could be made. At the bottom of some of these dives the water in the pipes will be at a pressure of between two hundred and three hundred pounds to the square inch of the inclosing metal. How terrible in

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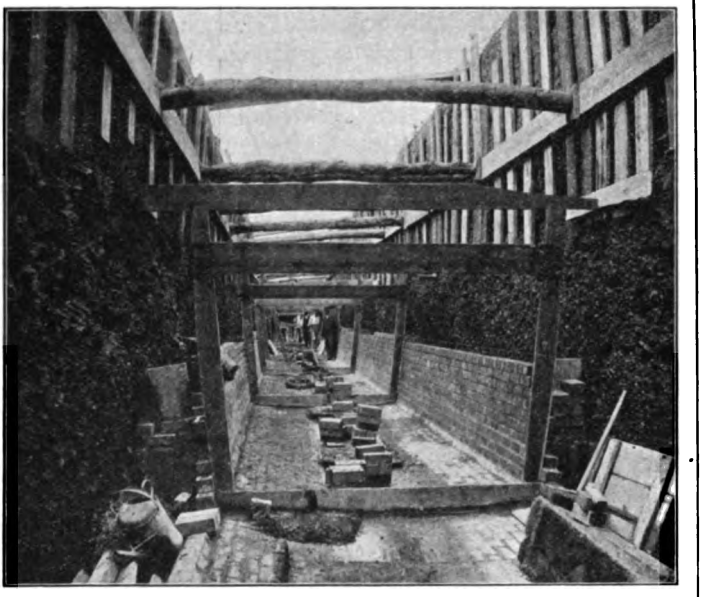

*Cut-and-cover culvert work.*

case of breakage of the pipe, you say! But that, like everything else, has been provided against. At the beginning of every syphon there is a valve-chamber and an overflow. In the fair-way of the waterway hangs a stout iron plate, which is as the trigger to the valve that will shut the pipe if let go. So long as the water continues to flow quietly at its regular speed of about two feet per second, the trigger does not move. In the event of a break in the pipe allowing the water to run away quicker, the trigger would feel it and yield to the pressure. Then, *presto!* down comes the valve, perfectly controlled, and shuts that pipe, while the water, ponded back, harmlessly escapes by the overflow. At the same time, telephonic warning is immediately given of the event to the watchers up and down the line.

Now let us look at the social side of this vast undertaking. Everything had first to be done to settle an industrial army—an army, practically, of miners and masons and mechanics—in a locality which only maintained a few flocks of mountain-sheep. There was to be no unnecessary scarring, marring, or fouling, moral or physical, of this fair region of which the great city of the Midlands had so peculiar a need. With a sense of the duty imposed, together with the statutory rights conferred upon them—the Corporation of Birmingham decided to make the great experiment of doing all this long, hazardous, and difficult work directly, and on their own responsibility. There should be no social pollution of the Radnorshire watershed by an undisciplined horde of the very roughest labourers and their camp-followers. No greedy contractor should exploit the great work for the sake of shekels to be ground out of the using-up and degradation of the wandering labour of three kingdoms, certain to gravitate in an unmanageable mob to where so much money was to be spent in wages. If it were possible to avoid it, there should be no curse from a spoilt country-side following the good water to Birmingham.

The Engineer, therefore, took up this additional burden of making provision in all things for the founding, organising, governing, and administering of an outlying municipal colony of Birmingham, situated in Radnorshire. There were not lacking those who, speaking with good warranty of experience of the kind of people of whom the new community must necessarily be composed, prophesied

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speedy disaster to the visionary scheme. Pay-day would turn into a Pandemonium any settlement exclusively composed of such a population! The fights! The troubles over the women! The predatory, often murderous hangers-on! A small army of constables would be required to keep such a mob within the widest bounds of decent and orderly behaviour!

*The Committee in the Foundation of Caban Coch Dam, twenty feet below the river bed.*

The Engineer, firmly supported by his Committee, listened to all these forebodings; and, not without plenty of his own—for no man knows the navvy and the field mechanic more thoroughly—he took his precautionary measures, trusting also to the favourable conditions already recognised as existing on the scene of the great experiment. The new high-road from the nearest town to the scene of operations was made to end at a bridge spanning the river at an unfordable spot. Across the stream the village was laid out. But before any stranger seeking employment on the works could win entry into this modern Goshen there was an ordeal to be gone through. Standing slightly back from the road, on the hither-side of the bridge, hospitably inviting approach, the wayfaring man found a house of call, where his application was received by an official experienced in this business. He himself was forthwith invited to take a bath, and made comfortable for the night, while his clothes were disinfected. In the morning there was a doctor's parade of the previous day's pilgrims; and those found suitable, and for whom work existed, were kept under observation for a week. The others had a

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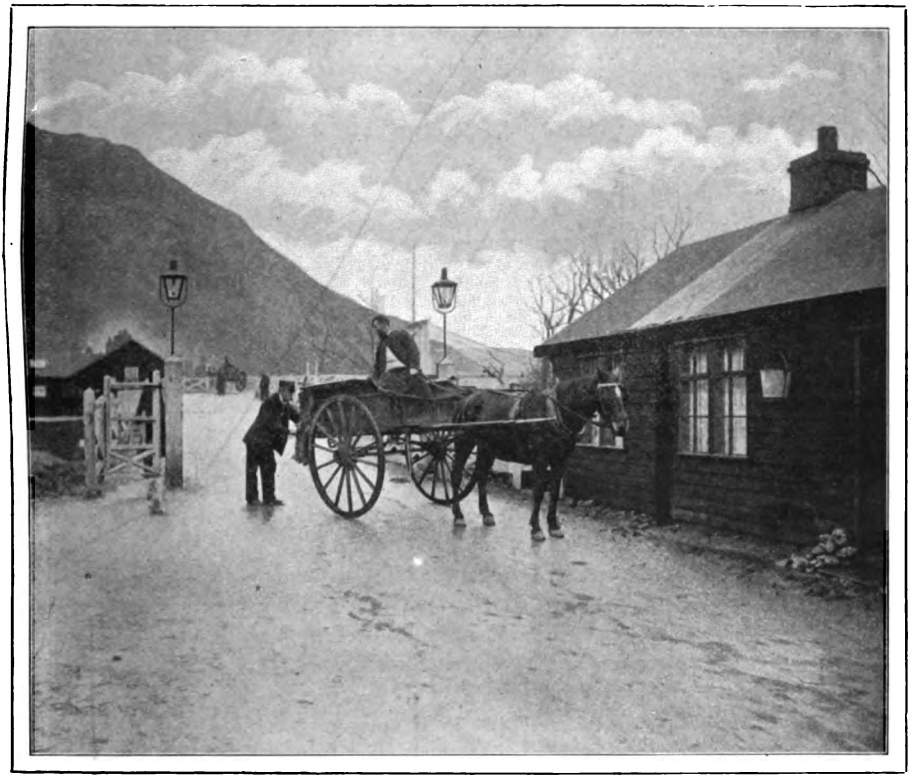
comforting meal, and an irrevocable turn-back. This rigid system of filtration and surveillance answered all its purposes to admiration. Followed out with unwavering, undiscriminating thoroughness, it has kept all physical and much moral contagion out of the guarded land across the river. Thanks to these precautions, no infectious disease has invaded the colony since its foundation. The hospital for infectious diseases, high upon the hillside, away from the village, has practically never been used. This searching preliminary regimen has, in short, rendered the subsequent administrative task easy. But there are still many necessary precautions imposed to keep out avoidable evils. At the head of the bridge stands a uniformed guardian of the way, whose appearance, when strangers approach on foot, or a cart crosses the bridge, reminds one of Continental octroi-



*"Any Contraband?"*

collectors. The resemblance is partly borne out by his functions, the chief of which is to look out for contraband—spirits. No spirituous liquors, as beverages, are allowed inside the village bounds.

The first building of the village is the general hospital. It stands alone, almost at the bridge-head, to the right of the road, while the dwelling-houses extend in long lines to the left. Thus there is no unnecessary parade of the sufferers from the accidents of a hazardous employ when they are brought down—sickening sights, some of them—from the works in the upper valleys. Blasting, timbering, hoisting, will claim their toll of victims—do what one will to prevent avoidable loss in fighting with blind forces. Calm, fair, cool in any emergency, the nurses wait within to do their duty by the wrecks of humanity drawn from beneath rugged

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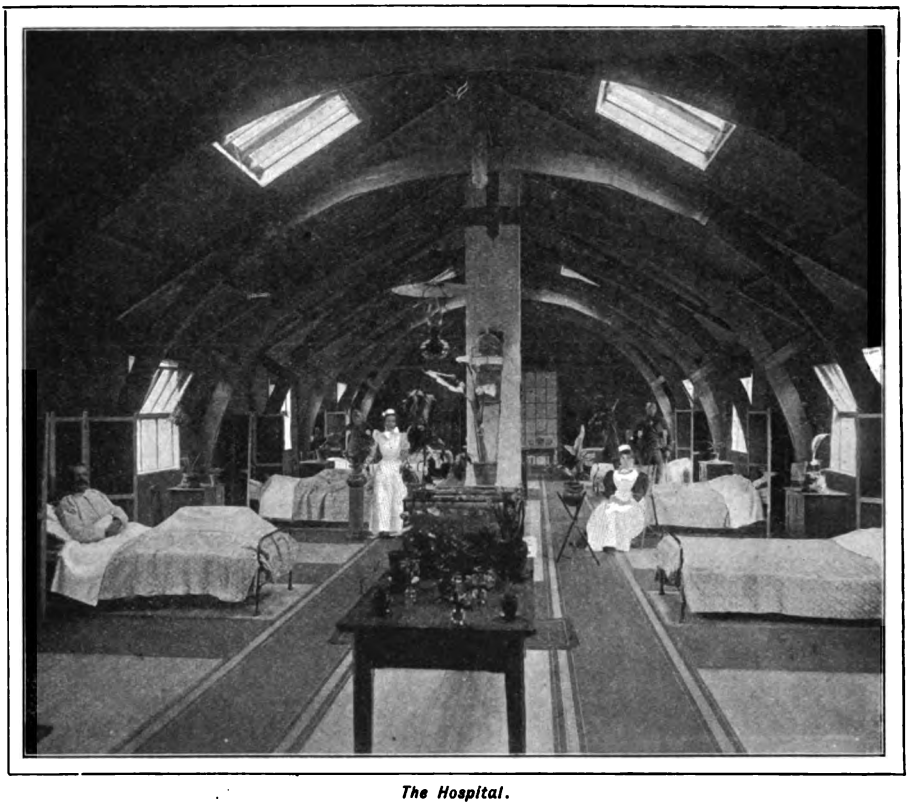

*The Hospital.*

stone, or gathered from the ruin wrought by unintended shot of gelignite. Amazing are the recoveries made, in this good air, of these clean-living men. The cheerful medico can tell you tales numberless to this effect.

Higher up the hillside stand two more buildings of a public character—the school and the recreation-room. From the village, and also from all the scattered gangers' and watchers' shanties sprinkled on the territory governed in the name of the Birmingham Corporation, come—some by special train—the children of the workers. No wilderness this, for them! Their little brothers and sisters in the far-away Midland city are not better provided with all the aids to learning; while for these the sweet air, laden with the scent of the pine-trees growing within a stone's throw, blows through the class-rooms as it does not in Birmingham. On the same knoll amid the pines stands the recreation-room; and the school is also on Sundays the meeting-house for Divine Service. The "religious difficulty" does not exist here.

On week-day evenings the recreation-room is open to the adult population for reading, games, and plays. The young folks use it in the afternoons for gymnastics. The whole of the expenses of this establishment, and more, are paid out of the profits of the Corporation public-house; but that is matter for a separate paragraph.'

Those who schemed this village had no desire to rob the poor men of their beer. The Birmingham Corporation Water Committee simply fell back upon the three common-sense expedients, of limiting individual consumption; vending nothing more pernicious than sound malt liquor; and placing its sale in reliable, disinterested hands. The arrangement has worked admirably for six years. The

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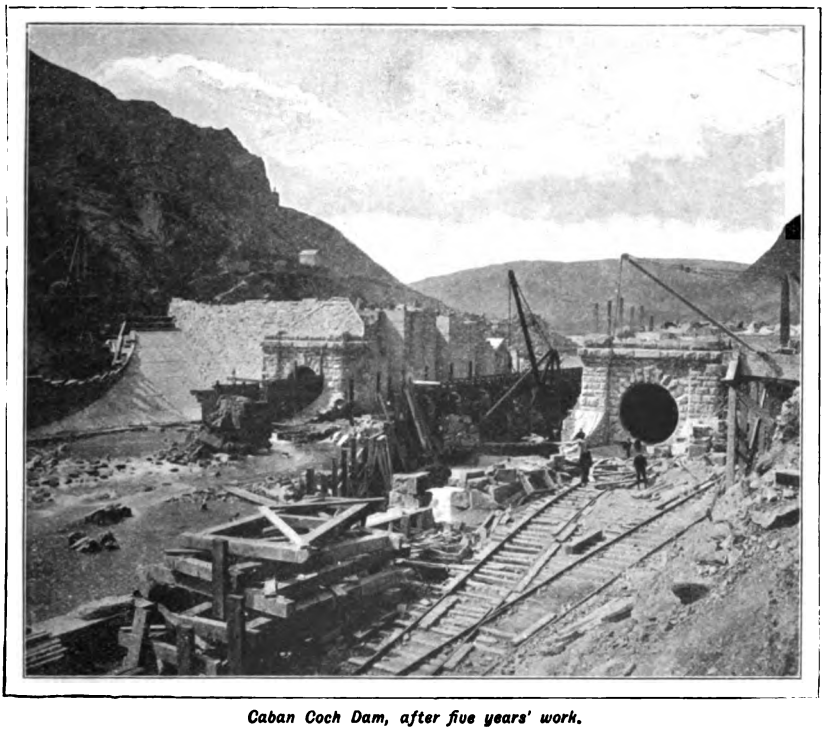
men have their public-house, wherein they can spend a reasonable time of an evening after their day's work in the sociable manner which they, like their masters, enjoy most. It is their own club, into which nobody intrudes with the fell purpose of "improving" anybody. Every man has a right to his cheap, harmless pot of ale or porter; and this experiment amply justifies those who hold on general grounds that sound beer is the best temperance drink, for these latitudes, all the year round. They cannot get drunk here if they would; and it is not found that they desire to do so. At nine "sharp" the house closes, not to open again till the next night, except for the dinner beer between 12.30 and 1.30 daily. Children are not served. The manager of this establishment is a salaried officer of the Corporation.

There is no Corporation or Municipal Supply Stores in this village. Perhaps it was judged best to let trade take its ordinary course in this respect. The travelling merchants who supply meat, groceries, fruit, and other necessaries and luxuries to the gentry of the settlement find nothing too good for their customers. The habitations of the village are a revelation to those who have fallen into the way of thinking hard things of the British labouring-class.

Such, in baldest outline, is the work of conveying water from Radnorshire to Birmingham. The enthusiasm of the Corporation Committee for the work, and their zeal for its successful completion, have borne the strain of long years of thankless administrative toil. With Mr. G. N. Yourdi, the Chief Resident Engineer, at their head, the staff have lived their lonely lives among the hills for the eight years that the great work has already been in hand, watching every stone fixed in its place, and seeing that the multiplex organisation of the construction marched towards the common end in security.



*Caban Coch Dam, after five years' work.*

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*Gun Point—for ornamental purposes only.*

# ST. PIERRE, THE REMNANT OF AN EMPIRE.

## *HOW THE FRENCH FISHING COLONY AFFECTS BRITISH INTERESTS IN NORTH AMERICA.*

THE part which St. Pierre, the shelter-port of France in English waters, has played, and continues to play, both economically and strategically, in the dispute between the two nations, should be understood in order to intelligently appreciate the difficulties with which the problem bristles. It is the real kernel of that vexatious and long-standing fishery trouble, which we call the "French Shore Question," once again to the front.

Two hundred years ago the limit of the French dominion in North America was measured only by the endurance of her intrepid explorers, who penetrated to the head-waters of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and claimed the surrounding regions for "Le Grand Monarque." To-day, a man in a rowboat can compass the entire extent of French jurisdiction on this continent in a few hours. Where France once quartered legions and ruled a territory as vast as Europe, she has now but a solitary outpost, defiantly maintained in the face of her conquerors, and at the very entrance-gate to the broad domain wrested from her by Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham. This lone outpost, this remnant of an empire, consists of the little French colony of St. Pierre, off the south coast of Newfoundland.

The group of islets commonly known as St. Pierre—from the town which is the capital, the only harbour, and the home of almost the whole population—is, properly speaking, the Miquelon Archipelago. It lies off the Burin peninsula, separated by a channel twelve miles wide, and consists of three habitable islands—Miquelon, Langlade, and St. Pierre—and a number of smaller barren rocks. Miquelon is the largest of the group, a huge upstanding mass of granite, bare of vegetation, the few rifts in its bold, sheer coast, giving shelter to a small number of venturesome fisherfolk. Langlade, somewhat smaller, presents the same general characteristics, save that it has a thin coating of soil, which enables its occupants to engage in rudimentary farming operations. These two islands are now joined by a sandy bar formed by the gradual silting up, during the past fifty years, of a ship channel which ran between, the process being assisted by the wreck of the vessels which went ashore there, mistaking the passage for the one, ten miles farther



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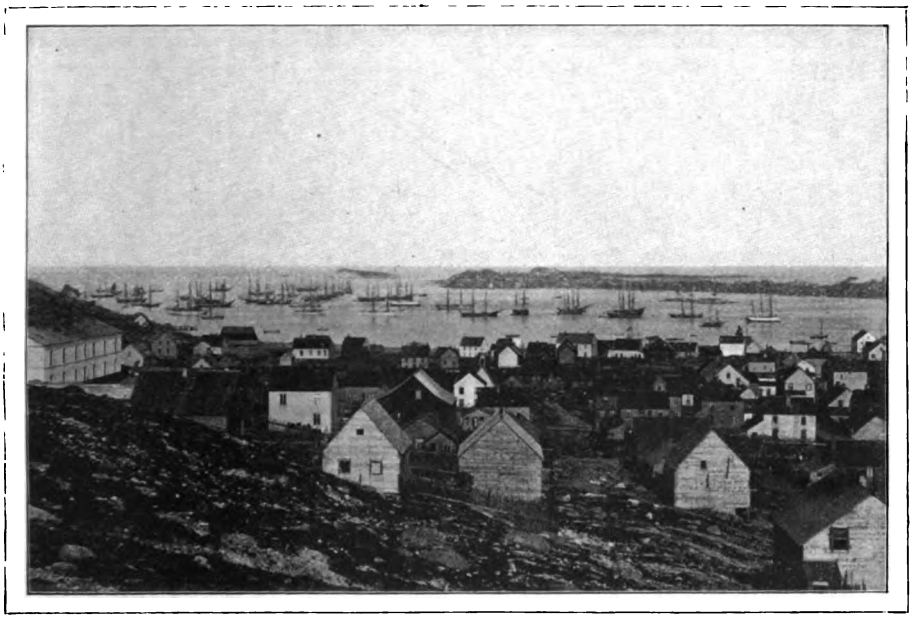
south, which separates Langlade and St. Pierre. This sandbank is an object of awe to the superstitious settlers, who, on the approach of rough weather, profess to see phantom ships and crews again engaged in their unavailing struggle with the storm king. St. Pierre is the smallest island, about four miles long by three wide; but in the town of the same name, stretched along its eastern front, is centred all the international interest of the group, as well as all its industry and commerce. Of the total population of 6,500, which the group contains, all but 350 are residents of St. Pierre town, the others being in the fishing hamlets perched among the barrier cliffs.

St. Pierre is one of the most interesting spots in the Western hemisphere. There is something pathetic in the contemplation of this relic of past greatness, sitting solitary amid the ocean, upholding the flag of France, and forming a beacon-light for her seafarers in this now inhospitable region. Its past history has been a



*St. Pierre.*

stirring one, and to-day it embodies in itself the essential elements serving to create the "French Shore Question."

Until the present century St. Pierre was as a shuttlecock, tossed about between England and France by the varying fortunes of war. When the daring Breton fishermen braved the stormy Atlantic in the wake of Cabot, the discoverer, early in the seventeenth century, to fish on the cod-banks already becoming famous, they soon chose St. Pierre for their base of operations, from its proximity to these shoals, and because they avoided contact with the more pugnacious English, who had settled at St. John's.

In 1660 the French fortified St. Pierre, but within forty years the British forces had captured it, and the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, ceded it to Britain, France being granted the fishing-rights on our west coast, which she has since used with such destructive effect on this colony. For fifty years St. Pierre remained in British hands, until in 1763 the treaty of Paris returned it to France, though a large



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population of English had then settled there, and was successfully prosecuting the Bank fishery. When France supported the Americans in their War of Independence, in 1778, the British again captured the place, destroyed all the buildings, and deported the inhabitants, some 1,900 in all, to France. Among them were many Acadians, previously driven from Nova Scotia, as Longfellow tells in "Evangeline," who had made their way to St. Pierre, hoping to procure a subsistence by tilling its sterile soil. With the treaty of Versailles, five years later, it went back to France, and the following season it was formally reoccupied by the banished Pierrois. A changing order of things was their portion for years to come. The tragic drama of the French Revolution was enacted there in miniature during the next decade, with all its accessories—a General Assembly, Convention of Notables, Commune, Jacobin Club, and Reign of Terror—the "tree of liberty" being a huge spruce carried across from the Newfoundland coast, as there is no forest growth on the islet.

In 1793 the British once more swooped down upon it, and fifteen hundred wretched

*St. Pierre.*

Pierrois were again thrown into prizes and sent over to France, some of the Acadians finding themselves homeless for the fourth time. The Newfoundlanders crossed over and rebuilt the town, but it was not theirs for long, as France was again ceded it at the Peace of Amiens. The renewal of war, however, once more threw it into British hands, with whom it remained until 1815, when it finally passed to France, which has retained it ever since. That it had a value to France both sentimentally and practically, is proven by the fact that the next spring six hundred and fifty descendants of the Pierrois families were sent out to re-establish the town, escorted by ships of war, while St. Malo despatched four thousand five hundred fishermen to resume the industry on the Banks, which had been suspended during the warring years prior to this. The history of St. Pierre since then has been uneventful, fire being its worst foe, as is natural in a settlement composed almost wholly of wooden houses. It was ravaged by fire in 1865, 1867, and 1879, after which latter conflagration an ordinance was adopted obliging all buildings to

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be faced with brick; but the poorer settlers vigorously demonstrated against this obnoxious regulation, their protest being termed the "clap-board revolution." The town grew in size and importance until 1888, when the Newfoundland Government, in retaliation for the French fishing bounties, prohibited the export of bait to St. Pierre, and administered a blow to its prosperity from which it has not since recovered.

The town is built on a gentle rising slope, ascending towards a hill, which forms, as it were, the backbone of the island. This hill is surmounted by a huge stone cross, known as Calvary, the sacred emblem appealing to the religious instinct of the Breton fishermen, whose forefathers set it there. On Cap á l'Angle, a promontory near the harbour entrance, is a colossal statue of the Virgin Mary, revered by the fisherfolk as the "Star of the Sea." From the cape is obtained a sublime view of the French possessions and the neighbouring Newfoundland shore, with the heaving ocean running sheer to the horizon on all sides but the north. The town and entrance form a panorama below.

*Fish drying on the Beach.*

The anchorage, the only one in the group, is none too good. An open roadstead is formed by Isle-aux-Chiens, which is like a barrier protecting the town. It provides a reach of water with entrances from north-east and south-east, about half a mile wide; and behind it ships of large draught can lie in comparative security. An inlet, a shallow tidal basin, protected by a barachois or submarine ledge, bearing only ten feet of water, forms the inner harbour, around which the town is built. Here, the fishing fleet anchors; here, the great catches of cod are treated, to be made ready for market; here, during the winter, some fishing craft are moored in a solid mass, bound to each other by stout chains to prevent them breaking adrift and damaging the structures along the water front, in the fierce gales which sweep the North Atlantic at that season. A splendid stone quay forms the landing-place; it was built by "disciplinaires"—prisoners sent out from France for the purpose, who also built the only five stone structures in the colony—the Palais de Justice, or court house, the powder and oil magazines, and other departmental buildings.

The town is a bit of old France, transplanted on to this bare rock across the ocean. The houses are of wood, except the business establishments, which are faced with brick. All are two-storied, with a gable roof, the windows being of the kind we term "French," and opening into the street, or, more commonly, into gardens where hardy flowers bloom in season, being tended assiduously by the plump, rosy-cheeked women and girls, dressed in bright garments, with spotless

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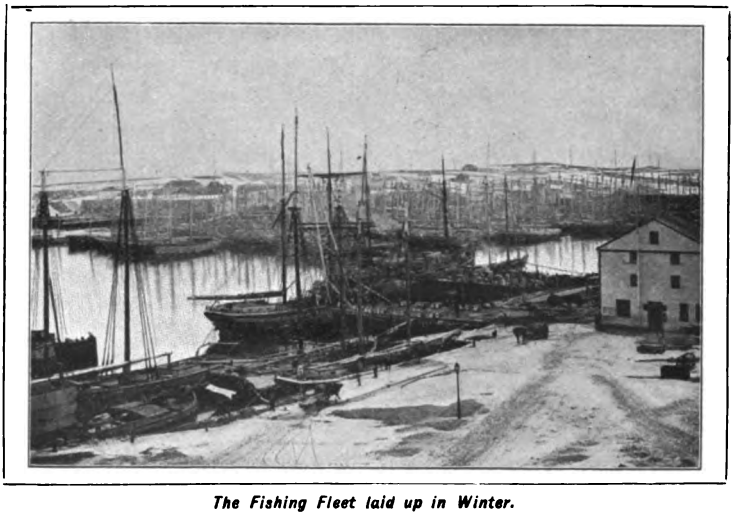
linen Breton caps. Substantial wharves, and capacious warehouses and stores adjoining, testify to the commercial importance of the place; the *magasins* of the principal merchants contain the richest of Parisian silks, and the vilest spirituous concoction which passes current in North American maritime centres, known as "St. Peter's rum." Across the harbour, on some islets, are a number of stores, dilapidated in appearance, but valuable in contents, where codfish, liquors, provisions, and fabrics are stored, until needed in the regular course of business. St Pierre is a town of contrasts. The houses and the people are mediæval, essentially so; the impelling spirit, however, is that of modernism and progress. The streets, roughly macadamised, and without sidewalks, are lighted by electricity, the same illuminant being even installed in the ancient beacons, which show the sailor a safe channel and a good anchorage. The town rejoices in a telephone service, though, to look at the houses, one would suppose himself set back a full century.

Cleanliness is a virtue everywhere observable; the curing of fish is not permitted within the town, the regulations for public order are stringent, and the gay garb of the fishers and their women-folk is a delight to the stranger. The attractiveness of the place to the visitor is enhanced by the street scenes; the Norman *patois*; the creaking ox-wains, which pass with heavy freights (horses being kept only by the high officials and wealthy merchants for drawing their carriages); the bright-sashed Basque drivers, with their ox-goads; the queer little carts drawn by dogs, in which you are tempted to take a ride; the neat appearance of the cottages; the washer-women at the streams, or spreading their linen to bleach on the green hillside; the moustached gendarmes; the female faggot-gatherers, with their loads on their backs; the drummer who makes his nightly rounds to signal the hour for "lights out"; the crier who, every morning, after a flourish on his bugle, proclaims the sales, events, and orders for the day; and the tricolour which floats serenely from every pole,—all these things present themselves as the accessories of a nationality having little in common with the Anglo-Saxon; but they have all the charm of novelty. With the light-heartedness of their race, the Pierrois look at the bright side of everything. Balls are frequently given by the aristocracy, and less pretentious affairs by those of limited means. Sunday night is usually chosen, and festivity reigns in the governor's mansion and the fisher's hut. Curiously enough, the Pierrois spends most money on a tombstone for a near relative; next in order of outlay comes a wedding; the baby's christening is a minor affair. The *cafés*, of which there are twenty-three, are the clubs of the place. They occupy the street corners, and have their political



*The Fishing Fleet laid up in Winter.*

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cliques, who discuss the merits and demerits of the Municipal Council that controls the town affairs, with the accentuated bitterness characteristic of small communities, and which finds vent in riotous demonstrations when election time comes round.

Contrary to the opinion prevailing in England, St. Pierre is not fortified. It has a few ancient cannon for saluting purposes, on a point at the harbour's mouth, and there is another ornamental battery in front of the governor's garden. Nor is there any garrison, though the Pierrois are subject to conscription. There is a semi-military police of about fifty men, but as the whole adult male population does not exceed twelve hundred, it is easy to see that no very formidable military force could be maintained there. Indeed, the "disciplinaires," who were usually military prisoners and might be utilised, have been withdrawn from the colony for years past.

France maintains St. Pierre for other than offensive purposes, and by cash subsidies rather than weapons of war. The town has two industries, fishing and smuggling; and the latter is, perhaps, the more profitable of the two. Originally, the chief reason for the retention of the place was that it served as a shelter for the fishermen from Normandy and Brittany, who crossed the Atlantic for the cod-fishery. Then, as the success of that industry declined, the ingenious theory was devised that the fishermen formed valuable recruits for the French navy, and that their industry must be stimulated by a bounty. This was done, and with the result that the Newfoundlanders were undersold in their foreign markets. They retaliated by their Bait Act, and the French thereupon established lobster-canneries on the "French Shore," which proceeding is contended to have been a gross violation of their treaty rights. The Newfoundlanders retorted to this by initiating a crusade against the Pierrois smugglers, who flooded the coasts of Terra Nova with tobacco, sugar, and cheap spirits; while they disposed of immense quantities of whisky, brandy, and wine among the French-Canadians of Quebec. The bitterness resulting from the quarrels between the two colonies speedily communicated itself to their overlords; and for the past decade France and England have had no more vexatious difficulty to deal with than that of French rights in Newfoundland. France has used St. Pierre as a probe with which to keep the sore open, and the Pierrois have entered into the game with a zest. Their Municipal Council added other bounties to those given by the French Government, and the patriotism of the parent country was appealed to in the endeavour to make trouble for England by booming the St. Pierre cod-fishery, and so crippling that of Newfoundland, which would then become a burden to Britain.

To see in full working order the machinery by which this end is sought to be attained, one needs to visit St. Pierre in summer, during which time the fishing industry is at its height. Then the population of the little town is swollen by four thousand French fishermen, brought over from St. Malo, Dieppe, and other ports to man the banking fleet chained up in the Pierrois harbour all the winter. In April they begin to arrive, stalwart Malouins, hardy Dieppois and shrewd Cancalains. As the vessels are got ready, the crews board them, and they sail for the Grand Banks. These are termed "grands-pecheurs" (deep-sea fishers) while the Pierrois who fish off the coast of their own island are designated "petits-pecheurs" (little fishers or coasters). The fleet of grands pecheurs numbers about two hundred vessels, and besides these, there is also fishing on the Banks a further fleet of about one hundred and twenty vessels more—known as the "metropolitan" fleet—which come direct from France, and only put into St. Pierre when they need bait, or supplies, or to unload the catch there for transfer to the home market. Each vessel has a crew of twelve to twenty men, and two boys,

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the French law obliging two boys to be carried, in order that the supply of naval recruits may be kept up. The men, when the ship has anchored on the Banks, go off in pairs in flat-bottomed boats called "dories," and proceed to set their trawls. These are long lines, from which, at intervals, depend hooks baited with herring or squid, which the voracious cod quickly gulps down. The trawls are usually left out about twelve hours, when they are overhauled, the cod which may have been taken are removed, the hooks rebaited and let down again, and the boatmen return to the ship, where the fish are eviscerated, only the liver and roe being kept, and then are placed in salt in the hold of the ship. This process is continued until the bait becomes exhausted, and then she hoists her anchor and makes for St. Pierre. Here the fish are again washed in large crates at the seaside, to which the sea-water has free ingress and egress. The fish are thrown in and stirred about by men with long poles, and when sufficiently treated are taken out and spread on the beaches to dry. These beaches are a remarkable feature of St. Pierre, extending round the shore, and being composed of large round basalt stones, worn smooth by the ceaseless motion of the waves for untold centuries. The stones retain the sun's rays and at the same time afford the winds free play, so that the drying proceeds rapidly. In this branch of the industry the women and girls, as well as the younger lads, known as "beach boys," play their part, spreading, turning, and gathering up the fish, as the work goes on.

*On the Quay-side.*

When properly cured the best qualities are shipped to the home market or to the Mediterranean countries, the inferior grades going to the French possessions in the West Indies or Africa. With the coming and going of three hundred vessels and the wants of their crews to be supplied, it can readily be seen that St. Pierre is a busy place during the fishing-season, and if the operations are attended with success there is general rejoicing. But many a ship never comes back. Danger is ever present with them on the Grand Banks. Sudden storms arise, huge waves overleap the bulwarks and fall on the decks of the frail craft, and, before the cables can be cut, down they go to the bottom! Ocean liners racing along, dash upon them through the fog, and cut clean through them, leaving the crew to perish miserably, for often the shock of collision is not felt on the steamers. Dorymen get astray in the fog, lose their ship, drift about helplessly, and eventually go mad and jump overboard. Vessels making for an anchorage on the Banks, strike an iceberg, and one or two frost-bitten survivors may live to tell the tale. Therefore, St. Pierre has many widows and orphans, and the former are helped from the colonial funds, while the lads develop into beach-boys, and the lasses into fisher-girls and seafarers' wives, to have the same tragedy enacted over again. The life of the French fisherman is a wretched one at best. Ill-paid, ill-fed, worked to the utmost capacity, and denied the enjoyment even of the

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Sabbath during the fishing season, their compensation would need to be great; and it is not. Scarcely a fishing vessel has a medicine chest aboard, and not till two years ago, when an outcry was made on the subject in the Chamber of Deputies, was there a hospital ship sent out to minister to their needs on the Banks. A few vessels, with less than six hundred men, continue to fish on the West coast of Newfoundland, and because of them, the development of that region was prevented by the Imperial Government, while the French banking fleet invades our market with its bounty-fed catch of cod.

St. Pierre thus interferes with us in two ways, and the smuggling so generally practised there forms a further detriment to our interests. The Pierrois port is almost an open one as regards lack of Customs regulations, and every proceeding of the Newfoundland fisherman in this direction is winked at, in the hope that he may thereby be induced to carry them herring in violation of his own laws. But the back of the bait traffic has been broken, and in like manner the Newfoundland authorities are yearly reducing the quantity of goods smuggled in from St. Pierre. The decadence of the French fishery, too, and the costly bounties, has obliged the Pierrois to increase the duty on their imports, so that there is no longer the profit in smuggling which there was in the past.

The French colony remains, however, as a thorn in the side of Newfoundland, and a source of vast mischief to Canada, with which the smuggling traffic is now being conducted that could not be carried on with us. The St. Lawrence is a wide ocean highway which it is possible for smuggling craft to traverse without question, and the coast of Quebec has innumerable harbours in which the contraband goods can be landed. In his proposed settlement of the French Shore Question, therefore, Mr. Chamberlain will have to consider how the British colonies in North America are to be preserved from the effects of the competition which St. Pierre makes possible, how British interests are to be upheld and British rights safeguarded, while this French outpost exists at our door, with its opportunities for injury unimpaired. Can France be induced to give up St. Pierre for territorial possessions elsewhere? or will she cling to the sentimental association which her occupancy implies? Time will tell.

P. T. McGRATH.

*A Dog Carriage.*

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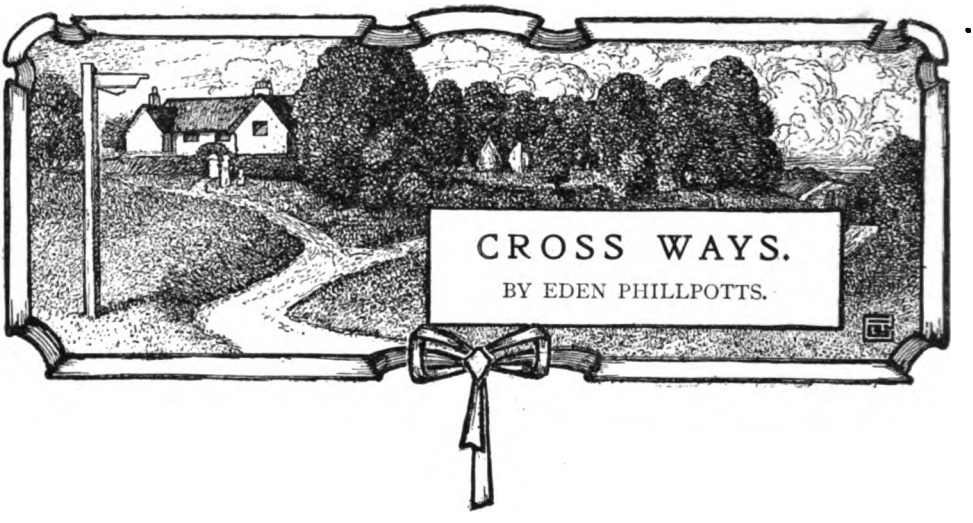


*The first portion of this story, which appeared in the May number, tells how Anthony Maybridge, a rich and handsome youth, coming as a pupil to Cross Ways Farm, in the Dartmoor country, arouses the fierce jealousy of Richard Daccombe, gamekeeper, and son of the farmer, by his attentions to Daccombe's sweetheart, Jane Stanberry. Davey, who, as will be seen, plays so important a part in the narrative, is the young brother of the sullen and savage Richard.*

## IV.

MARY DACCOMBE was wont to reserve the problems of the working day until nightfall; and her husband solved them as best he could during those brief minutes that intervened between the extinction of the candle and his first snore. An honest but unsentimental man, love for his offspring had never particularly marked his mind. He was contented that his sons should quarrel, and that Dick should thrash Davey when he felt so disposed, for it saved him the trouble. He held that each did the other good, and he had neither pity nor particular regard to spare for either.

This cheerless fact now appeared, for on a night soon after Christmas, Mrs. Daccombe approached her husband upon a matter of sentiment, and won colder comfort from him than she expected. He gave her an obvious opportunity to approach the subject, otherwise it is doubtful whether she would have had the courage to do so. That day, to the farmer's astonishment and gratification, Anthony Maybridge had come back from a brief Christmas vacation. The holiday extended over a fortnight, and Daccombe fully believed that he had seen the last of his pupil: but Anthony returned, declared a renewed interest in matters agricultural, and gave the farmer to understand that he should continue to reside at Cross Ways for the present.

Now Jonathan laughed as he stretched himself on his bed; he laughed, and wondered what had brought young Maybridge again to the Moor. Whereupon his wife read him the riddle.

"Not you, nor yet the work, nor yet the shooting," she said. "'Tis right as you should knaw, however, for trouble's brewing, if I can see, an' 'tis our awn son will smart for it."

"Us have all got to smart off an' on, though how that moon-calf of a boy be going to hurt Dick or Davey, I can't tell."

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"Not Davey, though 'twas him as found it out, I reckon. He's venomous against his brother—always was, worse luck. Dick rubs it into the bwoy, and Davey hurts him with bitter mouth-speech when he can. 'Tis this way: that young gen'leman be getting a deal too fond of Jane Stanberry by the looks of it. That's what he's comed back for, I reckon. Davey spat it out essterday when Dick clouted his head. Her wasn't theer, so the boy up an' said as Dick's temper would weary the Dowl, an' that Jane was looking away from him to a better. Lucky I was by, else Dick would have done the li'l twoad a mischief. He grawed thunder-black, yet I could see by his wrath he knawed the tale were more than Davey's spite."

"Them two takes after your family, mother, an' no mistake. Yet I hope they won't turn gaol-birds, or else weak in their intellects."

The woman felt the tears in her weary eyes. She wiped them away, and turned in bed.

"They'm as God made 'em, master; please Him they'll be better friends come Davey graws up. But what must us do?"

"Do? Nought."

"Surely you've got your son's good at heart? Think what 'tis for Dick to see that wicked girl coolin', coolin' by inches. Gall for him, poor dear."

But the man only laughed sleepily. "Strongest wins in this world. If Richard ban't stout enough to keep his woman by his awn arts, us can't help him."

"You might send this young chap 'bout his business."

"An' fling away two pound a week? No, fay! Girls is easier picked up than two pound a week. Let Dick do what's in him. He ban't 'feared o' that slack-twisted, yellow-haired chap, be he? Let him show the maiden which is the better man, an' not come bleating to his mother like a hungry lamb to a ewe."

"He never comed hisself."

"Well, what's to hinder him from using his fistes? Nought brings a man down in a girl's eyes like a good hiding. Let 'em settle it same way as the tom-cats do."

"I do b'lieve your heart be made o' Moor stone."

"Good job if 'twas. Ban't no use being built o' putty, nor yet o' pity, 'pon Dartymoor. Now shut your clack, an' let me go to sleep."

The woman sighed, and closed her eyes.

"I'll tell Dick what you say. Good-night, master."

## V.

ANTHONY MAYBRIDGE had in truth discovered that everything depends upon the point of view. What was a deed past understanding in one woman, appeared to him quite defensible for another. He had grown into a very steady admiration of Jane Stanberry, and he told himself that her attachment to the warrener was a serious error. This he firmly believed, apart from the other question of his personal regard for Jane. He discussed the matter with a grand impartiality, and felt confident that her future must be ruined if shared with such a surly and cross-grained churl as Richard Daccombe.

Presently he expressed the same fear to Jane herself, and she was much astonished to find no great indignation flame up in her mind before such a proposition. She confessed the thought had occurred to her, and asked Anthony how it could have struck him also. Whereupon he declared that his suspicion was awakened solely from disinterested regard for her welfare and future happiness.

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In brief, a situation stale enough developed, with that brisk growth to be observed in all similar complications when they are exhibited by primitive nātures. Such seeds grow in virgin and uncultured hearts with a rapidity not manifest where the subjects are sophisticated and bound about with the etiquette of their order.

Jane Stanberry observed the radical differences between these men; she found Dick's cloudy spirit and gloomy nature grow daily darker by contrast with the ardour and sanguine temperament of Anthony. Indeed, Richard did grow more morose, as was to be expected, while he watched such a play develop and apparently stood powerless as any other spectator to change the plot of it.

But at last his sense of wrong pricked passion, and he stirred himself. Most firmly he believed all fault lay with Maybridge alone, and he attributed to that youth a guile and subtlety quite beyond his real powers of mind. Dick accused his rival of having seduced the love of Jane against her inner will—a thing obviously not possible; and upon that judgment he prepared to act.

For her part, the girl let conscience sting until the stab grew dull and failed to disturb her comfort. Each exhibition of ferocity from Richard lessened her uneasiness, and justified her in her own eyes. She plotted to meet the other man in secret; yet still she played a double part, and outwardly pretended that Dick was all in all to her.

So stood things when Mary Daccombe spoke to her son; and his father's advice seemed good to the man, and chimed very harmoniously with personal desire, for he had reached a point where he itched to bruise and batter his adversary. Chance helped him in his ambition, and a discovery fired him to instant force of arms.

Returning home from the Moor upon a night when it was supposed that he meant to stop in his hut on the warren, the man came through the ruins, and was astonished to see a light glimmering from the silent desolation. It had grown late on a cold, moonlit night in late January, and nothing could have been more unexpected than the presence of any human being in the old powder-mills at such a time. Supposing that he had surprised his brother Davey, Dick crept silently to the spot, and presently discovered that the brightness gleamed in two bars set at a right angle, and flashed from the door of a ruin. The place was windowless, but the ill-fitting entrance revealed a flame within. Richard recognised the building as Case House No. 4, and at once associated the intruder with his brother. Even as he did so, his heart beat faster at the thought of danger—not to Davey, but himself. Creeping closer, however, voices reached him, and he discovered that not his brother, but Anthony Maybridge and Jane Stanberry were there together.

Tingling with passion, he had some ado to keep from kicking in the door and bursting upon them; but he desisted, and with an effort crept away to reflect. Almost immediately upon his departure he heard them following, so he turned and met them not far from the little bridge.

"A fine night for a walk wi' another man's girl," he said, suddenly appearing out of darkness and standing in the way of the guilty pair. "You thought I was out of hearing, no doubt, as you've thought often enough of late, I'll swear, when I was closer than you reckoned. For two pins I'd blow your fool's head off your shoulders."

Jane shrank back, and Maybridge stammered and stuttered. "That's not the way to talk," he said.

"Talk! God's truth, I ban't here to talk—I leave that for you. What be you doing wi' my maid these many days? Tell me that!"

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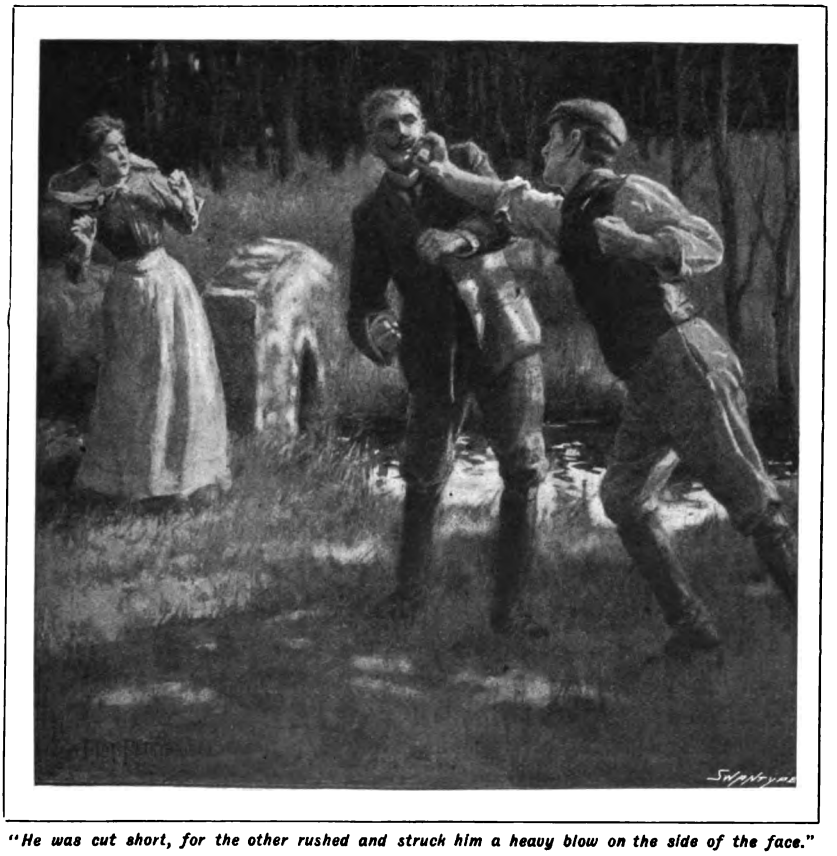
"I will. I'm glad of this. I've felt an awful brute lately; but you'll make me feel better in a minute. I've been telling Jane that she's making a big mistake to marry you. It's my honest opinion, and I ought to have told you."

"Honest! Wonder the word doan't choke you, you gert, hulking, lazy clown! Behind a man's back to do it! Thief that you be."

"Not at all. I've never hidden from Jane——"

"Shut your mouth, you hookem-snivey fox, or I'll hammer your white teeth down your throat! Stand up to me, now this instant moment, an' us'll see who's the best man. 'Tis time this here woman knawed, an' I'll show her the straw you'm made of, for all your size."



*"He was cut short, for the other rushed and struck him a heavy blow on the side of the face."*

He flung down his gun and his coat, then turned up his sleeves and waited.

"We can't fight before a girl—impossible," said Anthony.

"Doan't she want us to? Ban't she hungry to see us do it? Come on, or I'll beat you like a dog."

"What's the good of making an exhibition of yourself, Richard? I was the runner-up in the amateur heavy-weights two years running. I can smother you, but I don't want to."

"Doan't blow so loud afore you see what 'tis to fight a chap in the right," cried Richard with passion.

So we shift our standpoint at the beck of chance, and call virtue to our aid

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when accidentally enrolled under her banner. He stood where he had trampled his little brother's fish into the ground and laughed at the child's rage.

"You'd better go," said Maybridge to Jane. "I'm awfully sorry about this, but——"

He was cut short, for the other rushed in and struck him a heavy blow on the side of the face. Anthony shook his head and snorted.

"If you will have it, you shall," he said; "but I'm sorry, because you're right and I'm in the wrong—more or less."

Jane fled at the first blow, and the battle began. Maybridge quickly proved that the looseness of his great limbs was combined with other gifts proper to a boxer. He smarted doubly: from the other's insults and from the sense that they were deserved. He had ill-used Richard, and his dislike for him, once loosened, was proportionately bitter; for we can more easily forgive those who have wronged us than those whom we have wronged.

Stung thus, the young man let his strength and skill have vent. He took and gave some punishment, but he was a disciplined fighter, and very easily kept out the heavy rushes of the keeper. Then, at the first opportunity which Richard offered, Maybridge knocked him squarely off his legs with a tremendous blow over the heart. He rose slowly, but the edge of his strength was gone. His anger nearly choked him before this reverse, while Anthony, on the other hand, had fought himself into a good humour. Presently at close quarters he hit rather low, and Dick cursed him.

"Fight fair, you devil!" he gasped.

"Fair enough," puffed the other. "Well up on your small ribs—you'll see the mark in the morning."

By mutual consent they rested presently; then the battle was renewed, and, knowing himself beaten at every point of the game, Richard Daccombe let his temper loose and fell to fighting like a mad dog rather than a man. Now it was the other's turn to cry caution; but the keeper had no ears—he only lusted to do injury. Once Maybridge might have knocked him out of time, but he desisted; then, angered by a brutal kick on the calf of the leg, he got inside Dick's arms, clenched, gripped the smaller man like a bear, and with a cross buttock hurled him heavily backwards. They had fought to the river's bank, and now, luckily for the loser's neck, he fell into the water. He struggled to his feet, and stood a moment in dancing play of moonlight upon the foaming stream. Then he crawled to the bank, and had scarcely strength to climb it. There he lay panting for some time. Anthony brought him his coat, and offered to give him an arm home; but Dick declined, and getting on to his feet with difficulty, walked along beside his conqueror.

"This is the beginning," he said—"not the end. If you don't leave Cross Ways before the week's out, you never will—not alive."

"Don't talk rot like that. I thought you were a good sportsman anyway, but you're not, it seems, and that's the worst you can say against any man. I was going—God's my judge that I'm telling you the truth—I was going away to-morrow—for a time, at any rate. She wished it. But now—now you threaten me as if you were a cut-throat, I shan't move, not an inch. And if there's any blackguardly attempt on your part to do me an injury, I'll break your neck, Daccombe; so now you're warned. Anyway, I've shown I was right. A girl would be a madwoman to marry such a lunatic."

"Talk on now, if you've got the wind to do it," answered Richard, "but the last word will be mine."

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## VI.

A DEADLY malignity dominated the beaten man after his reverse; and, inasmuch as Jane Stanberry, now at the cross ways of her life, fell from honour and played a base part out of fear, her lover continued to believe that his enemy alone was responsible for Jane's weakness. He blamed the girl, but his love did not diminish, and he continued to believe that, Anthony Maybridge once removed, she would return to him with eyes that again saw clearly. He attributed his conqueror's conduct to a wicked strength of purpose, whereas mere feebleness and an amorous nature were responsible for it. The woman was at least as guilty as the man; and now an added blame belonged to her, for while Anthony henceforth openly declared himself the rival of Richard, she held the balance a little longer between them—chiefly from fear of Mrs. Daccombe. Her decision was made, yet very carefully she concealed it, and Richard continued in error.

From his mistaken conclusion, and smarting still with venom bred of the wounds Anthony had inflicted, the keeper proceeded to a criminal deed. Such active hatred as he now felt would stick at nothing, and within a fortnight of his reverse came the black inspiration that he waited for.

A veiled antagonism reigned between the men after their battle; then matters seemed to sink into customary course. Richard absented himself from home more than usual; Anthony abandoned shooting, and took to hunting instead.

Once more it happened that the warrener saw a light burning in No. 4 Case House by night, and, passing by, heard Maybridge within whistling to pass the time until Jane's arrival. Richard slunk by awhile, and presently, like a ghost, Jane flitted past him. A flash of light fell upon the waste as she opened the door; then all grew dark again. Still the wronged lover remained within earshot, and accident killed his sudden gust of passion against the girl, for he heard a sob and listened to a weak, vain protest from her against the double part she was constrained to play. She accused Anthony of drawing her to him against all honour and right feeling; whereupon the listener departed, not desirous to hear more, and confirmed in his judgment of facts.

He visited the old Case House in the middle of the next day, and ground his teeth at sight of a rough carving—two hearts with familiar initials beneath them. Then he examined the concealed blasting powder, and surveyed its position with respect to the main walls of the building. Satisfied of this, he proceeded into the air, took a heavy clasp knife, cut down a foot beneath the grass and turf, and removed two bricks from the foundation of the Case House. Within them was a thin layer of concrete; then followed the matchboarding; and then came the gunpowder. Calculating the exact spot of his excavation, Richard entered the hut and pursued his work from inside, after carefully moving the powder beyond reach of any spark that might be struck from his attack on the concrete. With light, numerous blows he gained his end, and soon had a clean hole running from beneath the magazine to the ground outside. This he filled with gunpowder, replaced the mass of the explosive above it, returned the bricks to their original positions, and covered up the space outside with turf and dry fern.

A scrap of touchwood and a match would do all the rest.

Richard Daccombe completed his preparations just in time, for as he moved away to the Moor, he saw his brother Davey in the valley. Thereupon Dick hid behind a rock to surprise the youngster unpleasantly should his goal be the Case House. But Davey had either seen his brother, or knew that he was not far distant. At least, he showed himself too wary to run any risk, and pursued an

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innocent matter of climbing a pine tree for a wood-pigeon's nest. Nor did he come down again until Richard had gone upon his way to the warren.

## VII.

EVENTS by no means conspired to shake Richard's evil determination. Lulled to fancied security and a belief that his indifference indicated a change of mind towards her, Jane continued her attention to Dick; and he abstained from upbraiding her, for he took this display to be love, and felt more than ever assured that, Maybridge once out of the way, the girl would waken as from a dream to the reality of his regard and worship. Her conduct, indeed, obscured his own affection, but he came of a class that takes life and its tender relations callously. The only ardent and worthy emotion that had ever made his heart throb quicker was this girl. His love was still alive, nor could anger kill it while he continued blind to the truth that she no longer cared for him.

A fortnight after his visit to the Case House, Dick descended by night from his den upon the high moor, and the dim flicker of a flame he had long desired to see strung his nerves to steel. For fulfilment of his plan it was necessary that he should come pat on the interval between the arrival of Anthony Maybridge at this trysting place and Jane's subsequent approach. Twice he had been too late; to-night he arrived in time, and his opportunity waited for him. Maybridge was alone. The light burnt in silence. Then came a solitary footfall on the hollow floor above the gunpowder.

Daccombe had calculated every action that would combine to complete and perfect the deed now before him. Nor had he disdained to consider the result. No witness could rise up against him; his enemy would he blown out of physical existence, and his own subsequent revelation, that some tons of blasting powder remained forgotten in the old magazine, must serve to explain the rest. A spark from Anthony's pipe would be a very simple and satisfactory solution of the matter.

The man set about his murder swiftly and stealthily. He had already driven a heavy staple into the door of the Case House, and now, without a sound, he fastened his victim firmly in, using some lengths of brass rabbit wire for the purpose. Then he crept down below the level of the building, scratched away the turf and fern, and moved the loosened bricks. He felt the powder dry under his hand, brought a large lump of rotten wood from his breast pocket, where he had long carried it, and struck a match. Soon the touchwood glowed, and he set it down, leapt from his work, and hastened away along the path by which Jane must presently approach. Thus he designed to intercept her progress, and, upon some pretence or excuse, draw her from the zone of danger. As to that last point, however, he was doubtful. The amount of the powder he could not accurately tell, and the extent of the explosion remained to be seen. Richard calculated that three minutes, if not a longer period, must elapse before fire would gnaw up the dead wood and reach the powder; and now, as he moved hastily away, the seconds lengthened into minutes, and the minutes most horribly dragged. An infinite abyss of time widened out between the deed and its effect. He lived his life again; and still he peered through the darkness with his eyes, and strained upon the silence with his ears, that he might not let Jane Stanberry pass him and go ignorantly to destruction.

He was a quarter of a mile from the Case House, when it seemed as though the heavens were opened and Doomsday suddenly loosed upon the world. An awful and withering explosion swept the glen like a storm. First there leapt aloft

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a pillar of pale fire, that rose and spread as the eruption of a volcano spreads. The terrific glare painted long miles of the Moor, and, like the hand of lightning, revealed the shaggy crowns of the tors on many a distant hill; while, long before its livid sheaf of flame had sunk, came such a crash and bellow of sound as might burst from the upheaval of a world in earthquake. Upon this appalling detonation a wave of air swept in sudden tempest. Richard was blown off his feet and dashed to the ground; and as he fell, the hills echoed back the explosion in crashing reverberations that rolled out of the darkness, rose and fell, and rose again, until, after a hundred repetitions flung hither and thither over the peaks of the land, they sank through a growling diminuendo into silence. And the silence

*"Richard was blown off his feet and dashed to the ground."*

was terrific by contrast with the awful clamour it succeeded, even as the darkness was intense that followed upon such an unwonted and far-flung glare of light.

Richard Daccombe got upon his feet, and the tinkle of broken glass was in his ears, with the murmur of affrighted voices; for the concussion had shattered nearly every pane at Cross Ways, and mightily alarmed the dwellers there.

## VIII.

When he reached home the young keeper found his parents already out of doors, with the whole household assembled about them.

Mary Daccombe praised God at sight of her son uninjured.

"'Tis the end of the world, by the sound of it," she said. "Where be Davey too?"

His father questioned Richard, and the man declared his ignorance of all particulars.

"An explosion at the old powder-mills, or else a bolt from heaven," he

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answered. "I must have passed by the very place, I reckon, not five minutes before the upstore."

"A thunder-planet, for sartain," declared an ancient soul, whose few teeth chattered between his words. "I can call home when a com-com-comet was reigning fifty years an' more agone, an' 'twas just such open weather as us have had o' late."

Mr. Daccombe felt anxious for his stock in certain byres and cow-houses that lay to the west of the powder-mills. But first he held up a lantern and counted the company. "Be us all here?" he asked.

"Davey's out somewheers," answered his wife; "'ess, an' Jane Stanberry be——" She broke off, and looked at the farmer.

"Down-long, I s'pose," he said carelessly; then he turned to Richard. "Us can't blink these meetings between 'em, Dick. Best man wins where a maid's the prize; or which she thinks be the best. Awnly God send her ban't in the powder-mills to-night."

"'Tis most certain she be," answered Mary Daccombe. "Her didn't know as the young man—Mr. Maybridge—was called off sudden to Moreton to serve 'pon a committee for the Hunt Dinner next month. A chap rode out, and he saddled his mare hisself and galloped off wi' him directly after he'd ate his meat."

"Jane didn't know?" asked Richard.

"No, she went out counting to find him, I'm afraid."

"An' he'm at Moreton?"

The man asked in a voice so strange that none failed to note it, even in this dark moment of fear and turmoil.

"Her went to wait for him usual place, no doubt," said Jonathan Daccombe. "Us had better come an' look around for her, an' Davey too—not to name the things in the long byre by the wood."

A hideous cry suddenly cut Jonathan short, for a storm had swept the sinner's brain upon these words. He saw what he had done, and the shock overset the balance of his mind.

"Come!" he cried; "I've killed her, I've ended her days in a scatter of blood and flesh! Nought to show for the butivul round body of her now. But her shall have Christian burial, if 'tis awnly a hair of her head left to put in the churchyard; an' I'll mourn for her on my knees, afore they string me up!"

"God's goodness! what gabble be this?" asked his father.

"There's him still—still alive, wi' no smell of fire about him. I'll—I'll——"

He broke off and gazed round him wildly.

"Upon the Moreton road as he comes home-along!" he said. Then the wretch turned to hurry away. At the first step, however, he stopped and stood as still as a statue, for he had heard what was hidden from the ears of the rest. Then they too caught the sound of footsteps and a murmuring in the night. Richard remained without moving, and his eyes glared into the dark, and his jaw had fallen. Then, taking shape and coming slowly into the radius of lantern-light, there moved a woman and a boy.

Jane Stanberry approached, holding Davey by the hand; and at sight of her Richard Daccombe screamed out his shattered senses, and fled as one possessed of an evil spirit. In vain they made search for him by night and day, and it was not until more than eight-and-forty hours had passed that they found him wandering in the great central loneliness insane. There they ministered to him, and brought him home; and time so dealt with him that he sank into a harmless, haunted idiocy—a horror for his father, a knife in his mother's heart.

Now it happened that Richard's brother, upon the keeper's departure from the

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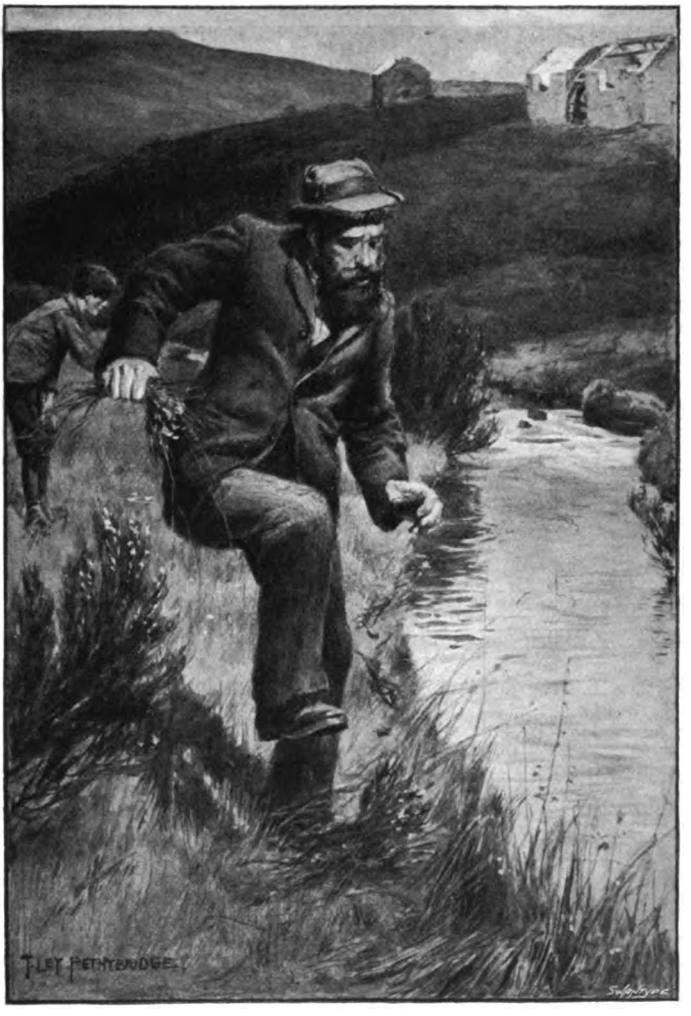
Case House on a day already noted, had descended from his pine-tree, made close investigation of the elder's deed, and guessed that such preparations were directed against one man. From that day until the time of the catastrophe David kept silent watch upon all occasions when Jane and Anthony Maybridge met there. Hidden within a dry drain some ten yards distant, he had played sentinel until the night of Richard's revenge. Then he had crept from his cover the moment the other's back was turned, reached the smouldering touch-wood, and with amazing courage extinguished it; afterwards, releasing the girl as quickly as possible, and bidding her run for her life to the shelter of a grinding mill, two hundred yards distant, he had once more set the rotten wood on fire and hastened after Jane.



*"These he stamps underfoot, as one stamps fire."*

She, mystified and indignant, was yet conscious that the boy must be obeyed, and so fled as he bid her. Yet both would have perished but for their protection behind the stout ruin of the grinding mill. And now, the fear of death upon their faces, they came trembling home, and with them unwittingly brought retribution.

* * * * * * *

To-day a black-bearded man, with brown, empty eyes, and a mouth always open, shambles about the blasted heart of the old powder-mills. He babbles to himself with many a frown and pregnant nod and look askance; sometimes he watches the trout in the river; sometimes he plucks feverishly at the blossoms of the broom and spearwort and other yellow flowers. These he stamps underfoot as one stamps fire. Davey is his brother's keeper, and shall be seen always at hand. At his word Richard Daccombe obeys like a dog—shrinks with fear if the boy is angry, fawns and laughs when the boy is kind.



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# ACTOR-MANAGERS AND THEIR WORK.

BY HORACE WYNDHAM.

"The drama has many forms—tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical—and all are good when their aim is honestly artistic."—SIR HENRY IRVING.

OF the actor-managers who are still before the London public there are certain men who stand out in special prominence. This is because they are the ones whose labours in this part of the dramatic vineyard have met with better results than have those of their fellows. Working harder, possessing more experience at the outset, and bringing better qualifications to the task before them than have the other competitors, success has deservedly crowned their efforts. The men in question are—in order of seniority, as determined by the number of years they have held their position—Charles Wyndham, Charles Hawtrey, Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude (in partnership), and Arthur Bourchier. Of course there are several other well-known actor-managers but they can scarcely be included in this list, as so much of their work has been done in the provinces. Indeed, they are more familiar figures there than they are in the Metropolis.

## MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.

Of Mr. Wyndham's long career as an actor-manager—upon the twenty-fifth year of which he has just entered—it is not necessary to say anything here, and I will at once plunge into my conversation with him. As may be readily imagined, Mr. Wyndham's extreme popularity makes him a constant recipient of applications for employment from the stage-struck, and of unsolicited manuscripts from would-be dramatists. "I'm afraid they waste their time, however, so far as I am concerned," he remarked to me *à propos* of this subject, "as I have scarcely any opportunity of being of service to them. For instance, if I want players I get the author of the play with which I am dealing at the moment to provide them for me. Then, when I require a play, I apply to the person whom I consider best able to suit me. *Rosemary*, for example, was the happy result of my asking Mr. Louis Parker and Mr. Murray Carson to write for me."

"You have numerous manuscripts submitted to you without invitation, however?" I hazarded.

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*Mr. Charles Wyndham as "David Garrick."*

*After a photo by Barraud.*



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"Any number of them," was the answer. "Yet, in all the five-and-twenty years that people have been showering plays upon me, I have not found a single one worth producing. It was not that the work was bad in every case—far from it; it was merely unsuitable for my purpose."

I asked Mr. Wyndham what quality in particular he considered a play to require, to render it successful. "That of 'heart' above everything else," was the reply. "It was 'heart' that made *David Garrick* so popular, and enabled me to revive it over and over again."

"And what quality is wanted in a player?"

"Naturalness," returned Mr. Wyndham, "is the first consideration nowadays. Once the public demanded good elocution before it. Of late years, however, tastes have changed."

With regard to the question of whether the art of acting can be taught or not, Mr. Wyndham is strongly of opinion that this is not possible. "Polish, however, can be acquired," he admitted, "and the rudiments of the art as a whole can, perhaps, be learned."

In the interests of playgoers at large, I promptly demanded the address at which this instruction was procurable.

"The Provincial Stage," was the answer, "and in a musical play if possible. The training that can be gained in this sort of work gives the beginner a measure of confidence that will stand him in good stead in more serious efforts."

This suggested a question about criticism.

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Wyndham in answer, "I don't think it would be nice of me to say very much on that subject. The actor acts, and the critic criticises. All that I would say about the performance of the latter function, though, is that I think that it should be invariably signed. I see many reasons against anonymity, and none for it."

### Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY.

With some sixteen years' experience in this capacity, Mr. Charles Hawtrey easily occupies the second place on the roll of London's best-known actor-managers.

Like his fellow actor-managers, Mr. Hawtrey is the recipient of almost countless applications from people desirous of embracing a theatrical career. "Each post," he remarked to me, in the course of a conversation concerning this, "brings any number of letters on the subject. Not only does every one want to go on the stage now-a-days—but they want to go on my stage. With the best will in the world to meet their wishes, it is impossible for me to do so. Again, a large proportion of those wanting employment in my company are altogether unqualified."

I put a question as to the precise direction in which these would-be actors and actresses chiefly failed. "In experience," was the answer. "They don't know how to act. If they would only learn something of their business, before seeking engagements in London, they would stand more chance of success."

"Then you think it can be taught?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Hawtrey emphatically, "provided aptitude exists. Without this quality, however, the learner will never advance beyond a certain point."

From the discussion of players, we went on to talk of plays. I inquired if Mr. Hawtrey received many.

"Well, just a few," was the reply, in a tone of gentle resignation. "Two a day on an average."

"Six hundred a year!" I commented. "What do you do with them?"

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"Send them back—that is, most of them," returned Mr. Hawtrey, in accents of mingled regret and candour. "I'd accept them all if I could. It's impossible, however. I don't think my audiences would care for ten new plays a week, you see."

I admitted that it would be somewhat of a strain, and hazarded an opinion that the work of these gallant six hundred was too bad to admit of its being seriously considered with a view to production. Mr. Hawtrey, however, deprecated this theory. "On the contrary," he explained, "a great many of the plays submitted are surprisingly good. They are marred, however, by some technical fault or other. Ignorance of the requirements of the modern stage, too, is responsible for their rejection in many cases."

"Do you read all these plays?" I asked.

"No," was the answer, "I'm afraid I can't say that. Life is short, and the performance of my work as an actor-manager takes up most of my time. For this reason, I employ a reader. Such plays as he recommends, however, I consider myself. The leaven of these, though, is not sufficiently large to make any serious demands upon me."

### Mr. BEERBOHM TREE.

To those who consider the soul of acting to consist in versatility (and they are by no means limited in number) the claims of Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree as an actor of the front rank, stand out pre-eminently. Indeed, it would be impossible that anything else could be the case, for when a man can assume rôles so widely dissimilar as those of the "Rev. Robert Spalding" and "Paolo Macari," "Rip Van Winkle" and "Svengali," "Gringoire" and "Demetrius" (on the same night, at times), and "Falstaff," "Bottom," and "Herod," and whose "Malvolio" is at the moment of writing attracting crowded audiences, his marvellous versatility is beyond dispute. The extraordinary success that he has made in these particular characters—taken, by the way, at random from a very long répertoire—has not, however, been achieved solely by reason of the sharp contrast each presents to the other; it is due, rather, in the opinion of those most competent to form an opinion upon the matter, to his happy appreciation of their possibilities and proportions.

"I would claim ability to *feel* the particular character he is portraying at the moment as the most essential quality of an actor," remarked Mr. Tree, when I put a question to him on the subject. "It is often very difficult to do this, however, especially on a 'first night,' the effort and strain of which are calculated to temporarily rob a player of that freedom of mind and body necessary for acting."

"Do you think that due weight is attached to that by the critics?" I inquired insinuatingly.

Mr. Tree looked as if he had not heard the question. I repented my temerity in putting it, and tried to appear as though it had slipped out accidentally. However, just as I was about to select a fresh topic, the actor-manager stepped into the breach.

"In speaking of dramatic criticism," he remarked, with a characteristic shrug, "it is neither easy nor politic for a man in my position to say very much. Criticism is a large subject, and, in speaking of it, discretion is the better part of—well—truth. Briefly, however, I would say that, while there is a very great deal of intelligent criticism of dramatic work in the London Press, the chilling reception that many fine productions receive at the hands of certain critics is only

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*Mr. Charles Hawtrey in* A Message from Mars.
*After a photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery.*

equalled by the adulation offered an artist who stands on his head, or performs conjuring-tricks on the stage of a music-hall. Personally, I consider that—taking them all round—the playgoing public demand a higher standard than do the critics."

Despite these views, the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre is strongly inclined to the opinion that the financial success of a play is largely affected by the character of the criticism it receives. "The Press wields a great power," he observed, "and those who have the best interests of the stage at heart sometimes wish that that power were used in guiding the public in an upward direction."

After critics, we naturally drifted into the discussion of the fare provided for them by the management of a theatre — viz., plays and players. With regard to the first item, Mr. Tree told me that, while he "commissioned" dramatists occasionally, this was by no means his sole source of supply. "Indeed," he remarked, "I do anything to obtain suitable plays, and am always looking for them. Manuscripts, of course, are showered upon me, as upon all other lessees; but to find among the mass of such, any that I can make use of seems as difficult as it is to discover the philosopher's stone. I have a profound admiration for a good dramatist. He grapples with difficulties that outsiders can have no real conception of. Indeed, I don't think that I should

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be going too far in saying that, just as an honest man is the noblest work of Heaven, so is a good play the rarest work of man."

Pressed for details, Mr. Tree told me that something like four hundred plays were submitted to him annually. Of these, the great majority would be found to

*Mr. Beerbohm Tree as "King John."*
*After a photo by the British Mutoscope and Biograph Company.*

fail owing to their having "no arms and legs"—that is to say, to their possessing an insufficiency of plot. Others, again, would owe their rejection to their utter failure to conform with the simplest requirements of the stage. Altogether, it seemed that while there were very many reasons for declining a play, there were very few indeed for accepting one.

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With regard to the second matter on which the Theatre invites critics to pronounce judgment—viz., the players—I learned from Mr. Tree that he was strongly in favour of the establishment of a school where the rudiments of acting at least could be acquired. "I don't think that more than this can be taught," he explained. "Everything else—the most valuable portion of the art, in fact—must be evolved from the player's inner consciousness. Gesture, deportment, and the use of the Queen's English, however, can all be learned, and I consider that a school is the place to learn them in."

In regard to his own case, however, the only school that Mr. Tree graduated in was that of his own making, but his stage career is well known.

It is interesting to note the one cause above all others to which Mr. Beerbohm Tree ascribes the success that has attended his efforts during his career as an actor-manager. We were speaking of the quality chiefly essential to one who sought to tread this thorny path. "Well," remarked the lessee of Her Majesty's, reflectively, "I don't like to express an opinion on that point. What I will say, however, is this: in my theatrical career I have always followed my own inclinations, and have consistently turned a deaf ear to all advice, from either private friends or professional critics. Of course, it is a great thing to be able to swim with the stream of the Press, but it is, I think, a still greater thing to gain your position—whatever it may be—by your own efforts and in the teeth of opposition."

### Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

When, in February 1890, Mr. George Alexander first became one of London's actor-managers, he had been learning his work for upwards of two years. The schools he graduated in were the very best ones imaginable—viz., those of Irving at the Lyceum, and the Kendals at the St. James's. Consequently, when he embarked for himself on the career that he has now followed with such success for the last decade, he was peculiarly well equipped.

In his King Street house Mr. Alexander has now been established for some ten years. During the whole of this time he has been conspicuous for the support he has consistently accorded English playwrights. While other theatres—usually the syndicate-controlled ones—have always given the preference to Continental dramatists, at the St. James's the case has been very different. There, an English play for an English stage has been almost the invariable rule—a state of affairs for which the profoundest thanks are due. In all, fourteen plays coming under this category have been "presented"—to adopt a newly-imported Americanism—on the boards of the King Street theatre within the last nine years.

"Yes," said Mr. Alexander, as we discussed the subject, "I believe in home produce in matters theatrical. I've given it a fair trial, and I'm quite satisfied with the results. So long as English dramatists write me suitable plays, so long will they find me ready to produce their work for them."

This naturally suggested an inquiry as to whether the St. James's lessee had much work submitted to him, or not.

"Most certainly I have," was the reply. "Plays come to me by the dozens, simply. To give you an idea of how greatly this is the case, I may say that quite lately I had to read no less than two hundred plays in five weeks. They were all carefully considered, too—no actor-manager can afford to do otherwise. People who assert that unknown writers don't have their work read are entirely wrong. Speaking for myself, I'm always on the look-out for good plays."

"Do you find them?" I asked.

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"Well—not very often," returned Mr. Alexander, candidly. "Still, I mustn't complain. In the course of my long career, I'm glad to say that I have been able to accept the earliest work of more than one dramatist who is now well established as a writer for the stage. At the present moment, for instance, I have in my possession the first play that Captain Marshall ever wrote. It hasn't been produced yet, certainly; circumstances have prevented it. In the same way, I have purchased several other plays at various times from writers who seemed to me to show aptitude, even though the work they submitted at the moment was not quite suitable for production."

"Just as you get many plays submitted, I suppose you get numberless applications to act in them," I suggested.

"Precisely," was the reply. "Everybody wants to act nowadays. Unfortunately, very few of them are in the least qualified to do so."

"Where is it that the would-be Hamlets and Ophelias chiefly fail, then?"

"Everywhere," answered Mr. Alexander comprehensively. "They don't seem to know anything at all about the work they profess themselves so anxious to perform. There are numbers of people, for instance, who think it would be 'rather nice' to go on the stage—they talk of acting as if it were something to be learned in ten minutes—and so they write to me, offering their services. When I decline them, they are unreasonable enough to express surprise, and occasionally ungracious enough to hint at something else."

This led me to ask the source from which the St. James's Company was recruited when necessary. In reply, Mr. Alexander told me that, so far as principals went, he was frequently able to provide these by promoting the younger members of his company. "There is never any fear of the supply failing," he added. "The modern stage is so terribly overcrowded—with even really capable people—that they almost tumble over one another."

### Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude.

At the Haymarket Theatre a different state of affairs obtains than is the case elsewhere, for there the management is in the hands of two persons—Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude—each of whom is an actor-manager in himself. The arrangement, which has been in force now since 1896, has been found to work very smoothly, and that it is for the good of the theatre is abundantly proved by the unbroken tide of success that has resulted from it.

Of late years, Mr. Harrison has found the business conduct to increase to such an extent that he has had less time for acting than formerly. The fact is, in a large theatre like the Haymarket, it is almost impossible for one man to attend to both departments. On this account, accordingly, he now devotes himself almost exclusively to the "business" one, while Mr. Maude's work lies chiefly on the stage. "This arrangement suits us both," he explained to me, "and I think I may venture to say that it suits the public also—that is, if the support they accord our various productions is any criterion."

"I suppose you get plenty of new plays submitted?" I inquired.

"Well, Mr. Maude and I have had something like six hundred during the four years we have been in partnership," was the answer. "The reading of these, as you may imagine, is not the lightest part of our work."

I asked where they chiefly failed to meet with acceptance, and learned that this was largely due to a want of knowledge on the part of their writers as to the requirements of the stage. "It takes peculiar qualities to write a successful play," observed Mr. Harrison, reflectively.

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"What one in particular?" I demanded.

"That of sentiment, I am inclined to think," was the ready response. "People ask for it, nowadays, and insist upon having it, too. Another point that a dramatist should aim at is to suit the traditions of the theatre for which he is writing."

From an inquiry on the subject, I learned that the selection of the cast for the different Haymarket productions was a matter of arrangement between Mr. Harrison, Mr. Maude, and the dramatist whose work was being performed —"except, of course, when we're putting up Sheridan," added Mr. Maude reflectively.

*Mr. George Alexander in* In Days of Old.
*After a photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.*

"That, I suppose, applies especially to the leading parts?"

"Yes; for the smaller ones we follow a different plan," was the answer. "As a rule, if we know of no suitable person disengaged at the moment — a rare occurrence, I assure you— we send to the Actors' Association. This is a most admirable institution, for both actors and managers, and we can always confidently depend upon it to send us what we want on the shortest notice. Then Mr. Harrison, who is always on the watch for clever people, manages to obtain a good many recruits from other theatres. Altogether, there is no lack of candidates for parts— however small—here."

"It's just the other way about, perhaps," I ventured to remark.

"Precisely," was the feeling response. "In fact, there is no expression that I am compelled to make use of so often here as 'I regret.' All day and every day I find myself obliged to be saying it in some form or another. Thus, one moment it is 'I regret to be unable to give you a part,' and at another, 'I regret to be unable to accept your play,' and so on. Indeed, every one appears to want either to act on our stage, or to write a play for it."

"Then you consider the stage overcrowded?"

"Most certainly I do," replied Mr. Maude. "There can't be two opinions

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about that. And yet, the stage is not at all overcrowded with really clever people—that is, with people who both know their business and can perform it."

I asked where they were to gain this desirable knowledge, and inquired if it could be taught. "Not without aptitude for acquiring it," was the answer. "It is also, perhaps, rather too much to say that acting can be 'taught'—I think 'improved' is the better term. For this purpose I would recommend beginners to join a stock company playing a big répertoire. It should also be a travelling company, in order to permit the actors to face a fresh audience every week. This is a very important point."

*Mr. Arthur Bourchier as "Young Wilding" in* The Liar.
*After a photo by Alfred Ellis*

MR.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

As an actor-manager, Mr. Arthur Bourchier is a comparative recruit, since his initial appearance in this capacity before a London audience does not date further back than September 1895. His connection with the stage, however, was already six years old, for it was in the autumn of 1889 that he made his *début*.

The spirit that led Mr. Bourchier to essay "Jacques" on his first professional appearance stood him in good stead when, in the autumn of 1895, he made his initial venture as an actor-manager. Unlucky though the Royalty Theatre was said to be, Mr. Bourchier decided to take it for the production of *The Chili Widow*. That his judgment was sound is proved by the fact that the piece ran for seven months. "It is just this glorious uncertainty that forms the greatest charm, to my mind, of the theatrical career," he remarked to me when we were discussing the subject.

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"This uncertainty, then, makes it practically impossible to lay down the law on matters concerning the stage?"

"Absolutely impossible," replied Mr. Bourchier. "A play may positively bristle with qualities that should ensure success—and yet it may prove an utter failure. A manager can't tell with any degree of certainty what the theatre-goer wants,—I don't think he quite knows himself."

"Talking of plays, you find plenty of people anxious to write for you, I suppose?"

"Well, about a hundred and fifty unsolicited manuscripts are sent to me every year," was the reply. "That is to say, three a week, on an average."

In answer to a question of mine on the subject, I learned that Mr. Bourchier's method of dealing with these offerings was as follows:—Every manuscript sent him by a person of whom he knew nothing was passed on to a "reader," to deliver pronouncement upon. As for those written by people with whose work he was himself familiar, these he took home with him, to apply a certain test to. This consisted in reading them in bed, with the idea of seeing whether they would send him to sleep or not before he had finished the first act. Those that had this result would, as may be imagined, be promptly returned; those that, on the other hand, failed in this respect, would be accorded more careful consideration at the first convenient opportunity. "So far," observed the originator, "I have found this scheme most efficacious. None of the 'send-me-to-sleep' plays have met with a producer after being returned by me, while, though I have been compelled to decline many of the 'keep-me-awake' ones, a number of these have achieved a certain degree of success at other theatres, and have had nice things said about them by the critics."

"That should console their authors."

"It should," acquiesced Mr. Bourchier. "Dramatists hanker after royalties, more than favourable criticism, though, I'm afraid."

"Does that mean that the latter doesn't particularly affect the former?"

"I wouldn't say that,"

*Mr. Cyril Maude in a costume part.*
*After a photo by Window & Grove.*

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was the answer. "I merely contend that the box-office statistics frequently go to prove that the most favourably criticised pieces are not invariably so pecuniarily successful as the less belauded ones."

I put a leading question:—"Do you think that, speaking personally, theatrical critics do their work capably?"

"Certainly I do," was the emphatic response. "The only alteration in the system that I should like to see would be the manner in which they are compelled to discharge their functions. Consider for a moment what these are:—The representative of a daily paper makes his first acquaintance—as a general rule—with a play on the night of its production. Between leaving the theatre and midnight—or perhaps a trifle later—he has to reduce his impressions of the performance to writing. In other words, he has to condense into forty-five minutes what should occupy him five hours or more. Of course, I am speaking of the criticisms of really important productions."

Mr. Bourchier's manner seemed to indicate that he had a remedy to offer. I asked for it.

"Well, I have a suggestion," he admitted. "It is that the French system of sending the printed play to the critics at least a week beforehand, and then giving a special performance for them just prior to the date of production, should be introduced here. The plan answers admirably in Paris, where it is known as the 'dépetion générale,' and I think it deserves a trial in London."

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## THE CELIBATE'S IDEAL.

BY D. T. B. WOOD.

MINE not to name her name.
Dead is desire: nor ever mine to kneel
Again abased in passion's vain appeal:
And mine not any more the thirst to claim
Kisses to greet me.
Hushed for her worship are the temple halls:
Only along the echoing spaces falls
Always the music of a voice that calls
Me, who am lowliest.

Mine not to see her face.
Dead is desire: nor ever mine to feel
Again deluded passion's long ordeal:
And mine no more the hunger to embrace
Bliss that would cheat me:
Cleansed are the temple chambers of my mind:
Each with a choir to sing her praises lined:
Odorous with outpoured incense: and enshrined
She in the holiest.

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BY CHARLES MARRIOTT.

*Author of "The Column."*

"THERE, Helen, I have sown the small rectangular border with *Eschscholtzia Californica crocea*, with an edging of Candytuft—Rose cardinal—an extremely choice combination; you will be surprised, too, when you see how charmingly the steel-blue foliage of the Eschscholtzia enters into the colour scheme."

The Rev. Henry Shillabeer rose from his knees, holding in his hand the small square of wood with which he had been flattening down the soil of the newly-sown border. He was a slight, fair man, with delicate features, trained into an expression of rattish tenacity, which might very well have passed for firmness of character.

"Oh, have you?" said his wife: "that's all right, then."

The remark was apparently as enthusiastic as might be expected, and Mr. Shillabeer, turning himself about, surveyed the garden with gentle satisfaction.

The garden, like the man, was too consciously neat. One forgives a pretty disorder in those early flowers startled into life by the feet of Spring scouting fearfully among the lilacs; but here even the primroses seemed to murmur

"*We must not walk on the grass.*"

The place was over-ticketed, and where should have been twiggy supports for the early sweet peas, already shouldering up the soil, were pale gridirons in galvanised wire. There were too many devices—evidently their owner's pride; even the clumps of daffodils were a trifle too obvious.

Exactly how man and garden failed was told by the woman. She shared the unhindered April beyond the garden as she moved backwards and forwards to the rhythm, already troubling the estuary that shone pale mauve under a soft, wet sky. One would have said she was singing, only her lips never moved: her song was that soundless rapture of the gulls rising and falling above the garden wall.

"You remember the blue tint of the leaves?" persisted her husband, without raising his voice.

She turned her head. "Oh, yes—I remember the blue tint of the leaves."

A sycamore thrilled suddenly, and rained a shower of little green confetti upon her. She held some in her hand for a moment, laughing, but without gaiety; then her eyes went back to the gulls rising, falling.

Here and there a rook made one believe how white the gulls were. When the gulls drove away the rooks the woman laughed again, and her eyes descended to the man's coat folded on the garden roller. Apparently its precise arrangement annoyed her. She frowned, and picking up the coat shook it, and let it fall in a tumbled heap upon the grass.

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Mr. Shillabeer came over to where his wife stood. She flung a handful of confetti upon him. He smiled affably, but immediately dusted off the little green discs with a blue silk handkerchief.

"What shall we do with these?" he asked, holding out half a dozen packets of seeds. "*Calliopsis grandiflora, Centaurea cyanus minor* . . . ." he repeated, reading the full names with smug satisfaction.

"Scatter them, scatter them!" she cried, with a graceful movement of her arm.

"Oh, but one must have some sort of scheme," he protested, taking hold of her arm above the elbow with decorous familiarity. "What do you propose, Helen—lines or patches?"

"My dear Henry, what *does* it matter?" she laughed. "Patches, however, for preference,—you've no notion how a little green spot on your chin becomes you."

He carefully removed the spot. "But really, Helen, I wish you could be persuaded to take some interest in my hobbies."

"I beg your pardon," she said, flushing. "Well, what have you? Shirley Poppies,—they certainly ought to go in a patch, but you haven't left room for them. You should have them breaking like a sheet of foam against the wall under the window."

"I don't think that is a very happy simile, is it?" he said critically, pursing up his mouth. "Poppies, foam—perhaps the fringed sort are a little, but——"

"Well, what would you have?—like a bank holiday crowd at the Crystal Palace on a firework night?"

"Helen, you are incorrigible," he said, with a titter. "By the way, there are *always* fireworks on a bank holiday. But I won't bore you. Really," and he looked at her with a prim leer that shook her with laughter, "really, this weather does get in one's head." He sniffed cautiously.

"I confess I feel quite giddy."

They paced up and down the walk.

"'Pon my soul!" he cried recklessly, "it is exactly ten years to-morrow. Have you forgotten?"

"Have I forgotten?" she echoed, so deeply that he stared.

"You are an odd creature," he said: "a moment ago you couldn't give a serious answer to an important question; and now you are tragedy personified."

"Tragedy?—if you knew how amused I am!"

"I don't see anything to laugh at in my recalling our wedding day."

"Don't you?"

A troop of girls, all muslin and shivering adolescence, their blown heads slanting together, went whispering down the lane. Helen called and threw a kiss to them, but they passed unheeding.

"Look at those girls!" said Mr. Shillabeer. "The idea of those flimsy dresses before the end of April! I'm perfectly sure, too, that Eustacia Porter is consumptive. There, Helen, is an instance of the way in which a vicar's wife may do a great deal of good."

"But how?"

"Don't you think that a little advice—and example—in matters of dress would be a real kindness to these careless young people?"

She covered his mouth with her hand. "Not when to-morrow is the anniversary of our wedding day."

He giggled, and held her arm a little tighter. "Do you know," he said archly, "it was just such a dress as Eustacia Porter's that made me screw up my courage to the sticking-point—as Shakespeare says."

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"Had I a dress like that?"

"Yes—of course you had. Not when I first met you at the Harpers', because it was on the seventeenth of October. You were in grey then, and Isobel wore green. It is a shocking thing to say," he added demurely, "but for a long time I could only tell you, one from the other, by your dresses."

"But surely we are not in the least alike?"

"Not really, of course; but I was very shy—do you remember how awkward I was?—and shy people, particularly when they are shortsighted, get into the habit of generalising."

She stood still and looked at him narrowly, as one who finds some novel aspect of the over-familiar.

"I mean that they don't study people's features minutely, but recognise them by their general appearance. For example, you and Isobel are both slim, fair girls, nearly of the same height."

"So that really it didn't matter?"

"I don't understand you."

"I mean that one slim fair girl is pretty much as another slim fair girl—particularly when both are nearly of the same height."

"Oh, I say, that's a very flippant remark!"

"Well, didn't you say so yourself?"

"I was speaking of the—the general effect, as it were; but one is not guided by mere outward appearance in so serious a question as marriage. Of course," he said gravely, "when I came to know you better, the difference in your characters was as wide as—as——"

"As between rooks and gulls, for example?"

"Rather strained, but something like what I mean. I could not imagine any earnest clergyman marrying Isobel."

"Not now, perhaps; but then?"

"I don't—— Oh, really, Helen, that is quite uncalled for."

"But how long did it take you to find out that Isobel was not up to the standard?"

"Oh, I discovered that quite early—almost from the first, so to speak."

"You had made up your mind to marry one of us, then?" she asked drily.

"I hope I was not so presumptuous as that," he said reproachfully.

"But you meant to try?"

He hesitated, not from modesty, but to tidy-up his explanation, as it were.

"I should not put it exactly in so many words," he said, reflectively; "but you see, your father was a man who evidently appreciated me. I wanted to settle down. This living was promised me on the resignation of the incumbent, then in declining health. I had inherited my little patrimony——"

"So that the only thing wanting was a slim, fair girl, nearly—— I beg your pardon; but this is too funny!"

He looked at her with a puzzled expression. "Really," he said, in an aggrieved tone, "I don't quite see what you are laughing at. Of course, if one is thinking of marrying, there must be a woman, I suppose."

"And, by a process of elimination, you arrived at Isobel and myself. Well," she continued encouragingly, "that was something done, wasn't it?"

"I am not so clever as you, Helen," he answered, a little sulkily; "but, in a way, I suppose it did amount to something like that. Of course," he added, as with a happy thought, "I couldn't marry several women, or even two, could I?

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You see, I was bound to make up my mind sooner or later. I like Isobel; indeed I admire her." He stopped suddenly. "I should be very grieved to think that I had treated Isobel badly."

He looked at her in genuine distress. She patted his arm reassuringly.

"One never knows," she said gravely; "however, it is too late to apologise now, and we won't worry over what can't be helped. I hope you won't think me spiteful," she continued, with a little laugh, "but I should like to know—indeed, I have always longed to know—exactly what you saw in Isobel that convinced you she was not worthy to be your wife. It is my native modesty causes me to put it in that way; you must admit that the choice of one implied some adverse criticism of the other."

"Oh, I say—that's hardly fair, you know," he said, with a demure chuckle. "Besides, you might tell Isobel."

"Oh no," she said; "I promise you that I won't tell Isobel."

He was visibly engaged in arranging the sequence of his narrative. He cleared his throat.

"To begin with, as you remember, I met you at the Harpers'."

"And were so dazzled by our united beauty that you couldn't tell t'other from which, so to speak."

"Exactly; but please don't interrupt. For a long time afterwards you were just Miss Helen and Miss Isobel Faulkner. I was—er—as you said. Then your father very kindly asked me to come and see him. Yes, I quite understand why you are laughing, Helen; I admit I was absurdly shy. Do you remember how I nearly picked up the black kitten in mistake for my hat? Dear, dear—how intensely amused your poor father was!"

"Poor father!" she sighed.

He paused to enjoy the reminiscence.

"Then it was six months," he counted—"indeed, it was seven—before I saw either of you again to speak to."

"And in the meantime you had counted out all the sex, except two slim, fair girls, nearly of the same height?"

He laughed slyly. "If you insist on putting it that way, I'm afraid I had gone even farther."

"How dreadfully we misjudged you! Do you know, we had considered you rather a laggard in—in most things, and all the while you had, like—William Cobbett?—decided on 'the wife for you.' How did you do it?"

"I'll tell you a secret," he said, with a triumphant air of mystery. "You remember Hardon Hill?"

"Remember?" For a moment her hard, mischievous eyes were soft with memories.

"Well, every afternoon I used to hurry through my visits and walk over to Hardon Hill and sit there—in the gorse. People used to wonder where I was; indeed, some of the old women were quite offended. They complained to my vicar."

He hesitated.

"You mustn't think that I deliberately omitted anybody. I managed it this way. I did not like to cut the chapters short, so I used to miss out a line—half a verse, perhaps—here and there. You've no notion," he said cunningly, "how much time you can save that way if you do it neatly. But, as I said, they found me out. However, the vicar was most kind. I'm afraid I—that is to say, I prevaricated; but he was most kind."



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"Oh, this is too delightful!" she cried: "go on; tell me what you saw from your ambush."

He was greatly encouraged. "Well, you know, one has a very good view of the Stannery garden."

"Of course, of course—I know," she said impatiently.

"And I used to see you—nearly every day, in fact—working in the garden."

"Oh!" she cried, turning on him blankly, "but—— Never mind, go on."

"I hope you don't mind," he said apologetically; "I assure you that I never saw anything——"

"Calculated to raise the blush of shame?"

"No, no: I don't mean that; but I thought, perhaps, you would not like to feel that you were taken unawares."

"I certainly was—in a sense—taken unawares; but," she sighed, "I'll forgive you."

"People are not always seen to the best advantage when they are gardening," he pursued, with an irritating air of abstraction.

"Apparently Iso—I mean I was," she said. "Tell me some more."

"There is no more," he said, in a tone of a child come to the bottom of his misdeeds.

"Then you mean to say that upon this evidence you decided that I was the one woman in the world for you?"

"Well, you see," he replied awkwardly, "you were so very assiduous; and I felt sure that a girl who showed such a fund of quiet perseverance in small matters—not that anything connected with the processes of Nature is really small—would also be careful of higher things."

"Such as the selection of hymn tunes and the ironing of surplices?"

He nodded. "Yes, and then I thought it so nice that husband and wife should have some common recreation."

She looked at him a trifle penitently. "I'm afraid I have rather disappointed you there, haven't I?"

"Oh, well, you know," he said tolerantly, "there are your household duties, and women haven't the same staying power."

"And Isobel? did she never come out and weed?"

"No, never," he answered, with cold severity. "I don't think I ever saw her put her hand to anything in the garden. She was generally indoors, singing. That reminds me," he said thoughtfully, "I have often wondered why Isobel does not sing now."

"I expect," she said gravely, "that the shock of discovering she was not worthy took away her voice for ever."

"Don't be silly, dear," he purred; "but does she never sing now?"

She looked at him critically, framed an illuminating sentence, dismissed it, and replied, "No, Isobel does not sing now. Perhaps," she added, as with an afterthought, "it would be better never to ask her."

"I assure you," he said resentfully, "that I should never dream of asking Isobel anything. I am very much afraid of Isobel; she is such a superior young person. Only I wondered why no one else asked her to sing—that was all."

He was pottering about with a pointed stick, making circles and triangles in the fine soil. Helen looked at him compassionately for a moment, and then lifted her eyes to the gulls rising, falling. One would have said that she could not decide whether to laugh or to cry.

"After all," she thought, "it is a pity to explain; he is so contented."

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When her husband joined her she turned to him with eyes that accepted him for precisely what he was worth.

"That reverses the popular conception of rooks and gulls, doesn't it?" he observed sententiously. "Here the rooks are the peaceful, law-abiding inhabitants —with a stake in the land, so to speak—while the gulls are frankly interlopers. See!" he cried, "they have beaten them off."

"I am afraid my sympathies are with the interlopers. Henry," she added petulantly, "I wish you wouldn't pin up your shirtsleeve with safety pins."

"Why, my dear? I thought it a particularly neat arrangement."

"Yes, that is precisely why I dislike it so. However, you have only told me the least important half. What did Isobel sing?"

"Oh, songs and things."

"Yes, yes; but what kind of songs? I fancy you didn't like them, did you?"

"Well, you know," he said, with a feeble attempt at evasion, "I'm not educated up to——"

"You know perfectly well that is not what I mean," she said wearily: "you didn't think them—proper?"

"To tell you the truth, I didn't. Of course," he said, with perfectly unconscious insolence, "marriage makes a difference, and I'm not so—prudish, you would call it—now. Do you know," his voice dropped to a confidential murmur, "it struck me that there was a vein of lawlessness in Isobel. No doubt I misjudged her; indeed, I must have done so, because she has never——"

"Never done anything to disgrace the family?"

"You put things so baldly, my dear," he said, with a frown. "Of course your sister would never forget that she was a lady. What I mean is that there was a sensuousness about her singing and the songs she chose. For example, there was one—a setting of a poem of Shelley's, I believe——"

"Oh lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!"

sang Helen out of her full throat.

"My dear! I had no notion your voice was so powerful; you never sing like that in church. I could have declared it was Isobel. However, I thought it hardly the thing, you know; besides, it is obviously a man's song."

She considered him, and apparently decided to admit him a little within her thoughts. "Don't you think that perhaps Isobel would sing it to feel how it would be to be loved like that?"

He looked at her open-mouthed. "What a very singular idea! Hardly nice either, is it?"

"Perhaps not in a vicar's wife; but, as you observed, Isobel was obviously unfit."

"Now, Helen, I didn't say that! Still one couldn't help feeling that—that sort of thing—though interesting in a romantic young lady, was hardly desirable in one's life-companion. It suggested possible dangers; these vague yearnings are apt to arouse anxiety, even when there is perfect confidence—perfect confidence, as between ourselves, dear Helen."

"So then," she said, "having reconnoitred, as it were, you summed us up—a sort of Martha and Mary."

"Hardly reverent, Helen, hardly reverent—and obviously inexact."

"Forgive me, but you know what I mean. I think I know all the rest. Having eliminated Isobel, you concentrated your energies in a determined assault

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upon my heart. Perhaps," she laughed, "that was the reason why Isobel went away to stay with Aunt Hester."

"I trust not," he murmured deprecatingly.

"By the way," she said, "I don't think I did much gardening after—well, after you began wooing in earnest."

"Well, no, you didn't. But of course, under the circumstances——"

She laughed outright. "You dear man! I see what you mean: in the rapture of your presence my cherished occupations went to the wall?"

"Oh, of course I don't suppose I was so—so fascinating as all that; still, engaged people are privileged to do foolish things. Even I myself—I'm afraid I neglected my parochial duties shockingly, shockingly. Then again, I took it for granted that after the excitement you—we, I should say," he corrected magnanimously, "would settle down to our duties; resume our 'migrations from the blue'—er—that is to say, our wonted occupations. I have often thought lately," he added, as in apology for her, "that perhaps you have thought me too exacting; that I should have encouraged more of the *desipere in loco*—that sort of thing, you know."

"In fact, you would like me to be a little more like Isobel?"

"No, not exactly that; still, you know, a little relaxation sometimes—music, for example."

A soldier passed down the lane: a bull-necked young fellow, with little concupiscent eyes and a heavy blue jowl. The newly-wetted semicircles of hair on his forehead, the roving glance, the cigarette, bespoke the hunter for pleasure.

"That is young Alsopp, home on furlough," said Mr. Shillabeer, in a tone of displeasure. "I believe he is courting Ada Fleming; I have seen him hanging about their cottage lately. I think I had better speak to old Fleming."

"Is the man a blackguard, then?"

"Well," he shrugged his shoulders, "I should hardly go as far as that; still——"

After ten years' immersion in the affairs of a parish Helen had a pretty frank idea of the love-making of such a man. Yet she felt a strange desire to be in the confidence of the—quarry. Is it not said that the dearest pleasure of the delicately nurtured is a furtive meal of tripe and onions?

"But do you think you are quite justified?" she said. "After all, the man may be decent."

"Oh, I don't say he isn't. Still, girls are ignorant, and fathers are such fools."

"As you say," she assented unemotionally, "fathers are such fools."

"I was saying about Isobel," said Mr. Shillabeer, stooping with another packet of seed, "it seems odd how she has sobered down. From what I remember, she is very much as you were. Curiously," he added reflectively, "nobody else seems to have remarked it. I was talking to Mrs. Porter the other day, and your sister's name happened to be mentioned. 'But there,' said Mrs. Porter, 'Miss Isobel always was the quiet one.'"

"Poor Isobel! Who knows but that she may yet be found worthy of an earnest clergyman?"

He looked at her doubtfully. "I think you meant that satirically," he said. "Of course I can appreciate your irony—indeed, I have always admired your witty sayings. Still, one has to be careful, and I sometimes think you overdo it. One has to remember the good, stupid people—'the weaker brethren,' as St. Paul says; they are sometimes hurt because they don't understand."

"But don't you think Isobel improved?" she persisted, humanely disregarding him.

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"In some ways—yes. Of course I admire her serious purposes, and all that; still, one likes people to be bright and merry. As I said, I think it is a pity she has given up her singing."

"You used to sing a little yourself, used you not?" he said presently. "I fancy I remember your warbling some simple little ditty when we were first engaged."

"Yes, I used to warble simple little ditties," she replied stoically.

Mr. Shillabeer wormed and patted himself into his coat. "Well," he observed, looking round complacently, "I think that completes my little selection of hardy annuals. I have improved in my methods, Helen, since we came here: one learns a great deal in ten years."

"One learns a great deal after ten years," she corrected him.

He glanced at her vaguely, gave it up, and continued. "Next year we will have an edging of violas right up to the front door."

"Yes," she said, with a little shiver, "next year we will have an edging of violas right up to the front door."

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## THE END.

BY D. K. BROSTER.

GIVE me your hand, a little space to hold it;
For the last time . . . the last . . . you understand?
To kiss it once, and in my own to fold it,
Give me your hand!

Low in Love's horologe has sunk the sand:
Ah! once I dreamt the power to have controlled it;
—As well recall the ebbing tide to land!

You never could have loved! I had foretold it
If in your face the tokens I had scanned;
Yes, in your cold, sweet eyes has fate enrolled it.
Give me your hand.

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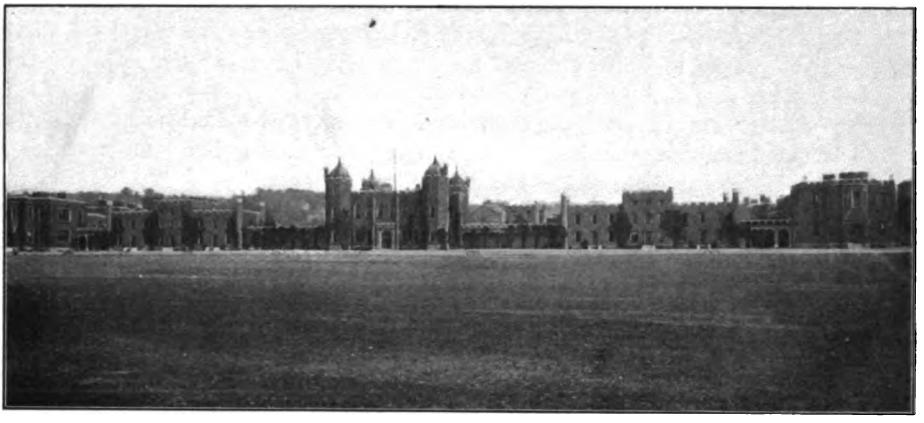

"The Shop."

*Photo by George Higgins, Plumstead.*

# THE TRAINING OF OUR OFFICERS.

["*It is our opinion that this war and the experience it has brought must lead to great reform, not merely in the organisation, but in the training, of the Army; and not one of the episodes which have been criticised will be allowed to pass by without giving us some instruction in that regard.*"—THE RT. HON. W. ST. J. BRODRICK, Secretary for War, in the House of Commons.]

## *THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ABSENT-MINDED WAR."

HAVING discussed at considerable length the system on which the future officers of the cavalry and infantry of the British Army are educated at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst,* let us now devote a little time to an examination of the system in force at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, commonly called "The Shop," where the future officers of the so-called scientific corps of the Army, the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery, are prepared for their military duties.

### THE ENGINEER OFFICER IN THE WAR.

Before discussing the system of education in force at "The Shop," we may as well look into the manner in which officers of these branches of the Service have done their work in the Boer war, in order to see for ourselves whether their method of carrying out their duties indicates a faulty system of education, or whether our engineer and artillery officers have by their deeds on service justified the manner in which they have hitherto been trained. In war time the duties of engineer officers are necessarily very varied and very important. Have these officers carried out these duties successfully on the whole, or have they come to grief in the same manner, or to the same extent, that officers of the cavalry and infantry have failed on more than one occasion?

In war, the engineer officer may be required to superintend the management of the war balloons used for reconnaissance; he may be detailed to superintend the repair and reconstruction of railroads, bridges, and other means of communication; he may be placed in charge of field telegraphs; or he may be required to design defensive works or to trace the direction of trenches intended to facilitate the approach of the assailants to a hostile position. In this war all these duties have

* In the April Number of the PALL MALL MAGAZINE, the present article should have appeared in the May Number, but was unavoidably postponed.



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fallen at one time or another to the share of our engineer officers, and it may at once be said that they have performed them all exceedingly well. On more than one occasion officers of this corps have performed most important and dangerous duties—as, for instance, when Major Hunter-Weston rode round the rear of the enemy's position at Bloemfontein and cut the railway to the north of the Free State capital, thereby preventing the removal of locomotives and rolling-stock which proved most valuable afterwards to the Army, a feat which he endeavoured to repeat when the British Army was about to enter Pretoria; and throughout the campaign the officers of the Royal Engineers have earned the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief and of the Army by the skill with which they restored and successfully maintained in working order the railway line and the bridges blown up by the Boers. Both in Natal and in the other parts of the theatre of war engineer officers have won the highest praise for their management of the field telegraphs. In Natal, the officer who was responsible for this important duty practically killed himself by overwork, and throughout the war the officers of engineers have laboured unceasingly to carry out their duties, whatever they happened to be. Sir George White has told us how much he was indebted to the information given him by the officer in charge of the balloon during the siege of Ladysmith; and equally efficient service has been done by balloon detachments under engineer officers with other forces during the campaign.

As regards the actual military work of tracing and excavating trenches on the

*Cadets making a Siege Battery.*

*Photo by G. Higgins.*

battle-field itself, we know that excellent work was done by the sappers in the final stage of the fighting at Paardeberg; and if the trenches scratched hurriedly with infinite labour on the rocky summit of Spion Kop proved defective, this was due not to incapacity or want of zeal on the part of the engineer officer, but to the fog in the early morning, and to our ignorance of the topography of the

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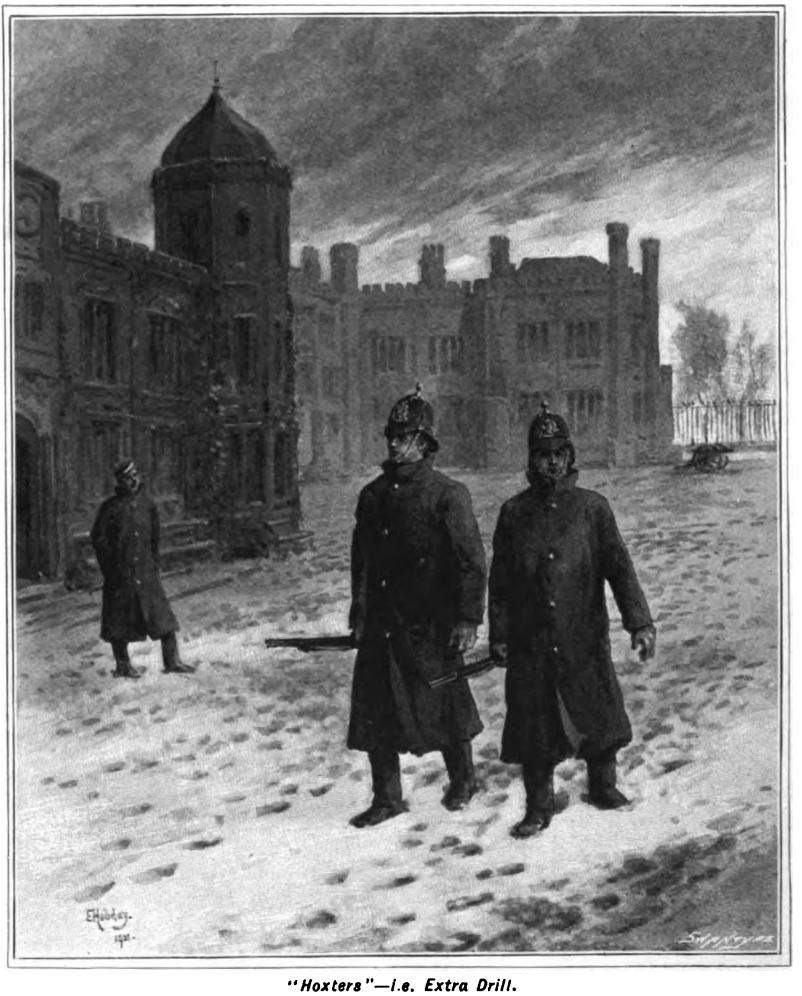
surrounding heights. Trenches could not be constructed, owing to the rocky nature of the ground; all that was possible was to scratch out shallow excavations, supplementing these as far as possible by stones and boulders. When daylight showed that these could be enfiladed and taken in reverse, in some cases, from neighbouring ground in the occupation of the Boers, there were no means available for constructing traverses or for providing shelter for our troops. In fact, wherever



*"Hoxters"—i.e. Extra Drill.*

**A punishment the reverse of pleasant early before breakfast on a cold winter's morning. It is one of the privileges of the Cadet "Corporal on Duty" to drill the youthful malefactors.**

one examines the manner in which the officers of the Royal Engineers did their work, one is forced to confess that it could not have been better done.

## The Artillery in the War.

As regards the artillery, the same verdict will be returned without any hesitation. The war had not lasted for many days ere we found that our field guns were consistently out-ranged by the heavy guns of position in the hands of the Boers. Under these circumstances our gunners had an arduous task, and right well did

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they execute it. We have been told how the arrival of the naval guns at a critical moment in the siege of Ladysmith alone enabled Sir George White to prolong his resistance: without wishing in any way to detract from the credit due to Captain Lambton and his blue-jackets, I must not omit to point out that the practically obsolete 6·3-inch howitzers did service of at least equal value, not being hampered, like the naval guns, by a serious scarcity of ammunition.

When the need for heavy ordnance was recognised, and both siege guns and naval guns were sent to the front under the charge of men of the garrison artillery, these tremendous weapons were handled with the utmost skill and effect; while it has been universally admitted that the light pieces of the horse and field artillery were consistently handled with an ability and dash which enabled surprising results to be obtained from these weapons, so inferior in power to the guns of position in possession of the enemy. Sir Redvers Buller has recently said in public that he was inclined to believe that our gunners attached somewhat too much importance to drill, and to this he attributed the very heavy losses which the artillery endured without flinching on more than one occasion. At Colenso, where we lost so many guns under such melancholy circumstances, our gunners, both officers and men, did all that could be expected of them; and at Sanna's Post, where also guns were captured, the officers and men of the horse artillery added to their already splendid reputation. At Stormberg there can be no doubt that it was only the bold and skilful handling of our artillery which enabled Gatacre to save the shattered remnant of his exhausted force; and at the battle of Lombard's Kop the tenacity and tactical skill with which the field batteries were handled by their commanders alone prevented a disastrous issue. Both sappers and gunners have done equally well throughout the war, and it will hardly be denied that the fact that they have done so is to some extent due, not only to the actual instruction which they have received at Woolwich, but in great measure to the high *esprit de corps* so assiduously cultivated at the "Shop."

I have made an allusion above to the manner in which officers of cavalry and artillery have failed on more than one occasion. Before going any further I must explain that these failures have been due in the main to faulty training in time of peace. Reconnaissance has been neglected—on occasions; troops have been brought under close fire in faulty formations; there have been many instances of a neglect of the precautions prescribed by prudence, and a too daring attempt to close with the enemy at all hazards. These faults have certainly been faults on the right side; but none the less, they have conduced to more than one reverse. With an intelligent system of training such faults should rarely occur in the course of a campaign. Not the least of the advantages which the "scientific corps" possess over their comrades in the infantry and cavalry of the line, the latter especially, is that a higher standard of intelligence is exacted at the entrance examinations.

### In Piping Times of Peace.

But while we have seen that in war time the duties of both engineers and artillery have been performed with excellent results, there are certain special duties which fall to engineer officers in time of peace; it is worth while paying some attention to the manner in which these duties are performed. In peace time engineer officers are required to plan and build barracks, to execute the host of minor repairs which are continually necessary in buildings occupied by so careless a tenant as Tommy Atkins, to construct rifle ranges, and to carry out a variety

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of engineering and architectural work of a civil character. I do not think that any soldier, outside the corps of Royal Engineers, will be prepared to say that these duties are either well or economically carried out. The barracks get built, somehow or other; the repairs get attended to, some way or other; but the result is rarely satisfactory, and we are beginning, I think and hope, to realise that it is a mistake to employ officers of Royal Engineers on work which is usually uncongenial, and which, seeing the number of other subjects which they have to master, they can hardly be fairly required to perform. It is probable that the work of building and repairing barracks and other Government buildings would be performed both more efficiently and far more cheaply by the employment of civilian contractors and architects under proper supervision. However, this thorny

*Cadets sketching on Woolwich Common.*

*Photo by G. Higgins.*

subject hardly comes within the scope of this article, so it is not necessary for me to pursue it any further at present.

### *Esprit de Corps* at "The Shop."

I have already alluded to the value of a strong feeling of *esprit de corps* in any military organisation; and one of the chief merits of "The Shop" is that this sentiment is strongly encouraged there, and consequently flourishes exceedingly in a congenial atmosphere, to the great benefit of the Service. If only for this reason, it is earnestly to be hoped that the authorities will never be so ill advised as to carry out a "reform" (?) which some people have lately advocated—namely, the training of officers of horse and field artillery at Sandhurst, on the plea that their work in the field so nearly approximates to that of the other arms, that there is no longer any necessity for educating them at a separate establishment. It may,

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on the contrary, be fairly argued that there is no truth in the assertion that the work of officers of horse and field artillery is less scientific as compared with that of officers of infantry and cavalry than it used to be. Warfare has undoubtedly become more scientific of late; higher attainments are required in the officer now than was the case thirty or forty years ago, and the scientific handling of artillery is of at least as much importance now as it ever was. After all, till some one is able to prove that the horse or field artillery officer is too highly educated for his work, it will be just as well to retain the system which has given us such good results. We should rather endeavour to level up the rest of the Army than to level down the officers of our artillery.

At Sandhurst, as we have already seen, the cadet is only kept for one year; at Woolwich he is kept for two, and in this respect alone "The Shop" has a

*Field Gun Drill.*

*Photo by G. Higgins.*

great pull. In two years a great deal more can be done than in one, especially when the pupil is a year younger to begin with. Let us now look at the requirements of the entrance examination, with a view to seeing if any of them are fairly open to criticism.

## Concerning the Curriculum.

Candidates, who must be between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, and must be able to pass a fairly searching medical examination, are required to satisfy the examiners in the following subjects; all of the subjects in Class I. may be taken up, but only one of the subjects in Class II. Class I. may therefore be fairly described as compulsory (for the examination being competitive, the great object of each candidate is to make marks), and Class II. as optional.

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*The Large Dining Hall.*

*Photo by G. Higgins.*

CLASS I.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mathematics I. | 3000 marks. |
| Mathematics II. | 2000 ,, |
| Latin | 2000 ,, |
| French or German | 2000 ,, |
| Chemistry and Heat | 2000 ,, |
| English Composition | 1000 ,, |
| Geometrical Drawing | 1000 ,, |
| Freehand ,, | 500 ,, |
| Geography | 500 ,, |

CLASS II.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mathematics III. | 2000 ,, |
| German or French | 2000 ,, |
| Greek | 2000 ,, |
| English History | 2000 ,, |
| Physics | 2000 ,, |
| Physiography and Geology | 2000 ,, |

Thus, out of a total of 16,000 marks, 7,000 may be gained in mathematics alone; and precisely the same number of marks can be gained in Latin and Greek as in French and German—probably a concession to the public school master, for there cannot be a shadow of a doubt that a knowledge of French and German are likely to be of infinitely more value to the artillery or engineer officer than the most intimate acquaintance with any dead language. The authorities would appear to have forgotten that a very large proportion of the best military works are published in French or German—more frequently in the latter; which consideration

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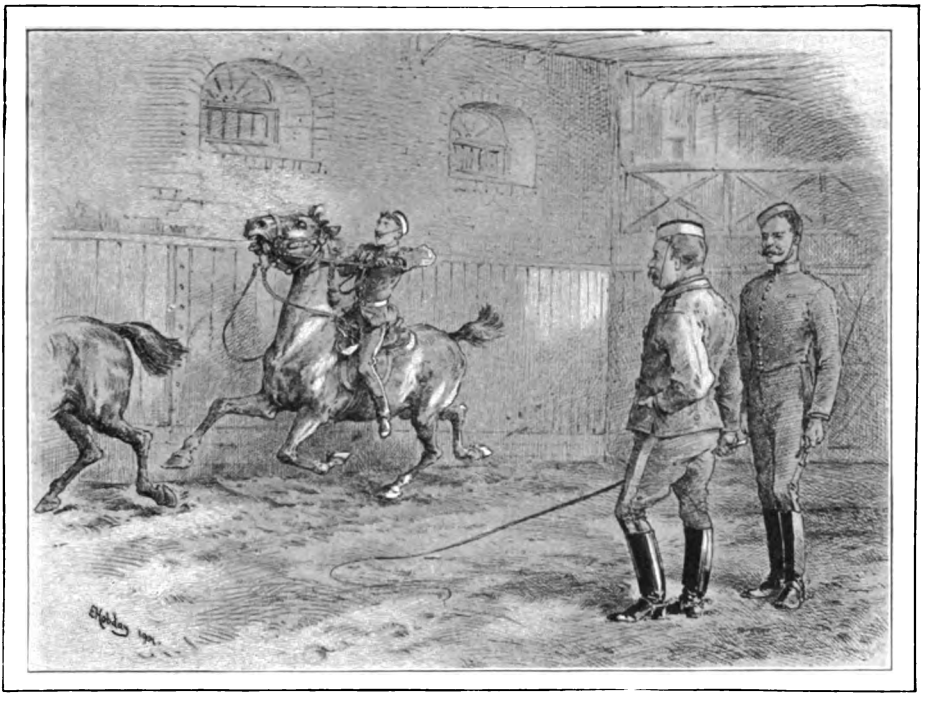
alone should lead them to strike Latin and Greek out of the list of subjects for the entrance examination, and at the same time to give more marks for the modern languages, while at the same time exacting a higher standard of proficency.

### Marks, Mathematics and Modern Languages.

This would, I have no doubt, at once cause the public school masters to take up arms; but I fail to see what claim these gentlemen have to dictate the nature of the preliminary education of the young officer. This ought to be guided by practical and common-sense principles alone, and no attention should be paid to the fact that it is not now easy for a boy to acquire a good working knowledge of French and German at a public school. I think that this will hardly be disputed. Most of us have vivid recollections of the methods of instruction in



*Riding School—"Cross your stirrups! Trot out!"*

**Mounted on a rough, tearing, hard-mouthed troop-horse, who keeps one eye on the long whip, ready to bolt at the slightest suggestion of its use, the G.C.'s* efforts to maintain his equilibrium are stimulated by the gentle sarcasm of the riding-master. "Now, sit tight, that rear file—not quite so much daylight between you and the saddle, please, sir! I see we shall have to send you home in a perambulator presently."**

modern languages in our school days; very little encouragement was given to the study of these languages, and I imagine very few boys leave school with a knowledge of either French or German which will carry them very far on the Continent or will enable them to read and enjoy books printed in either language. But if the authorities insist on proficiency in modern languages, they will get it. The public schools, conservative as are their rulers, will give way, once they see that their remonstrances are unheeded, and steps will be taken to give enhanced importance to modern languages in all Army classes.

* Gentleman Cadet. The abbreviation is invariably used.

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When discussing the entrance examination at Sandhurst, I exclaimed against the great importance attached to mathematics. We see that similar prominence is given to this subject in the entrance examination for Woolwich; but here we are on quite different ground, and as only 5,000 marks are given for the compulsory mathematics, the third paper being optional, I do not think that there can be any ground for complaint on the score of the examination requiring too great proficiency in this subject. We must not forget that it is just as well that both artillery and engineer officers should start with a firm basis of mathematical knowledge. I have already pointed out that the fact that as many marks may be gained in Latin and Greek as in French and German indicates the extent to which the public school masters have influenced the authorities; but were it wanting, further evidence of this is to be found in the little importance which the examiners attach to English history, English composition, and geography—all three subjects which are greatly neglected at our public schools. English history is actually an optional subject, whereas it most certainly should be compulsory; and only 1000 marks are given for English composition and only 500 for geography. English history ought to be substituted for Latin in the compulsory subjects, and the marks for modern languages should be double. More marks also should be given for geography. If this could be done we should get a better basis for the military education which we propose to give to the young cadet.

### The Medical Examination.

Let us now see what the successful candidate is taught when he joins "The Shop" and puts on the neat blue uniform of the Woolwich cadet. But before going on to this I cannot refrain from a word or two about the medical examination. If we look up the physical standard for lads aspiring to Woolwich, we shall see that we meet again here the absurd table of "physical equivalents" which I alluded to in my article on Sandhurst. From this precious table we shall see that a lad of sixteen years of age and five feet four inches high will be rejected unless, stripped, he can turn the scale at eight stone eight. However sound and wiry he may be, he can only be accepted, if under this arbitrary standard of weight, on the understanding that he must have attained the standard before being given his commission. Thus, supposing he is only eight stone six on entering at sixteen, he will be finally rejected if he cannot increase his weight to nine stone four by the time he has completed his course. Most of us are so accustomed to hearing the weights of people as weighed with their ordinary clothes on, that we fail to realise that this standard is far higher than can reasonably be maintained. For instance, a lad who would weigh eight stone eight stripped, would probably weigh well over nine stone in his ordinary clothes; and in the same way a lad weighing nine stone four stripped, would probably weigh ten stone or thereabouts in ordinary dress. I have already pointed out, as many other people before me have pointed out, that this regulation would have kept both Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley out of the Service, had anything so foolish been in force in their day. It is ridiculous and contrary to common sense, and is probably only retained as a sop to the vanity of the wiseacre who invented it.

### Military Topography.

To return to the subject of the instruction which the cadets receive at the Royal Military Academy. The course of instruction lasts for two years, cadets

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joining either in the last week of January or about the middle of August, the year's work being, like that of Sandhurst, divided into two terms, with a week's holiday at Easter. As cadets join twice a year, and as they stay at "The Shop" for two years, the course naturally divides itself into four divisions, the cadets in each division being half a year ahead of their comrades in the class below them. As there are usually about two hundred cadets under instruction—the number varying roughly from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and thirty according to the requirements of the Service—it will be seen at once that the classes vary from about forty upwards. If we now turn to the establishment of professors and instructors in the different subjects, we shall find that there are no less than six instructors in military topography, five each in mathematics, fortification, and artillery, only one instructor in tactics, one in French (in addition to one temporarily appointed), and one in German. There are also instructors in experimental science, chemistry, electricity, and carpentry—a voluntary subject—and no instructor at all in military history, a subject which is even more neglected at "The Shop" than at Sandhurst.

The natural conclusion to be drawn from this is that the authorities attach at least as much importance to military topography as to artillery, fortification, or mathematics, while tactics and modern languages are regarded as of quite secondary importance, and no weight whatever is attached to a study of military history. I must confess that I am utterly unable to account for the extraordinary importance which is officially attached to a knowledge of military topography. It is an art which is doubtless of the utmost value to those who are able to acquire it, and a certain small degree of proficiency can be attained very quickly by almost any one. It is also of value as tending to educate the eye to read a country, that most valuable of military accomplishments; while it is obviously important that every officer should be able to read a contoured military sketch, to annotate an existing map, to interpolate his position upon a map, and to find his way about a strange country by the aid of a map. All this should be within the power of every officer, to whatever branch of the Service he belongs, and this much can be taught to any one of average intelligence within a comparatively short time. I admit that it is most important that officers of Engineers should be able to execute accurate surveys of any tract of country, and that such of them as have a natural aptitude for what is known as military topography should be carefully trained to as great a pitch of perfection as possible—which is certainly desirable in the case of Artillery officers as well; but I entirely deny that any good is done by compelling every cadet, both at Woolwich and at Sandhurst, to spend hours in working at a subject in which he can never hope to attain any degree of proficiency.

### What Military Sketching Means.

Very few civilians have any idea of what is meant by the term military topography. It may be said that the art of military sketching consists in transferring to paper the features of a tract of country, with rapidity and accuracy, with the aid of no instruments but a magnetic compass, a clinometer (to measure slopes), possibly an aneroid, a ruler with a scale on it, and a pencil. The sketch thus made should, to be of assistance to a commander, be so nearly accurate as to enable him to see at once which are the most commanding features, to what extent his guns will command the approaches, on which ground his sentries will have the widest view, and along which roads he will be able to march his troops

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without attracting observation. The map should also show him the gradients along the main and bye roads, so that it will be possible to decide which roads are fitted for heavy traffic, and which will present serious obstacles to progress. The military sketcher is unable, owing to the necessity of executing his work with rapidity, to take any exact measurements; all distances have to be paced or estimated, and the most skilled and gifted eye is needed to appreciate the exact relative height of neighbouring eminences, and to trace the deceptive contour as it meanders from one hill-side to another. Maps which do not fulfil the necessary requirements, as briefly sketched above, are not only useless—that would be bad enough—they are actually and positively dangerous. No one should be allowed, much less encouraged, to attempt military sketching in the field, unless he is an adept in the art. And adepts, like poets, are born, not made. Within a few weeks the instructor will be able to see which cadets will repay tuition in topography, and which lads will never be of any use as military draughtsmen. The former should be encouraged to take up the subject seriously—in the two years at Woolwich the whole art could easily be taught; but those who have no natural aptitude for the pencil should cease to waste time with the plane table and the clinometer, and should be instructed in reconnaissance, both on foot and mounted, in its place. It is only of comparatively recent years that mounted reconnaissance has been taught at all at Woolwich; it has always been very popular with the cadets, and more time might well be devoted to it.

### The First Term at Woolwich.

In his first term at Woolwich the cadet spends his time very much as follows: five and a quarter hours in the week at mathematics, six and a quarter hours at fortification, six and a half hours at topography, four hours at modern languages, five and a quarter hours at chemistry and physics, two hours at freehand drawing, four hours at gymnastics, and five hours at infantry drill,—in all, thirty-eight and a quarter hours' work in the week, or an average of about six and a half hours a day. As a matter of fact, it is a bit more than this, because Saturday is a half-holiday, on which only three hours' work is done; but in any case the hours are by no means excessive, and Woolwich is free from that absurd regulation by which the cadets are shut up every evening in their own rooms for the farce known as "private study." In his second term the cadet, no longer a "snooker," makes acquaintance with the riding-school, in which he spends two hours and a half every week, his riding being gradually increased till in his last term he spends over seven hours a week on horseback. Here I think there is room for improvement. All horsemen are agreed that a lad can hardly begin to ride too young; it would be a great improvement in the course if the cadets commenced riding in their first term, cutting out some of the time now given to drill and gymnastics, and if the time allowed for riding were increased in all the other terms. For instance, the time now wasted in sword drill might quite well be given up to riding instead. I am awake to the fact that this would necessitate an increase in the establishment of horses at "The Shop," but there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining any number of trained horses at a centre of military equitation like Woolwich.

### The Second Term.

In his second term the cadet begins to learn something about the gun, with which, should he go into the artillery, so much of his future life will be concerned, and he also tackles more advanced work in fortification, but he does

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*Rock and Heave: Cadets making Barrel Piers for floating Bridges.*
*Photo by G. Higgins.*

not commence the study of tactics till his third term. With this arrangement there is not much fault to be found. Tactics, though a very important subject, is not a very large one as it is taught at the Royal Military Academy, and a cadet can easily learn all that is expected of him in two terms. The question is whether it is sound to divorce the study of tactics from that of military history in the manner in which this is done both at Woolwich and Sandhurst. One result of this is a tendency to substitute hard-and-fast rules for common sense, and to ignore the manner in which tactics are continually being modified by a number of circumstances, such as the development of firearms, the nature and tactics of the foe, the nature of the country, and a thousand-and-one other factors, which would be far more correctly appreciated if some attempt were made to combine the study of military history and strategy with that of tactics pure and simple. In any case it is not easy to see how satisfactory results can be expected when the tactical instruction of about a hundred cadets is left entirely in the hands of one officer, however hard-working and able he may be.

### The Attempt at "Bifurcation."

A few years ago the experiment of what was termed "bifurcation" was tried, those cadets destined for the artillery being separated from the future sappers in accordance with the result of the examination at the end of the first year. Theoretically this system had much to recommend it, as it appeared to be unsound to educate both gunners and sappers on precisely the same lines throughout the whole of their stay at Woolwich. In practice "bifurcation" was a failure, as it was found that the future sappers, having attained their goal at the end of their



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first year, were inclined to take things easy during their second year, thus not benefiting as greatly as they should by the course of instruction to which they were subjected. Consequently, after a short trial of the new system, it was abolished, and it is now the result of the final examination which determines the question whether the cadet is to don the scarlet jacket of the sapper or the blue coat of the gunner. But though this experiment failed, as it was perhaps bound to fail, it is not altogether satisfactory that the future artillery officer should be required to study all the subjects which are indispensable for the future engineer; and it is doubtful whether it might not be wise to increase the number of

*"Running Up."*

**An ordeal every "Snooker," or last-joined Cadet, is subject to at least once in his career. When he is thus inverted, his portmanteau and a "tosh-can" full of water are neatly balanced above him, and fall in upon the victim when he "kicks down."**

voluntary subjects, giving many more marks for modern languages, for instance, and increasing the time devoted to them, and making chemistry and electricity and magnetism voluntary instead of compulsory subjects. If this were done, there would be nothing to prevent those cadets of a scientific turn of mind from working at their favourite subjects, while at the same time encouragement would be given to those whose tastes led them rather in the direction of the study of languages, and who had but little liking for science.

After all, what we must endeavour to bear in mind, in framing the curriculum at either Woolwich or Sandhurst, is that our object is to lay down in each cadet

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a sound foundation on which a permanent edifice of professional knowledge may afterwards be erected. It is a mistake to attempt to turn out young officers with the impression that their professional education is complete. Care must be taken to develop the physique, the intelligence, and the taste for study in each lad; we must avoid overworking our cadets and so giving them a dislike to that study of their profession which is now more essential than ever.

### Woolwich and Sandhurst contrasted.

I think it can be honestly said that the course at Woolwich is much better than that at Sandhurst—though, of course, it must not be forgotten that in being able to keep its students for two years instead of one, and in getting them a year younger to start with, Woolwich has a great pull; but even at Woolwich many things may be altered for the better. One of the first reforms which should be introduced is in the present arrangement of the terms. The term which commences about August 11th, and goes on without a break to within a few days of Christmas—more than four solid months—is much too long. Both cadets and instructors inevitably get stale and weary. The work of all would be better done were this term shortened. Three terms in the year would obviously be better than two. As regards the discipline and general management of "The Shop," it may at once be said that it is excellent—much better than at Sandhurst. This is in a great measure due to the longer time which the cadets spend at Woolwich, to the earlier age at which they join, and to the fact that subalterns of the Royal Artillery, in charge of companies, are brought much more closely into contact with the cadets than are the company officers at Sandhurst. It has now been decided to send subaltern officers to Sandhurst for duty as company officers. I hope the results will be an improvement, and that we shall soon see both Woolwich and Sandhurst at the same high level of efficiency.

*Cadets making a Double Lock Bridge.*

*Photo by G. Higgins.*

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*"He is scratching, scratching, scratching with a furious-driven nib."*



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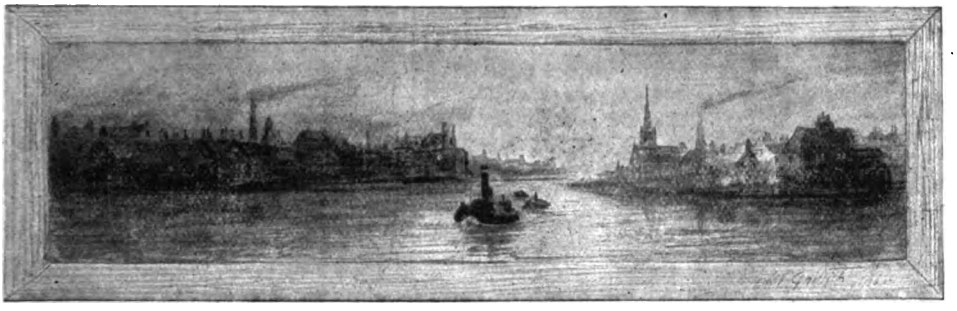

# COMMON HEROES.

## *THE JOURNALIST.*

BY HAROLD BEGBIE,

*Author of "The Handy Man."*

WHEN you're wrapt in easy slumber in your comfortable crib,
He is scratching, scratching, scratching with a furious-driven nib,
He is listening, he is listening with a hot and aching head,
To the clicking of the cables from the ocean's quiet bed;
And the printer's buzzing devils push and bang his yielding door,
Snatch his scribble, fling the proof-sheet, knock his coffee on the floor,
While the words, words, words are written, swift as lightning, sharp and clean,
To the loud, harsh, clanging thunder of the linotype machine.

Oh, the paper's dull and stupid, so the City men complain,
And they leave a giant's labour in the 'bus and in the train.

Hark! the mighty press is stirring, hear its flyers flap and bang,—
Just a Bimetallic column, just a par. on Li Hung Chang,
Hurl the Muscovite a warning, set these blessed Generals right,
Give the Belleville Boiler toko, tell Lord Rosebery he must fight!
And if cables fail to chatter, if the world is calm and still,
Roars the linotype for copy—O the columns he must fill!
O the eggless incubation! O the rumour! O the myth!—
For the fool who flings his penny on the stall of Mr. Smith!

There is nothing in the paper, so the aitchless man complains,
But he lights his fire next morning with a Hertford Scholar's brains.



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*Stephen Phillips.*

# REAL CONVERSATIONS.

RECORDED BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

## *CONVERSATION IV.—WITH MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.*

SCENE: *The Smoking Room of the —— Club. Date, March* 1901.

***W. A.*** I am glad you could shake off your Old Man of the Sea, and spare me an evening.

***Mr. Phillips.*** My Old Man of the Sea?

***W. A.*** Ulysses, of course.

***Mr. Phillips.*** Oh, as yet I am only sketching out the play. Besides, I can't really work in this biting weather. Can you?

***W. A.*** I have to, whether I can or not. We poor devils of journalists can't pick and choose our moods, as you lordly poets can—and must, no doubt. If we had to use our imagination——

***Mr. Phillips.*** I thought journalists did occasionally fall back on that faculty. Though for that matter I have found by experience that some of them not only have no imagination themselves, but resent it in others.

***W. A.*** By experience, eh? Not, surely, in the case of your plays? I have only to-day been reading Mr. Gosse's remark as to the reception of *Paolo and Francesca*, that "this time the complacency of the critics was so universal as to be almost alarming." And as for *Herod*, I should have thought——

***Mr. Phillips.*** Yes, yes; *Herod*, too, was very well treated on the whole, and I have no reason to complain of the acceptance it has met with.

***W. A.*** Complain, indeed! Why, it was a triumph! If any one had predicted ten—five—even three years ago, that such a poem, by a living English author,

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would be produced on the London stage, would be received with enthusiasm, and would run—how many nights did it run?

***Mr. Phillips.*** Eighty performances.

***W. A.*** Yes, and at such a large house as Her Majesty's, where one audience is almost equivalent to two at an ordinary theatre——

***Mr. Phillips.*** An acting-manager has told me that he reckons eighty nights at Her Majesty's as about equal to a hundred and forty at the Haymarket or the St. James's.

***W. A.*** Well, as I was saying, if any one three years ago had predicted such a success for such a play, we should all have laughed him to scorn. I am sometimes reckoned an extravagant optimist with regard to the English stage; but until that night—you remember?—when you read me *Paolo and Francesca*, even my optimism stopped short of imagining a revival of living poetic drama.

***Mr. Phillips.*** But you don't quite understand. I am not for a moment saying that *Herod* did not have all the success it deserved; but it is a little disconcerting to find people bent on denying it the success it actually had. One used to think that God Himself could not undo the past; but what is possible to God is child's-play to the theatrical paragraphist. He can unmake history and change a success into a failure at a stroke of his pen. "Eighty performances!" he says—I assure you I am quoting almost literally, and not from one paper but from several—"Eighty performances! After this we may safely dismiss the poetic drama. The bubble has burst. The boom has collapsed"—and so on, through the whole litany of their marvellous metaphors. Of course all this doesn't really re-make the past; it doesn't alter the facts; but it helps to make the future difficult, not only for me—one man is no great matter—but for every one who tries to do imaginative work. It engenders in the public mind a prejudice, a misgiving, an instinctive association of poetry with failure, that is very hard to fight against.

***W. A.*** Yes, the paragraphist is a serious evil, no doubt. He is more influential than the critic, because he has "damnable iteration" at his command. By his policy of pin-pricks he can tattoo a prejudice upon the public mind, that nothing will eradicate. And then, as you say, he can distort facts. The critic only gives his opinion; and though it often carries ridiculous weight with the unsophisticated public, it is after all nothing but an opinion, which will probably be contradicted in the next paper the reader opens. But the paragraphist professes to give, not opinions, but ascertained results. His assertions, especially as to "what the public wants," are put forward not as the haphazard guesses they are, but rather as careful generalisations from what is assumed to be "inside knowledge." He lives by making talk about the drama, and when there are not enough of even the most trumpery facts to fill a column, he pads it out with theories. He spends half his time in jumping to conclusions from ludicrously inadequate premises—or from none at all. I heard the other day of a manager—or at any rate a manager's agent—who rejected a play of the Civil War on the ground that "the public didn't want Charles I. costumes." He thought very highly of the piece; but he had his finger on the public pulse, and found it tick out (by a sort of Morse Code, I suppose), the order "No Cavaliers and Roundheads!" The fact was that a perfectly futile and feeble play on the subject of Cromwell had failed about a year before; and no doubt this gentleman and his paragraphist cabinet had laid their heads together and decided that the whole period must be tabooed.

***Mr. Phillips.*** Tell me, Archer, is there no hope of awakening the editors of newspapers to the monstrous injustice and absurdity of the way in which they treat the drama? I said I had no reason to complain of the reception of *Herod*,

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but I withdraw the remark. Of one paper I had reason to complain, and do and shall complain, not on personal grounds—the harm it did the play was only temporary—but because of the manifest unreason involved in its policy, and the deadening effect it must necessarily have on all imaginative effort. You know, of course, the paper I mean——

***W. A.*** When hostility to the higher drama is in question, there can be no doubt what paper you have in mind. I hope it accorded you the honour of its contumely.

***Mr. Phillips.*** It is all very well to treat the thing lightly, but it is a serious matter for the future of the drama. Yon may judge what was said of *Herod* from one little incident. On the morning after the production, before I had read the papers, I noticed a visible embarrassment in the demeanour of the stationmaster and porters (very good friends of mine), at the roadside station where I take the train for town. At last the stationmaster came up to me, very much as you might to the chief-mourner at a funeral, and said: "Well, well, sir, we mustn't take these things too much to heart." "What do you mean?" I asked. "I saw all about it in The Paper," he said—as if there were only one in all England. He had received the impression that the play was a dead failure; and you know whether that impression was a just one, either as regards its first-night reception, or its chances of popularity.

***W. A.*** But did Mr. Blank's disapprobation do the play any harm? The influence of The Paper in theatrical matters must have declined enormously of late years.

***Mr. Phillips.*** The play suffered at first, though it very soon righted itself. But I am not thinking merely of the business effect of such notices. It is horribly discouraging—to some people it would be paralysing—to think of having to submit one's work at all to the judgment of men who positively make a boast of despising literature and knowing nothing about poetry. This man, at the very outset of his notice, said, "We do not propose to treat this piece as literature." Good heavens! what *did* he propose to treat it as? Surely it is literature, or it is nothing. It may be bad literature, and if any one who can possibly be supposed competent to judge on such a point tells me that it is, I shall be sorry—I shall probably be unconvinced—but I shall not murmur. What I do take to be an outrage, not only upon literature, but upon common sense, is that men whose judgment of any other form of poetry no one would dream of accepting or regarding for a moment, should be held competent to pass a life-or-death sentence upon what is admitted to be, potentially at any rate, the very highest form of poetry, merely because it happens to be presented on the stage. There is an injustice, an unreason, in this that would make me indignant, even if I were never going to write another line of drama. And I can't help looking to the future. I can't help thinking of the other and bigger men that will come after. Just consider the disastrous effect such criticism might have on a man of much finer talent than mine—disastrous in proportion to the delicacy of his talent.

***W. A.*** Oh, the future will look after itself. It will not be long before even the editors of the great dailies recognise that it is to their interest to have the drama competently treated, by men whose writing, like that of Lemaître, Faguet, or Doumic in France, adds sensibly to the attractions of the paper. The *Times*, you see, has already led the way, and people now turn to it, not merely to know "how the play went," but with an expectation of positive pleasure in reading the notice—an expectation which is never disappointed. For the rest, now that the drama, in spite of criticism, has fairly begun to forge ahead, the disproportion

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between the work to be judged and the intelligences set to judge it must soon become too flagrant to escape the notice even of newspaper proprietors. They will realise one of these days that the ability to take notes of a speech in the House of Commons, or to write a descriptive report of a race-meeting, does not necessarily imply the ability to appraise the work of Pinero, Jones, Shaw, or yourself.

***Mr. Phillips.*** What can be the reason, Archer, of our British habit of making the drama an appendage to sport? They are treated as though they were intellectually quite on the same level—with this difference, that the drama is not half so well patronised by the aristocracy. And, now that I think of it, there is one sporting paper which condescends to take cognisance not only of the stage, but of literature; for its critic was good enough to read *Paolo and Francesca*, and pronounce that there was "not a single line of poetry in it." Not one line, mark you!

***W. A.*** He had probably formed his taste on *Florodora*.

***Mr. Phillips.*** Ah! there you have the very gist of my complaint: why should the ability to appreciate, or even to write, *San Toy* or *Florodora*, be supposed to imply the ability to appreciate dramatic poetry? Does not the one thing rather exclude than include the other? What has *Herod* in common with *Florodora*, that the same men should be set to report upon them? And what hope is there for dramatic literature if the tastes of the public are to be guided by men whose highest literary ideal is the libretto of a musical farce? Please understand that it is not these men themselves that I complain of. They do their work quite honestly, I believe, according to their lights. They have persuaded themselves that literature is one thing, drama another; and that, though they may not know anything about literature, they do know something about drama. If they kept to the drama which is remote from literature, there would be no harm done; and it is not their fault that they do not. It is the fault of the editors, or proprietors, whoever they may be, who despise the stage, and think that any moderately fluent writer is capable of taking all drama for his province, from *In the Soup* to *Mrs. Ebbsmith*, from *The Belle of New York* to *Herod*.

***W. A.*** Of course you are quite right. I have preached the same sermon over and over again. But there is this to be said in extenuation of the editors' inertia: that the supply of dramatic critics who are at the same time men of letters, or (what amounts to the same thing) of men of letters who have in them the makings of dramatic critics, is incredibly limited. If I were proprietor of a daily paper, I should not know where to lay my hand on a theatrical critic of anything like the French standard of accomplishment—now that the *Times* has shown itself so far abreast of the time as to secure the services of A. B. Walkley.

***Mr. Phillips.*** You would have to be your own critic.

***W. A.*** I could not. I am a very slow writer, and am too old to acquire the art of dashing off a readable column between twelve and one in the morning. That is why I have written, and can speak, so freely on the point. If I could be reasonably suspected of envying any of the men we have been discussing, I should have to hold my tongue. Walkley I do envy—his wit, not his position. I wonder, by-the-bye, whether Max Beerbohm has the facility and rapidity required for morning-paper criticism. His talent is unquestionable.

***Mr. Phillips.*** One can understand, of course, that it must be difficult to get a man of letters to undertake the drudgery of dramatic criticism—to do the *San Toys* and *Messenger Boys* and so forth. And there is no reason why he should: for that sort of work, the criticism of the day is perfectly competent—the criticism which "does not propose to treat this piece as literature." But surely there are certain pieces—half a dozen, perhaps, in the course of a season—which can only

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be maltreated if not treated as literature; and I cannot see why the duty of criticising them should not be entrusted to men specially selected for the special purpose. Please don't misunderstand me and think that I am crying out merely because such and such a critic didn't happen to like *Herod*. I don't enjoy adverse criticism more than other people; but neither do I resent it when it comes from a man of trained literary judgment. For instance, when I published a book of poems some years ago, you yourself attacked it——

***W. A.*** Oh! Surely not!

***Mr. Phillips.*** Well, attacked some things in it, at any rate, and that pretty sharply. Did I dream of complaining? Certainly not. It doesn't matter whether you were right or wrong. No one is infallible, and in this case the error may have been mine, or it may have been yours. But at any rate you knew what you were talking about, and had a right to your opinion. What I do resent is having my work condemned and dismissed by men who do not begin to understand what I am trying to do, and are consequently incapable of judging whether, and how far, I have succeeded in doing it. They only know that I have set a high ideal before me, and that of itself is enough to arouse their hostility. For work that does not attempt to rise above the commonplace, their complaisance is boundless.

***W. A.*** There you are at the root of the matter. When a man is uncertain of his judgment, there is nothing he dreads so much as being taken in by what purports to be good. That is the ultimate humiliation. "When in doubt, be superior," is the first maxim of critical sagacity. It is rather flattering than otherwise to be reproached for over-severity; but to be twitted with having admired a thing that some whipper-snapper sets up to despise is the very gall of bitterness. Oh, I speak from experience! I have never felt the slightest trepidation in condemning a play; but to praise a play has often called for a good deal of courage. And if I have done any service to the drama, it is because I have not, habitually at any rate, fallen into the easy and effective pose of superiority. I don't know which seems to me the more baneful in his influence: the critic who has no standard at all, and simply writes what he thinks will be "safe," or the critic (we have seen one or two of them) who applies to everything an impossible standard, such as would have nipped the Attic drama in the bud, and sterilised the spacious times of great Elizabeth.

***Mr. Phillips.*** Don't you think—I am sure you agree with me—that the English stage has paid very dearly for the spacious times of great Elizabeth?

***W. A.*** To be sure it has. Not too dearly—it would be hard to pay too dearly for *Macbeth*, *As You Like It*, *Antony and Cleopatra*—but it has certainly paid their full price.

***Mr. Phillips.*** What I feel is that the poetic drama has for two centuries and more been crushed beneath the weight of the Shakespearean ideal. Poets have tried to write like Shakespeare, and critics have urged them on, not recognising that, though his matter was for all time, his form, his technique was for his own age, and no other. It needed Shakespeare, and no lesser man, to infuse any permanent vitality into the measureless complications of the Shakespearean drama. I often think that the art of the Elizabethans was typical of the Anglo-Saxon genius, as described by Lord Rosebery—the genius for "muddling through somehow." Shakespeare breathed upon chaos, and chaos quivered into immortal life. But even his great contemporaries seldom or never performed the same miracle; and all subsequent attempts to imitate it have ended in disaster. Or am I wrong? Can you name a play on the Shakespearean model, written since the Restoration that has any real life in it?

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***W. A.*** That is certainly a poser. There must at one time have been some sort of life in the works of Otway and Rowe and those late seventeenth-century men; but it is extinct enough now, in all conscience. Besides, they did not derive from Shakespeare, but rather from the inferior Elizabethans. The tragedy of the eighteenth century, again, seems to me to have imitated everything that was dull, turgid, and bad in seventeenth-century work; and the Shiels and Sheridan Knowleses of the first half of the nineteenth century practically continued the same tradition.

***Mr. Phillips.*** The fact is, surely, that down to about the middle of the nineteenth century there were always actors whose sheer force of declamation could put a sort of momentary life into the dullest and deadest of work; but that with the extinction of this race of actors (Macready, I take it, was the last) the whole of that dismal literature crumbled away to dust and ashes, like the body in Edgar Poe's story. And a good thing too!

***W. A.*** Granted, with all my heart. But, I repeat, I don't think Shakespeare was in any way responsible for the greater part of this literature. It was pseudo-Elizabethan, no doubt, but not pseudo-Shakespearean. Its ancestry is rather to be traced to Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Then, I should say, in the first half of last century, the influence of Charles Lamb set people to imitating the more concentrated and less fluent of the Elizabethans, or rather Jacobeans—Shakespeare in the plays he wrote after Elizabeth's death, Webster, Ford, and Tourneur.

***Mr. Phillips.*** Well, and do you think anything good—anything living—came of that?

***W. A.*** Little enough. Mainly abortions like the plays of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. As for Browning, he seems to me to have had one-third of a dramatist in him. He had the analytic faculty, but not the synthetic faculty required for the presentation, the projection, of character; and he had no glimmering of the art of telling a story. I always think—but here I know you will disagree with me—that Tennyson was the one man of last century who, if he had been caught young, so to speak, might have put real life into the poetic drama.

***Mr. Phillips.*** I do disagree with you: but why should you be so sure of that in advance?

***W. A.*** Because I know, from things I have heard you say, that you are a heretic with regard to Alfred the Great.

***Mr. Phillips.*** You are quite mistaken. I am continually fighting against the obsession of his distilled beauty. But I do not think that at any time of his life he would have made a great dramatist. He lacked two essential qualities: directness and passion. Tennyson winds round and round a thing; he never faces it, fair and square, as Byron often does. And of real passion, as opposed to ornamental and often inappropriate rhetoric, I know of only one utterance in Tennyson—the poem called *Love and Duty*. Don't you remember the lines:—

> "O then, like those who clench their nerves and rush
> Upon their dissolution, we two rose
> There—closing like an individual life—
> In one blind cry of passion, and of pain,
> Like bitter accusation ev'n to death,
> Caught up the whole of love and utter'd it,
> And bade adieu for ever."

No man who had the making of a dramatist in him could have written the parting of Lancelot and Guinevere in the *Idylls*.

***W. A.*** What do you make of *Maud*?

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***Mr. Phillips.*** For "Monodrama" read "Melodrama." No, it is as a lyrist that Tennyson is incomparable.

***W. A.*** I shall always maintain that there are splendidly dramatic things in *Queen Mary* and *Harold*, though as a whole they fail, because, coming to his task too old, the poet had not the strength to rebel against the Shakespearean form, but rather slavishly imitated it.

***Mr. Phillips.*** Well, then, we come back to our point of agreement, which is, that a deliberate rebellion against the Elizabethan tradition is the best hope for English poetic drama. That, at any rate, has always been my view; and I have tried to act up to it and enfranchise myself from the Shakespearean ideal. But people can't, or won't, see that. They assume as a matter of course that I am imitating Shakespeare and imitating him badly. All they know about the poetic drama being gathered from Shakespeare, they think every drama that is written in verse must be judged by Shakespearean canons and no other.

***W. A.*** I have heard people whose judgment is more or less entitled to respect complaining of both *Paolo and Francesca* and *Herod* that they are thin, sketchy—spirited scenarios rather than fully-elaborated dramas.

***Mr. Phillips.*** Yes, there you have it! There is no underplot, no philosophic embroidery, no minute development of character. I know there is not—but is drama impossible without these things? I may yet come to do more in the way of characterisation than I have hitherto attempted. But is there not such a thing as large and simple character? Must it always be subtle and complex? And is character the only element in drama? Do not action and passion count for something? The Greeks thought they did; Corneille thought so, and Racine. It is no new thing I am attempting. It is a thing familiar to every one who knows anything of dramatic literature beyond the beaten track of Shakespeare. I seek after unity of effect, where the Elizabethans sought after multiplicity. They tried to get the whole variegated texture of life into their pictures.

***W. A.*** That is the very ideal which our ablest neo-Elizabethan, John Davidson, put forward the other day as his own. "Art is selection," he said, "and great art always selects as much of the world as it can. I should like to put the whole universe into everything I write."

***Mr. Phillips.*** My effort is to eliminate everything except the essentials of character, action and passion—to admit nothing that shall not help on the action, though possibly by seeming to retard it. I strive after compression, not expansion—after surface calm, even quietude, with the glow of passion beneath it. But sometimes I think the fates are against me. Sometimes I wonder whether there is not, in this classical ideal, if I may call it so, something foreign and antipathetic to the British genius.

***W. A.*** Never believe it. If you succeed in realising your ideal, if you go on producing vital drama of the type imposed on you by your taste and your talent, never fear but that the British genius will accommodate itself to the accomplished fact. Contrariwise, as Tweedledum would say, the French genius was supposed to be incapable of producing or accepting romantic drama, until Hugo and Dumas appeared on the scene, and motley was the only wear. The national genius is moulded by the genius of the individual, and all our generalisations as to the proclivities and limitations of this race and that, even if they be not erroneous from the outset, may be tripped up at any moment by a single impertinent convolution in the brain of a single man.

***Mr. Phillips.*** I don't know. When people are accustomed to the red-hot thing, they are apt to fancy that the white-hot thing is cold; and it is very hard to persuade them to the contrary.

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***W. A.*** But have I not seen it stated that in *Ulysses* you are departing from these principles, and trying to produce something in the nature of an Elizabethan Masque, rather than a condensed, organic drama?

***Mr. Phillips.*** No, no; the opposite is the fact. The whole task before me is to make out of a series of disconnected episodes a well-knit drama, with "a beginning, a middle, and an end." My whole case, as against the Elizabethan drama, is that I claim to be judged rather by the cumulative effect of a whole work than by isolated, and even irrelevant, patches of splendour. In regard to painting, for instance, one does not say, "This is a great picture in right of that one beautiful head, though all the rest is crude and out of drawing." The whole effect is the only true effect. But the English nation is suspicious of anything in which the effort is not rendered obvious by partial failure—as, in a circus, they will give the loudest applause to the man who has once or twice failed to go through his hoop, if only he ultimately succeeds. That a play, then, should be smooth, limpid, and concentrated, arouses in them a certain instinct of resentment. So, at least, it sometimes seems to me.

***W. A.*** Tell me, what first turned your thoughts in the direction of the theatre?

***Mr. Phillips.*** Why, George Alexander's suggestion that I should write a play for him.

***W. A.*** Oh, but before that—surely you must have felt some instinctive bias towards drama?

***Mr. Phillips.*** While I was with Benson, I wrote a play, and gave it to him. He kept the manuscript for months. At the end of the season, I went to his room to say good-bye to him. We talked a few minutes, and then, just as I was going out, he said, "Oh, there's this!" and handed me the manuscript. That was all I ever heard of it,—all I ever did with it. I daresay his implied judgment of it was quite just, though I still think there was something in the mere idea.

***W. A.*** What was it?

***Mr. Phillips.*** Oh, a sort of Frankinstein idea, only that the monster was amiable instead of maleficent. But it is quite vague to me now.

***W. A.*** Do you find your practical experience as an actor of much service to you in writing for the stage?

***Mr. Phillips.*** Of the very greatest. It enables me to see the stage-picture bodily before my eyes, to realise every position of the characters, and to avoid, I hope, impossible conjunctures and combinations.

***W. A.*** Ah yes, that is of enormous importance. That is where so many people, both writers and readers of drama, fail—they have no mental vision of the scene.

***Mr. Phillips.*** When I read *Herod* to Tree—I read him the third act first, I must tell you—he was at the outset bored, sceptical, and wanted nothing so much as to get through with it. Gradually he grew more and more interested and excited, until I came to the passage where trumpets are heard in the distance. At that point he sprang from his seat. "Ha!" he said to his secretary, "you see the reason of that?" Then he turned to me, and said: "Have you ever been on the stage?" He didn't know that I began life as an actor, but he divined it in that one touch.

***W. A.*** He has an extraordinary instinct for the picturesque.

***Mr. Phillips.*** Has he not? Could anything have been finer than his stage-management of the last act of *Herod*? And remember there was real and high imagination in it: true invention—no mere working-up of old stage tricks.

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***W. A.*** Then, after *Ulysses*, what have you in view?

***Mr. Phillips.*** Oh, that is a long way to look forward. The subject that perhaps attracts me most—an intensely dramatic story—is barred by our sapient censorship.

***W. A.*** And what is that?

***Mr. Phillips.*** The story of David, Uriah and Bathsheba.

***W. A.*** O dear, O dear, you mustn't dream of such a thing! Remember you are in a free country, where the absolute decree of a gentleman in a back yard at St. James's can rob you of the work of years, without appeal and without redress, if it happens to clash with his prejudices or the "traditions of his office." In godless and tyrant-ridden countries like France, Italy and Germany, Racine could write *Esther* and *Athalie*, Alfieri *Saul*, Sudermann *Johannes*. But in free, enlightened and virtuous England, such enormities are not to be thought of. You may travesty and degrade religion in *The Sign of the Cross*, but you must not lay unhallowed hands on an episode in Old Testament history.

***Mr. Phillips.*** I suppose I should have to do as Massinger did with the story of Herod—make the characters mediæval Italians, or something of that sort, and so lose all the colour and character of the theme. No, I shall not do that; but I have another theme in my head. What do you say to the Tragedy of Wealth?—the idea of a man who inherits millions, and gradually realises how the millions have been built up through injustice, oppression, cruelty, until they become accursed in his eyes, and he can neither use them nor shake himself free of them? I think there is a tragedy in that—don't you?

***W. A.*** Certainly—a fine one. Bernard Shaw has approached the idea of the analysis of wealth from the satiric, the farcical, side; but you will have the tragic aspect of the theme all to yourself. What about form, though? If you don't treat wealth under modern conditions, the fable will lose half its force; and, on the other hand, do you think blank verse is compatible with modern costume?

***Mr. Phillips.*** I don't see why it shouldn't be. But I might write the play in prose.

***W. A.*** Westland Marston tried the experiment of modern drama in blank verse, without any very decisive result, one way or another. But Westland Marston was only a somewhat subdued Sheridan Knowles.

***Mr. Phillips.*** Tree, oddly enough, encourages me to try it in blank verse. He sees no difficulty in the matter. And now, good-night. I have just time to catch my train.

***W. A.*** One word more: when are we to see *Paolo and Francesca*?

***Mr. Phillips.*** As soon as Alexander can get it cast. But when that may be, heaven knows! There are actors for all the four parts, but the difficulty is to get them all into one theatre—a "tedious difficulty" indeed, as Iago says. It is the aim of every actor and actress to be the manager of his or her own theatre, and in playing in any other theatre than their own, they consider that they are "lowering" themselves and losing caste. And the difficulty is even greater in the case of actresses than of actors. If there is a dearth of the one, there is a positive famine of the other. How, then, is one to get an all-round performance of a poetic drama?

***W. A.*** Well, well, I am an incurable optimist as regards the stage. I have seen so many insuperable difficulties overcome in my time, I don't doubt that this will be added to the list. Good-night, if you must go—and be of good cheer as to the future!

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## BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI.

*(The first and only authorised account published in Great Britain of a Great Expedition.)*

EVER since I took an interest in Arctic matters, the expeditions made by two voyagers had specially attracted my attention, owing to the great stretch of ground covered by means of dogs and sledges—namely, those of Peary over the mainland of Greenland, and the voyages of Wrangell in the northern part of Siberia. When Nansen returned and made us acquainted with the journeys he had been able to make over the ice-fields of the glacial Arctic Ocean, the idea I had cherished for some time of a voyage over the polar ice-packs, assumed concrete form. The advice he gave me, during a stay which I made in Norway in January 1899, enabled me to settle definitely the plan for an expedition to the Pole, the plan being to make Franz Josef Land a base and then advance over the ice in sledges drawn by dogs.

Preparations for the expedition proceeded rapidly, a strongly built whaler, the well-known *Jason*, rechristened the *Polar Star*, being selected to carry us to Franz Josef Land, and we sailed from Christiania on June 12th, 1899. At sundown on July 12th the hundred and twenty dogs awaiting us at Archangel were brought alongside the *Polar Star* on a raft. They were taken on board one by one, and immediately chained up in the kennels specially constructed on board, and in which, though they could move about to take their food, they could not reach to bite each other. The next day we set sail for the Franz Josef group, and on the evening of the 20th we sighted the indistinct outlines of the island of Northbrook.

What a strange land! The ice-sheet entirely covered it, and, save in a few places where the rock was perpendicular, it descended to the sea. The reflection of the ice was projected on the sky, leaving the outline of the land badly defined. The nearer we approached, the more clearly distinguishable became the great rocky masses of Cape Flora and Cape Gertrude, the louder became the noise of the birds whirling round the rocks, and on the wide plain the houses of the Jackson expedition became visible. Though our minds were prepared for the worst, Cape Flora produced on us a very favourable impression as seen in the clear, warm air, and with the remembrance of the rapid passage we had made.

We at once proceeded to discharge the victuals and material we had decided to leave here, in case of disaster overtaking the *Polar Star*. Meanwhile we visited the huts of the Jackson expedition, and the house of the crew of the *Eira*, and completed the observations. Jackson's houses were all in first-class order, and

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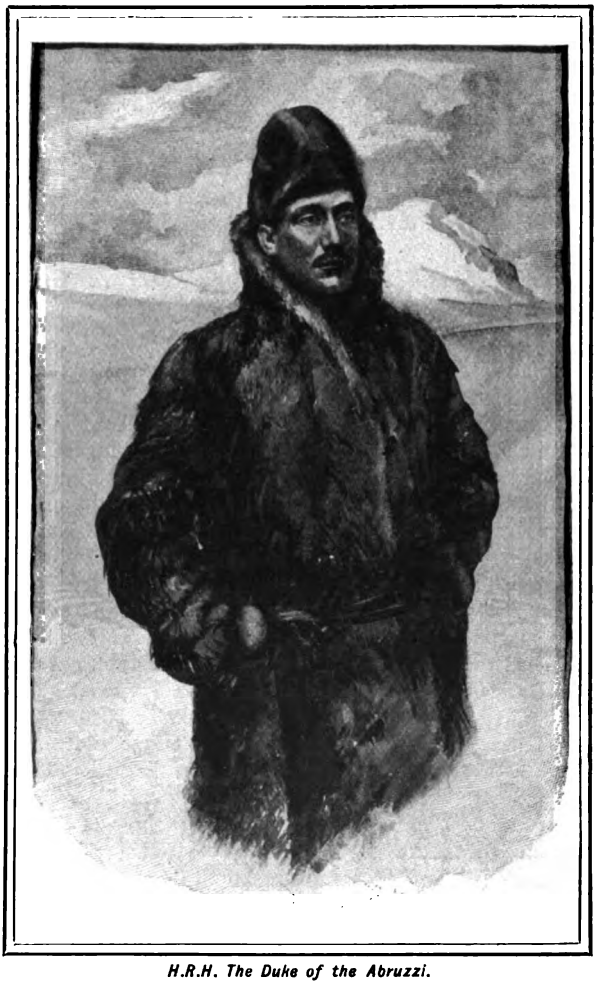
were it not that a little snow had penetrated through the outside door of the dwelling-house, we could have believed the hut had been but recently abandoned by the explorers. Of the dwelling-house of the *Eira* crew only traces could now be made out.

On the 26th we left Cape Flora in a dense fog, which hung about us until we reached the entrance to the Nightingale Strait, where it cleared up and disclosed the usual panorama of ice-bound land, rocks with only their summits showing, the coast line a wall of ice. On the few icebergs which we encountered on our route we saw various *trichechi*, one of which we were fortunate enough to kill from the ship. The farther we advanced through the channel the closer were the ice-floes packed, until we were brought to a standstill, at the entrance of the British Channel, by fields of ice, through which we could not proceed. It was impossible to advance north this way, and we had regretfully to turn south, coasting along Alexandra Land and turning Cape Mary Harmsworth. A white reflection in the sky immediately after passing Cape Grant warned us that our course would very soon be interrupted. On reaching the ice fields we were in fact compelled to stop, to the south of Cape Ludlow. The two routes to get into Queen Victoria Sea were both tried and found impracticable. There was nothing for it, then, but to return through the British Channel and wait a favourable opportunity during the approaching season.

The expedition then passed through very dispiriting days. The almost unbroken ice-fields only allowed the ship to advance a few hundred yards at a time. When the condition of the ice permitted navigation, the state of the atmosphere was most contrary, and *vice versa*. It took hours to fight our way through obstacles a few yards thick in order to reach canals, whilst on account of the fog we could never tell where they led. In an attempt to force a passage the ship encountered the first ice pressure, which she bore nobly, the rudder alone being damaged. We were filled with rage at our impotence to do anything against the mounds of ice which rose along the sides of the ship, and piled themselves up over the rudder, carrying the vessel in a lateral direction. We could only cross our arms and look on placidly at this play of nature.



*H.R.H. The Duke of the Abruzzi.*

At last, on August 5th, we had a splendid day. We were able to distinguish the land in our neighbourhood bathed in light. On every side of the ship, near and far, ice covered the land. From the crow's nest we

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could make out canals leading eastward towards Bruyne Strait, but few leading northward: and northward we desired to sail. The day by its very splendour saddened our spirits still more; when the words, "A ship!" shouted by the captain from the crow's nest startled every one, and we all climbed up the rigging to see the new ship, which proved to be the *Capella*, with the Wellman expedition on board.

This expedition, which had landed the on board the *Polar Star*, and the two ships slowly separated, proceeding in opposite directions. Fog overtook us shortly after leaving the *Capella*, whilst we were proceeding at full speed along the coast. Stopped near Mary Elizabeth Island, by the ice flocs which surrounded the island, and passing between these and the land, we were able to proceed, still in open water, towards the north up to midday on August 8th. The fog which had almost continually accompanied us did not permit of our

*The route of the Expedition.*

previous year at Cape Tegethoff in order to undertake a march towards the Pole in the spring, had not been able, owing to an accident which had happened to the leader, to carry out its programme, and had only reached Prince Rudolph Island. Wellman, on visiting the *Polar Star*, was seen to be in very indifferent health, but the other members of the expedit on were enjoying excellent health. The news given us by the *Capella* of considerable spaces of open water to the north shortened the visit of the Americans accurately determining our position; but judging by the route we had taken we believed we had crossed Teplitz Bay. What was our surprise, on taking our latitude next day, to find ourselves at 82° 4′, and to recognise in the land which we saw to the south-east Prince Rudolph Island!

As the day became clearer we examined all the horizon round without discovering traces of Petermann Land, King Oscar Land, or Sherard Osborn Cape. In front of us to the north, west and east extended the Polar



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ice-pack, into which we might be able to advance a few miles. But to what end? As we did not see any land to the north towards which we could direct our ship, it was necessary to retrace our course and seek a winter station on Prince Rudolph Island. We shaped our course at first towards Cape Fligely, and following the coast eastward we proceeded as far as the ice-field permitted on the south-east of Prince Rudolph Island.

Returning to Cape Fligely, and following the coast south-west towards Cape Germania, we anchored at six in the evening in the first inlet which we encountered along the coast, which Payer had already named Teplitz Bay.

The bay was not very safe from ice pressures, being too much exposed. It had, however, the advantage of being open to the west, and had a foreshore on which we could easily discharge the material; and above all, it was situated in latitude 81° 47′. We immediately proceeded to discharge a quantity of material on to the shore, and hurried on in our preparations for wintering on board.

In the first ten days of September, the snow having become hard, a first trip in sledges was made, with the object of traversing Prince Rudolph Island and visiting the north-east portion, not yet known. With a sleigh and eight dogs Lieutenant Querini, the guide Savoye, and myself, leaving the ship, made a journey round the island from September 8th to 12th. From Teplitz Bay we followed the coast line, keeping close by the sea till we had almost reached Rath Cape. Encountering then the high, precipitous mountain in the south of the island, and the sea which extended from Cape Rath to Hohenlohe Island, south of Austria Sound, being open, we were obliged to ascend to the summit and leave the coast.

During the night which followed our return a light breeze sprang up from the south which increased during the morning. The ice pack began to exert pressure upon the ice in the bay, which in turn pressed all round on the land ice. During the night we heard a cracking noise, but towards six o'clock in the morning we felt the whole ship shake, the dogs began to howl, a heavy list to starboard followed by a still heavier one of 20° to port made us all run up on deck to see what was happening. The ice in the bay under the pressure of the ice-pack had moved, obstructing the canal which we had made, and forming a line of pressure along the ice on the shore. The *Polar Star*, which happened to be in this line, had experienced the pressure. A hummock six or seven yards high had formed in front of us; the starboard side of the ship, which was exposed owing to the list, rendered visible the bulged-in planks of the bottom of the ship; all the rigging of the foremast came down in a heap; the ice mounds piled by the pressure against the dog kennels threatened to bury them.

The crew had run to liberate the dogs. Fires were immediately lighted, and water began to rise rapidly in the boiler house. With the deck hand-pump and the windmill we endeavoured to keep the level of the water down below the furnaces. Meanwhile the crew began to throw overboard on to the ice their clothes and victuals, the strong list of the ship making us fear that under another such pressure she would be completely staved in, or that the ice would give way on which she rested on her port side.

We continued to work, discharging provisions and material all day and night up to six o'clock in the morning, only stopping work for meals, which were cooked on the forge and partaken of by all in the forecastle. The water was gradually rising in the engine-room, although we continued pumping both by hand and also with the steam-pump.

By six o'clock all the material for the expedition on the sleighs was landed, with provisions for over a year. With a well full of water, with the port furnace flooded, and with the starboard one half immersed in water, which continued to rise, the *Polar Star* was abandoned to her fate, and the crew went to rest, persuaded that the ship would never again be serviceable.

The heavy list of the ship rendering life on board insecure and difficult, and there being no means of righting her, it was perforce necessary to abandon our comfortable quarters on board and take up our station on shore, safe from the surprise of another possible ice pressure, which, occuring in the winter time, might have had disastrous consequences.

The expedition was supplied with two field tents for any emergency. One of the tents had already been taken ashore

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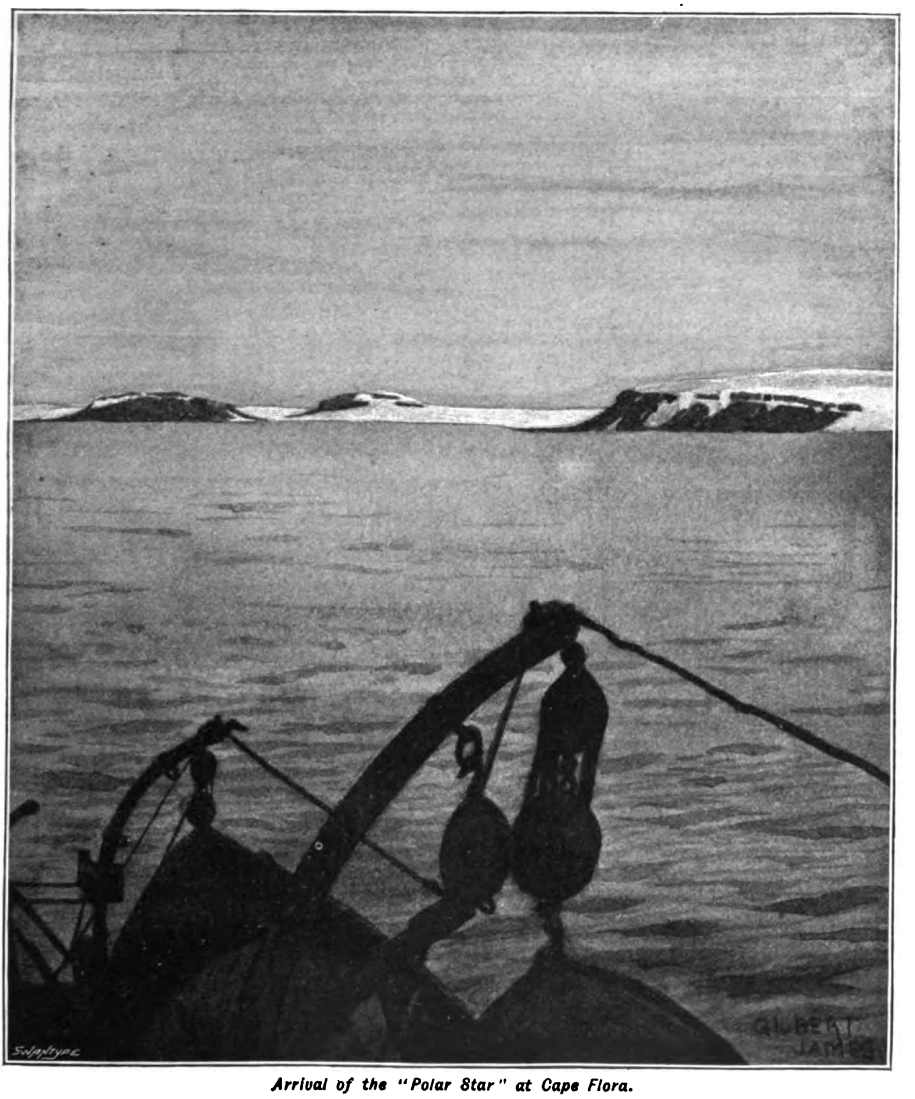


*Arrival of the "Polar Star" at Cape Flora.*

to enable observations on gravity to be carried out. Science had to give way to necessity, and we installed ourselves in this tent. In the other adjoining tent the twelve members of the crew took up their quarters. The kitchen was fixed between the two tents, and these were covered with the canvas shelter which had been arranged for the deck in winter, and was supported by wooden crosspieces. With the yards and the sails we made a third tent, which enclosed the other two, and was intended to bear the pressure of the winds and the weight of the snow, which would in these regions be piled up in heaps.

Our habitations, therefore, consisted of a triple envelope of canvas, and this was entered by passing successively through three doors. In the space available in the first and second tents were stored all the provisions which had been landed, and which were intended to be kept ready to hand. By breaking up the seamen's quarters on board the *Polar Star* we obtained wood to make a flooring in the two tents; and this, together with the stoves with which we were supplied, with the camp beds and the sacks of feathers, rendered the stay in the tents comfortable enough. Even during the coldest periods of the winter, and leaving

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the stoves unlit from eight in the evening till seven in the morning, the temperature never descended below zero in the inner tents, whilst in the first tent the temperature was 5° or 6° below zero in the morning and in the second tent 15° to 16°. The excellent health enjoyed by the members of the expedition must also be attributed to the atmosphere in which we passed the winter—an atmosphere purer, drier, and healthier, in a word, than that which we should have had on board.

On September 17th, eight days after the disaster, the tent was completed in its principal parts. Being now in secure winter quarters, we turned our attention to the ship, which had remained as we had left it on the morning of the ice pressure, and after much labour succeeded by November 15th in making such repairs as gave us hope that it might still carry us home.

The days slowly shortened. The sun had already disappeared since October 14th, but light continued still for several hours each day. In the second half of November, with the exception of a faint glimmer to the south about noon, there was no longer any distinction between day and night. The Polar night commenced, and lasted till the end of January. With the light of the moon the region was still light enough to permit us to walk about without risk of stumbling at any moment over an irregularity in the ice and falling ; in the absence of the moon work had to be done by aid of lanterns. The want of light, besides producing a feeling of suffering, was also an inconvenience on account of the enforced idleness which it entailed on us.

In December we started work on the expedition to the North in sledges, which I intended should leave in the second half of February with the first light. We began to harness and exercise the dogs, which, until then, had been allowed to live in peace, as we had always been occupied on other work. Every day we gave them two or three hours' exercise, starting out with the lantern along the ice of the bay, which was an excellent position owing to its being flat.

On the evening of December 23rd, during one of these journeys in the dark, we went perhaps rather too far from the camp. The better snow permitted the dogs to travel that day more easily than usual, and without noticing it we ascended the island at the end of the bay. Owing to the temperate weather we had come out very lightly dressed, but a sudden change of the wind to the north-east, with driving snow, made our position anything but pleasant, and our tracks were immediately hidden by the wind and snow. We lost our way back in the darkness and the drift, and instead of descending into the bay at the same place where we had gone up on to the glacier we came to an ice wall six or seven yards high, where the glacier ended in the bay. As, on account of the darkness, we only noticed this ice wall when we were right on to it, two dog sledges, Cagni and myself passed rapidly from the glacier into the bay in a rather abrupt manner and against our wish. The snow broke our fall, and fortunately we were deprived of the pleasure of receiving the other sledges on top of us. But for over half an hour we had perforce to remain there, and wait until our companions came to release the dogs and start again to search for the way back to camp. It was perhaps then that our fingers were frost-bitten. The return journey was anything but easy, and had not the sky cleared up and permitted us to shape our course by the stars, we should certainly have had to remain without shelter for a much longer time, and with worse consequences.

The journey served as a lesson to all of us. As for myself, it made it impossible for me to take part in the sledge expedition towards the north. My fingers, which took a long time to heal, and the sensitiveness to cold which remained in my hand, would have made me a source of anxiety and a hindrance to the expedition. Regretfully, but recognising the necessity from the day on which amputation was decided, I left Cagni in command of the expedition to the north, being assured that by retiring from this undertaking I should increase the probability of its success, which my presence, in case of a relapse, would have entirely compromised.

After the departure of the expedition towards the Pole * there were only seven of us left in the camp, and although we always tried to keep up our spirits, the loss of our companions was felt by all. The

* A full account by Captain Cagni of this expedition towards the Pole will be published in the July Number of the PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

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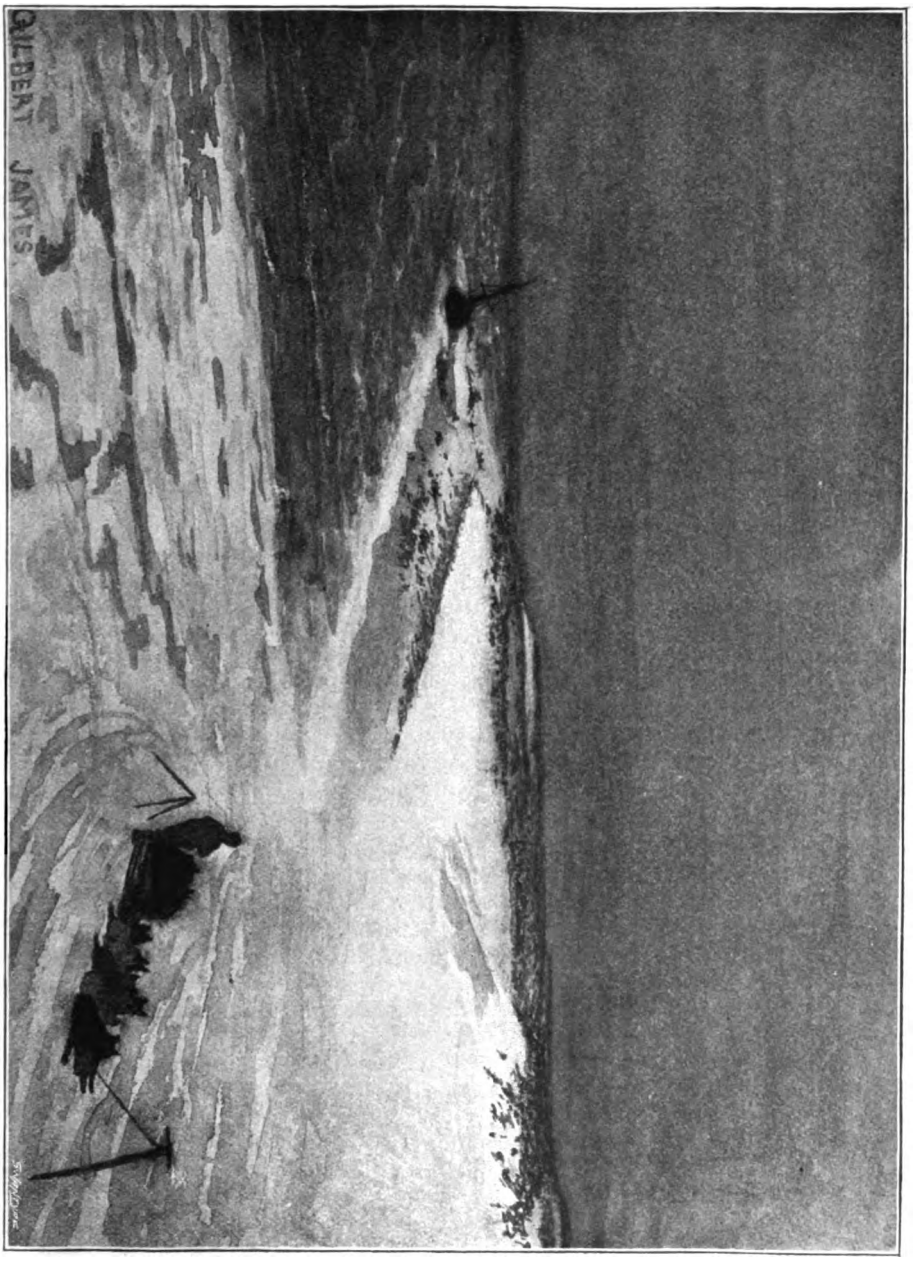
ship had a dispiriting appearance, with the deck covered with snow, the berths partly destroyed, and also full of snow, with the quarter-deck littered up with the skins of bears which we put there to thaw in order to obtain the fat. The fact also of our being unable to stand upright on the deck or in the cabins owing to the list increased our feeling of discomfort when we went on board, and this feeling reached its climax when we descended into the hold and saw a block of ice occupying the place of the boiler and engines.




*The Bay of Teplitz, in which the Expedition wintered.*

The tent had now a different aspect from

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what it had in the autumn. It was buried by the snow, which had also covered the carpenter's house, made out of the provision boxes. The hall, two mètres high, was no longer visible, and in order to enter our dwelling-house it was necessary to descend into a pit. The pit, owing to the wind, was always full of snow, which we were obliged to draw into the hall by means of shovels in order to permit us to get out. The tent, buried as it was in the snow, did not shake any longer; indeed, even in the strongest winds our dwelling-house had become secure and steady. The only serious inconvenience which it had was that of not being provided with windows. Although the light was returning rapidly outside, inside the tent we had to keep the lamps continually burning; and after so many days passed in darkness it was a sacrifice for all to continue to live in an atmosphere lighted only by petroleum.

Towards evening on March 28th, I proceeded with a sledge and two men, as had been arranged, to Fligely Cape to look out for the arrival of the first group of the sledge party, which, according to the plan arranged, should have returned on April 5th. During the last days there had been no snowstorms, the ice-pack had remained close up to the coast, the weather was cold, but clear. On arriving at Fligely Cape we constructed a snow hut, in which we placed the tent, and lodged very comfortably in the same way as the Esquimaux, although the temperature varied from 30° to 40° below zero, and here we kept a look-out with our telescopes for the arrival of our companions. From Fligely Cape we could see right round the horizon; and being at a height of some hundred feet above the sea level, we were able to see to a considerable distance. The days passed slowly until April 15th, without our having the consolation of seeing our companions, although we remained on the look-out from Fligely Cape to Germania Cape. On the 18th, much to our joy, Cardenti and the rest of the second group arrived, and were much surprised to find that the first group to leave the main party had not yet come.

We organised a search party to proceed to Nansen Islands. The party remained out for eighteen days; owing to bad weather they were unable to reach White Land (Hvidtland), and the provisions being finished they had to return, not having seen anything on the ice-pack to the east of Fligely Cape.

It was not until May 23rd that I had the pleasure of embracing Cagni and his men, after a separation of 104 days.

We could see by the physical condition of Cagni and his men, as also by the seven surviving dogs, that they had had a hard life of it. But they brought the splendid news that they had reached 86° 33′—farther north than Nansen. The universal joy was, however, disturbed by thoughts of the remainder of the party.

At the end of June the state of the ice-pack had not changed. The predominating calms during the last months had left the ice all close up to the shore, and if this had previously been a source of satisfaction to us because it facilitated the return of our companions, it now caused us anxiety, as it prevented our departure.

Since the spring we had started the work of repairing the *Polar Star*. The snow and the ice had been removed from the two sides of the ship down to water level. By cutting away the ice round the ship on the land side, we were able to ascertain that the keel did not rest on the bottom, but only on the stationary ice of the shore. By the end of June we freed the hold and the machinery from ice, and on pumping out the ship with the little boiler and the balloon-pump, we had the satisfaction of seeing that neither the boiler nor the rest of the machinery had suffered through its prolonged ice-bath.

The position of the ship was still the same, only the list had increased slightly. We had not only to get the ship upright, but had afterwards to get her out of the ice-field in which she was imprisoned, and, which owing to its thickness, was certainly not one that would be melted during the summer.

This thought, and the other serious one, that on account of the thickness of the ice we should not perhaps have explosives enough to make the whole length of the canal from the sea to the ship and free the latter, compelled us to follow another course—namely, to get the ship first upright without bothering about the canal, and using, if necessary, all our explosives on this work, in order later on to employ the ship herself to force her way out of the ice of the bay. The work of cutting the ice along the side of the ship was a very

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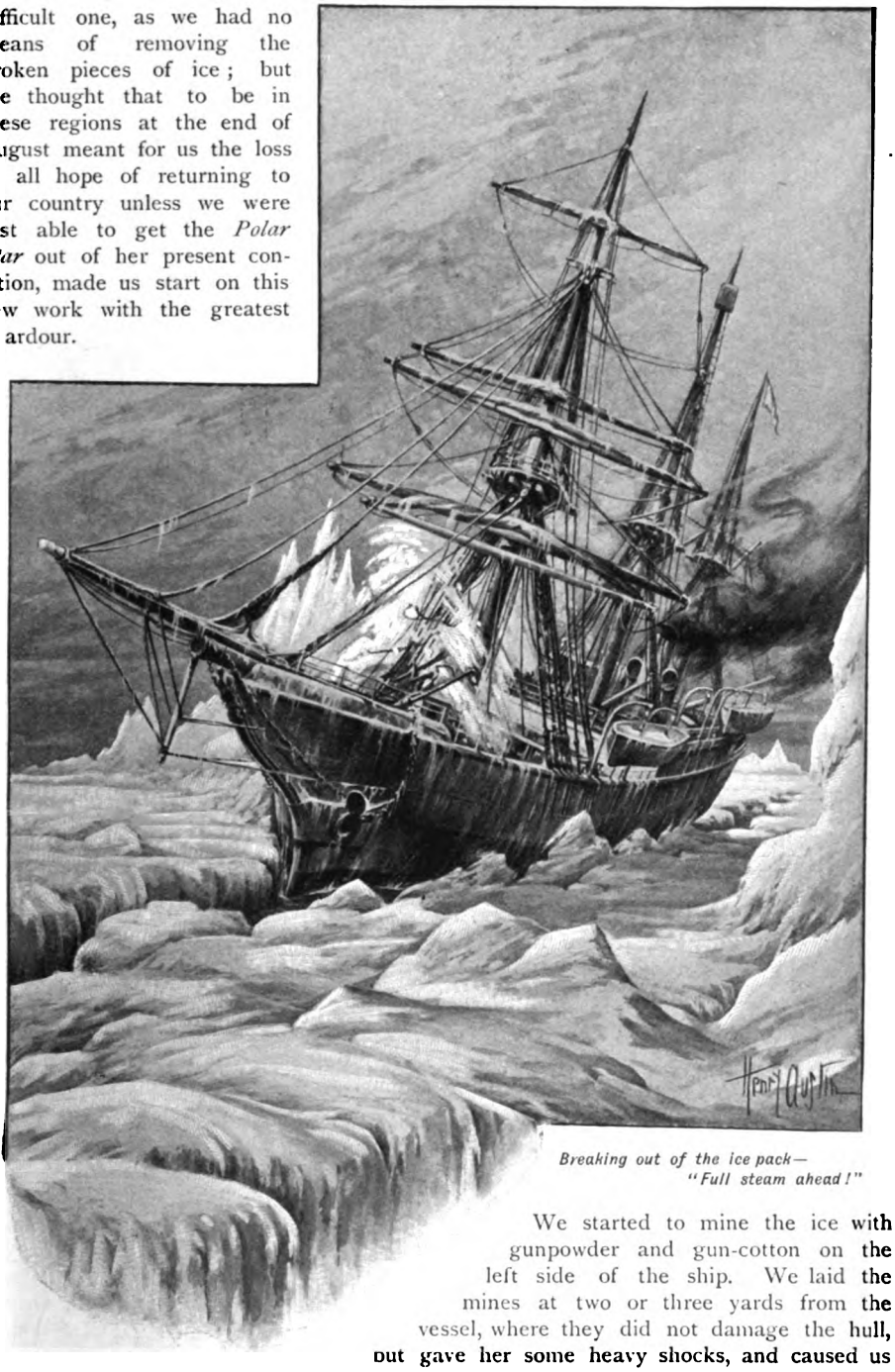
difficult one, as we had no means of removing the broken pieces of ice; but the thought that to be in these regions at the end of August meant for us the loss of all hope of returning to our country unless we were first able to get the *Polar Star* out of her present condition, made us start on this new work with the greatest of ardour.



*Breaking out of the ice pack—*
*"Full steam ahead!"*

We started to mine the ice with gunpowder and gun-cotton on the left side of the ship. We laid the mines at two or three yards from the vessel, where they did not damage the hull, but gave her some heavy shocks, and caused us to be always somewhat anxious on account of the damage which might have occurred. After many laborious days, though, on August 8th, just eleven months after the nip, she was freed. The same enthusiasm which takes hold of workmen in a shipbuilding yard when they behold descending into the sea the ship which for many months had lain on the stocks was felt by us at seeing the *Polar*

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*Star* right herself and float, after having been held bound by the ice for so long a time.

The ship was now upright; but in front of us there extended over two hundred yards of ice to reach the limit of ice in the bay. Though the first part of the work had been happily completed, another and more difficult task still remained, and we had but little blasting material left. We continued the work of breaking the ice up forward with large and small mines and with our pickaxes, in order to form a basin of water sufficient to enable us to break up the ice of the canal with the stem of the ship.

Owing to the easterly winds during the last few days the ice-pack had at last moved, leaving the way to the south open. Only two hundred yards of ice prevented us continuing our course, and it was painful to see the ship upright and the sea free to the south, the summer drawing to a close, and we not able to leave the bay.

On the evening of August 11th, a strong wind from the east having sprung up, we were at last able, by laying several mines at the entrance of the canal, to break the ice-field on the outside; and with the help of the wind we managed, in a few hours, to make a good portion of the canal, which we should not have been able to complete in time by following the method of breaking up the ice into fragments as above described.

We worked until two o'clock, and managed to get within twenty mètres of the ship, stopping the work for dinner, and intending to finish it next day. But whilst we were renewing our forces at table, the ice-field, under the action of the wind, and pushed forward by a mass of snow which had fallen at the end of the bay, began to move clear, taking the *Polar Star* with it. We all rushed precipitately on board, in order to secure our ship with further hawsers, and prevent her from leaving the bay without us. After the various excitements of the day this one was a consolation, because, thanks to the movement of the ice-floes, the way was now open to proceed southwards out of the bay.

The Sunday which followed our liberation was a real day of repose, both physical and mental. On the evening of the 15th, with clear weather and open sea, we bade farewell to Teplitz Bay. Our joy was moderated by the thought of the three companions who were not returning with us: there was still a faint hope of seeing them again at Flora Cape.

The wind of the last few days had carried the whole ice pack away from the shore and out of sight, and towards the north the sea must certainly be free up to 82°, as in the previous year. In perfectly open water we proceeded as far as Mary Elizabeth Island, and were able to see through the fog at times Charles Alexander and Leigh Smith Islands. The unbroken ice along the coast obliged us this time to pass Mary Elizabeth Island at some distance, and afterwards proceed without stopping to the entrance of the British Channel. The British Channel on the east side was not open, as in the previous year, but full of ice floes, in which, however, there were canals through which a ship could navigate. We continued our course, favoured by clear weather during the whole night, towards Eaton Island, where we were stopped by an unbroken ice pack in a dense fog to the south of this island. We all hoped that on the fog lifting we should find the canal running along the coast, so that we might be able to reach the open sea to the south of Hooker Island. What was our surprise, on the weather becoming clearer, to see the south side of the British Channel, from Cape Barentz to Hooker Island, completely blocked by the ice, as also the sea as far as our glasses carried and as far as we could determine by the colour of the sky! There, where the *Eira* had passed on September 1st, 1880, we found impenetrable ice at a season not so far advanced. The desire to get out of the canal was, however, so strong in us all, that we endeavoured by picking our way through the ice fields to reach Barentz Cape. About half-way between Hooker Island and this Cape more compact ice prevented our proceeding, and, the wind now blowing steadily from the south-east, we were caught in the ice and began to drift north.

On the morning of the 24th we found ourselves again near Eaton Island, carried by the drifting icefield against huge icebergs lying on the south of this island; we had thus lost in one night all the work that we had done in the previous days.

With the ship no longer in perfect condition, and surrounded on every side by broken masses of ice in rapid motion, we experienced some very anxious moments when we saw one of the icebergs slowly

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approaching us. By manœuvring with the engine through the ice we managed to free ourselves from this difficult position, and dodging behind an iceberg we tried to find shelter in the lee of this mountain of ice, by which we had previously feared we should be crushed. We did not enjoy for long the advantage of this position : the wind having ceased, the ice-fields began to surround the iceberg owing to the current caused by the tide, and it was necessary to escape as quickly as possible from our shelter, abandoning the anchor and steel hawser. The whole night was passed in navigating through the ice-fields which were carried along by the current, in the tracts of open water which still remained between Eaton Island and the icebergs. The fog again rendered this operation difficult, and we took refuge to the south of the island along the coast.

Considering that the ice-fields were continually exerting pressure along the side of the ship, and that an iceberg through a slight ice pressure had carried away our stern figure-head, and that we were off the shores of Eaton Island, on to which we might be forced by a heavy ice pressure, our emotions were of too exciting a character to permit us to feel ourselves at ease in this locality.

On the 27th, a tract of open water having formed towards Miers Channel, we headed the ship in that direction, with the intention of allowing her afterwards to drift with the ice towards the south, if the ice, with the light northerly winds, which were now blowing, should move southwards out of the channel. It was not a very safe means of getting out of the channel, but it was the only one we could attempt and which permitted us to get away from Eaton Island, where our position was too dangerous. The north wind having freshened, the drift towards Miers Channel and afterwards to the south along Northbrook Island, became very considerable. It is easy to understand with what anxiety we all studied this drift. A stoppage of the movement of the ice, with another change of wind to the east, meant that we should have to return to the north of the channel, and, the season being already advanced, have to pass another winter in Franz Josef Land—a winter which would certainly be much less agreeable than the previous one on account of the special conditions in which the ship now was. Thanks, however, to northerly and westerly winds, which blew without interruption, the drift continued to be very noticeable along the shores of Northbrook Island, so much so that we were able to reach Barentz Cape on the evening of the 30th, though still surrounded by the ice-fields. With the assistance of the engine we were able, on the morning of the 31st, to make our way out of the ice, and again proceed in open water, south of Northbrook Island towards Flora Cape. On the east the sea was covered with ice-fields which issued from the British Channel ; to the west it was free as far as we could see along the southern coast of the Islands. After a few hours' steam we again saw Flora Cape, and our joy was great to find a post-bag containing good news. There was, however, no trace of our companions. The last hopes which we had entertained now vanished. The arctic regions must unfortunately have made three fresh victims. No one would ever know precisely what had happened to them ; the glacial ice-pack does not easily give up its secrets. Our admiration and that of the civilised world would accompany the memory of these brave men, who for an idea had sacrificed their youthful existence, and this would be a comfort to the unfortunate families whose dearest affections were thus wounded in such a terrible manner.

From the high rocks of Flora Cape, we could see the sea very free to the south-west, whilst to the south and east the ice-pack could be observed to extend without interruption. In the evening we again directed our course towards the south-west, and after having spent a night in navigating through easy ice-fields, we were able at six o'clock on the following day to proceed in open water towards the south. We were not yet finally clear of the ice-pack, for the following day, with the wind blowing strongly from the west accompanied by fog, we were again compelled to traverse another band of ice, and the passage through it, owing to the heavy sea, the mist and wind, was far from pleasant.

On the morning of September 2nd, the weather now being fine, we were able to discern on the horizon the last of the ice-fields. Open and calm sea favoured us up to the 5th, when we came in sight of the precipitous mountains of the northern coast of Norway. The moment we had looked forward to had arrived : we could now give

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and receive news. The *Hertha*, which we found in the harbour of Hammerfest, brought us unfortunately very sad tidings.

In the terrible anguish which filled my heart on hearing of the assassination of King Humbert, one thought sustained me. If cruel destiny did not permit me to acquaint the King under whose auspices the expedition had departed with the results attained by the expedition, I should still be able to honour the memory of it in a manner worthy of his person.

From the breasts of the brave men who had advanced into regions of the extreme north hitherto untrodden by the foot of man, the shout for our far-off home was accompanied by another shout, dear to those hearts which echoed over those interminable and desolate plains, of "Long live the King!" Though Humbert is dead, that cry will not die, but from ice-field to ice-field it will resound, the solitary cry of the desolate regions which only brave men can reach.

*A Camp.*

[*For Captain Cagni's account of his Expedition towards the Pole see the July Number of the* PALL MALL MAGAZINE.]

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# AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BY HOWARD WILFORD BELL.

HOW slightly the literary expression of a genius is coloured by bodily privation has been illustrated again and again in the biographies of men of letters. Many great writers have known the hand of poverty in all its harshness. Yet the work of those years of pecuniary stress is opaque in respect to the misery of their intimate life. These men live two distinct lives—the material and the spiritual ; they are not interwoven, as is true with men of coarser clay. The life of the imagination, of literary creation, is the real life ; the life of the senses, of the bodily needs, is the transitory. A sublime confidence in the future, and in their own powers at work in that future, will lift men above the petty and the temporal. In youth they see visions with a clearer retina than is vouchsafed their fellows. Of this sacred company was also Stevenson—that man with the boy's heart ever springing in him.

Stevenson found his physical Gethsemane in the crude city of San Francisco. In the autumn of 1879 he turned from his friends in London and faced toward the Pacific coast. He embarked as an emigrant for New York, and on this voyage allowed his powers of observation full play. The result was his "Amateur Emigrant," completed within a few months. Two sentences from this book throw an interesting light upon the author's subsequent experience in the west. Stevenson writes, "I wish some one would find out exactly at what stage of toilette a man becomes invisible to the well-regulated female eye." "We think we have no sweet tooth as long as we are full to the brim of molasses ; but a man must have sojourned in the workhouse before he boasts himself indifferent to dainties." These are but two bits of genial philosophy from the narrative of his experiences in the steerage of a trans-Atlantic liner. This voyage, undertaken in the beginning of August 1879, occasioned Stevenson's family and friends great anxiety. In spite of their opposition, Mr. Gosse tells us, "Lcuis, bringing to the front a streak of iron obstinacy which lay hidden somewhere in his gentle nature, scraped together enough to secure him a steerage passage across the Atlantic." He proposed turning this unconventional journey to good literary account, and on board ship took daily notes with that intent. He wrote, moreover, "The Story of a Lie" for the *New Quarterly* magazine. Much of his time was spent in acquaintance-making with his fellow-passengers, in studying them kindly but analytically, in jotting down his moralisings on their condition. The book built upon these observations was judged a failure by Stevenson's nearest and severest critics, and a few years later the author's father bought back and cancelled the "Amateur Emigrant." The only edition now available is one published in Chicago.

On his arrival in New York, Stevenson knocked in vain at the doors of several magazine offices. The manner of his reception is a dubious and unprofitable subject. Differing representations have been made by the author's friends and by the editors of these influential magazines. It is most probable, however, that Stevenson tasted here for the first time in America the bitterness that comes to many men of talent in



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the discovery that it is on their surface rather than on themselves that the world fixes its eyes.

Stevenson at once crossed the continent to California. The events and reflections of that fortnight's journey may be found set down in "Across the Plains: Leaves from the Note-book of an Emigrant between New York and San Francisco." *En route* the weary man wrote to Mr. Colvin: "I had no idea how easy it was to commit suicide. There seems nothing left of me; I died a while ago; I do not know who it is that is travelling." The author of the published notes immortalises two train-boys in a single page; the episode speaks graphically of the miseries of that long voyage across the green prairies. "When I think of that lad coming and going, train after train, with his bright face and civil words, I see how easily a good man may become the benefactor of his kind. Perhaps he is discontented with himself, perhaps troubled with ambitions: why, if he but knew it, he is a hero of the old Greek stamp; and while he thinks he is only earning a profit of a few cents, and that perhaps exorbitant, he is doing a man's work, and bettering the world."

Stevenson's first abiding-place in California was at an Angora goat ranche, in the Coast Line Mountains, eighteen miles from Monterey. Here, alone in the Santa Lucia range, he was violently ill. "I scarcely slept or ate or thought for four days. Two nights I lay under a tree, in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but fetch water for myself and horse, light a fire and make coffee, and all night awake hearing the goat-bells ringing. and tree-toads singing, when each new noise was enough to set me mad." To his rescue came a great-hearted frontiersman—a mighty hunter of bears—and for days this rough nurse watched the artist back to health. Even thus hindered, Stevenson worked at his notes. He commented, "It will not be very like a book of mine; but perhaps none the less successful for that." And he concludes, "I teach the ranche children reading in the morning, for the mother is from home sick."

The close of September 1879 found Stevenson in Monterey, one of the few existing survivals of the many settlements made by the Spaniards "before the gringo came" in search of gold. That lover of the romantic found "the King's Mount" most congenial to his tastes, and here he lingered through the autumn of 1879. After drafting his "Amateur Emigrant" to page 68, he turned by way of change to "a one-volume novel, alas! to be called either 'A Chapter in the Experience of Arizona Breckon ridge' or 'A Vendetta in the West,' or a combination of the two. The scene from Chapter IV. to the end lies in Monterey and the adjacent country; of course, with my usual luck, the plot of the story is somewhat scandalous, containing an illegitimate father for piece of resistance." The manuscript of this novel seems to have disappeared. Perhaps we need not regret it; for, so he declared to Mr. Gosse, "It was about as bad as Ouida, but not quite, for it was not so eloquent." Mr. Gosse continues, in his recollections, "He had made a great mystery of his whereabouts; indeed, for several months no one was to know what had become of him, and his letters were to be considered secret. At length, in writing from Monterey, on November 15th, 1879, he removed the embargo: 'That I am in California may now be published to the brethren.'"

Here in this crumbling town, whose population was, according to the witty Scotchman, "about that of a dissenting chapel on a wet Sunday in a strong church neighbourhood," Stevenson plied his pen assiduously. He wrote here his essays on Thoreau and the Japanese reformer, Yoshida Torajiro, both of which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and were subsequently published in "Familiar Studies of Men and Books." He struck off one of the most vivid of his shorter tales, "The Pavilion on the Links." He planned at the same time that tale in the spirit of romantic comedy, which took final shape four years later as "Prince Otto." This was the period of the appearance of his essay on Burns in the *Cornhill* which provoked so violent a contention.

These better known literary feats by no means comprehended the whole fruits of his literary industry. In "The Old Pacific Capital: the Woods and the Pacific," which first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* and was then preserved in the volume "Across the Plains," may be found an ideal companion for the sojourner in a land on which Sir Francis Drake once looked, and looking, loved. In a desultory fashion Stevenson became a "reporter" on the Monterey

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*Californian*, at a salary of two dollars a week. An issue or two of this precious paper were sent to his most intimate English friend, with the comment that "the works of R.L.S." were on their way from California; the package never reached its destination. "On the whole, his work was not thought up to Californian standards," says Mr. Colvin, with cutting irony.

Late in December Stevenson arrived in San Francisco, and in the spring of the following year he was given a "job"—the transaction did not even rise to the dignity of "obtaining a position"—in the city department of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. With this he began a brief but hardly promising reportorial career, which was to be numbered by days. His first assignment was to "cover" a holiday jollification arranged by the Salvation Army for the entertainment of the very poor and their children.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Stevenson wrote a gorgeous story, in which all the information bearing on the local aspect of the festival was carefully ignored. It was just such a piece of work as might have been expected from the man who was to write "Virginibus Puerisque." It treated of the theory of giving and of the blessedness of giving to children, it was a special pleading for the virtue of unselfishness, it was a rhapsody on the Beatitudes, it was everything desirable, but it was not "a newspaper story." It was a hopeless tissue of platitudes, so far as the requirements of the city editor were concerned; and that proverbially fretful person acrimoniously asked his new reporter, who stood before him, long, gangling, ill-dressed, starved-looking, if he knew where the festival had been held, who the committeemen in charge were, and if he had a list of the merchants who had provided the presents for the children. To these reasonable questions Stevenson replied that he had not thought such details at all worth while. A brisk young police reporter was hurriedly sent out for a few facts concerning the matter, and Stevenson was told that his "copy" would probably prove available for a Sunday "special."

Stevenson's second reportorial "detail" proved even less fortunate. He was told one evening by the city editor that he should go to the Presidio (a military post) next morning and secure the facts relative to the installation of a new and extensive system of waterworks. The reporter replied, with much ease of manner, that he had an engagement for the next day which would prevent him from going to the Presidio. The city editor thereupon exercised his well-worn prerogative by incontinently discharging the young man, accompanying his edict with a running fire of editorial profanity. It does not appear that Stevenson ever again undertook the *rôle* of reporter. He continued to write articles for the Sunday edition of the *Chronicle*, but there is no indication that he thought affectionately of them, for he never rescued them from the files.

The young Scotchman's life in San Francisco covered a period of four months, and embraced perhaps the most miserable days of his life. Physically he was in a

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distressing condition. Financially he was on the dismal edge of despair. He went from doctor to doctor, seeking treatment on credit, and was turned away by all. During the winter he was reduced by these refusals to the humiliation of asking for medicine and advice at the municipal free dispensary. The illness which overtook him in the spring of 1880 almost "doused his faint glim."

The grim horror and irony of the cruel circumstances are accented when one recalls that at this very period Stevenson was toiling like a worker in fine metals over several of those rare verbal fabrics which were to delight his race. The "Amateur Emigrant" had been sent in manuscript to his friend and counsellor, Mr. Sidney Colvin, only to be returned, riddled with merciless criticism. Some of the best and most characteristic work which was to come from his pen was either actually under way or shaping itself in his mind; and the stress of composition was supported by a diet which would have been the death of any man not sustained by an inexhaustible nervous force.

To his permanent aid came at this moment a cheering solace in the guise of William Penn's "Some Fruits of Solitude," a little book full of reasonable courage and quaint wisdom—a book to make comrades with. This Stevenson did, from that day in December 1879, when he unwittingly picked a last-century edition from the tray of literary debris before a San Francisco bookstall, to the end of a life which had been unceasingly illumined by its thoughtful optimism. Mr. Gosse has recently said of this providential discovery: "He met with this little book at a critical moment of his own career, while he was wandering disconsolately in the streets of San Francisco, convalescent after a very dangerous illness, yet 'still somewhat of a mossy ruin,' and doubtful in what spirit to face the world again. To the exile, with his hopes re-excited, his spirits grown buoyant, his moral fibres tightened by hardship and fear, the small book of Penn's maxims came with what seemed a direct message from heaven."

The publication of the "Letters" made clear to his friends how deeply his spirit had been moved by the Quaker's happy philosophy. Two years after his first acquaintance with it Stevenson gave his personal copy to Mr. Horatio F. Brown, author of "Life on the Lagoons." In this book Stevenson wrote: "Here it is, with the mark of a San Francisco *bouquiniste*. And if ever in all my 'human conduct' I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible; but at least one can hand it on—with a wrench—one to another. My wife cries out, and my own heart misgives me, but still here it is. I could scarcely better prove myself Yours affectionately, R. L. S."

The exile's lodging was in a workman's resort in a mean section of the city. For this he paid six shillings the week. He worked by candle-light, and ate, when he could eat anywhere, at "Joe's coffee-house," an eating-stall kept by an Italian, and now patronised—at least once—by all lovers of Stevenson who visit San Francisco. His breakfast was a roll, a cup of coffee, and a pat of butter, which cost him fivepence. Dinner, when he was prosperous, cost two shillings, and was a *table d'hôte*. Supper was a repetition of breakfast; the cup of coffee being sometimes replaced by a bowl of soup. As poverty pinched closer he experimented with his viands. A doughnut was tried in the place of the rolls, and when the *table d'hôte* dinner was beyond his means a bowl of soup was made to serve the purpose of the midday dinner.

Friends in England and Scotland wrote him sagacious letters of advice, and more than once his tired, sick soul rebelled. He wrote to an English correspondent: "Not one soul ever gives me any news. Everybody writes me sermons, which is hardly good for a man who lives all alone on forty-five cents a day, and sometimes less."

He was a touching sight in those piteous days. His face was ghastly in its pallor, his clothes seemed to have been flung upon him, and his trousers and shoe-tops disagreed by at least two inches. Men were seen to jump at the sound of his cough and to rub their eyes at the first sight of him. His manner towards his equals betrayed a conscious superiority—or, perhaps, it was only a lack of sympathy—and he was awkward to a degree. It is evident that association with a sympathetic man friend would have meant a great deal to him; but he did not seek friends, and the newspaper men, who, as a

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class, are apt to become calloused by their disillusions, avoided the queer, silent Scotchman, who was, unless all signs were at fault, a stranded fakir.

This suspicious-looking character, upon whom, doubtless, the brisk reporter, sent out to recover his Salvation Army "story," gazed with pity and contempt, was twenty-nine years old at this time, had seen four of his books published, and had what Mr. Sidney Colvin estimated as a "half-established reputation." Stevenson looked his situation squarely in the face, and saw all the bitterness of it. In happier days he wrote of the San Francisco period as being the time when he was a "penniless and dying author, and when it seemed strange not to be able to afford a drink."

San Francisco failed to help Stevenson in his hour of bitterest need, but since his death it has raised a pretty monument to his memory in Portsmouth Square, where he loved to lounge on sunny days. "Joe's coffee-house" is haunted daily by people who feel a belated and vinous grief for him. Many persons can tell pleasant stories about him—all but "Joe," who frankly confesses he hasn't the least remembrance of the gentleman, and wonders why people should be so keen to learn at just what table a forgotten patron used to sit.

In the darkest days came parental forgiveness for this wilful flight westward, expressed in the trite cablegram: "Count on £250 annually." The sunnier month of June brought to Stevenson the happiness of marriage with the woman of his choice. Setting their faces towards the mountains, they bade farewell to the fogs and chill winds of the seaport. Their new home was at Juan Silverado, a deserted mining-camp on Mount Saint Helena. Through the grape-ripening months of June and July Stevenson and his wife and stepson lived in the old brown house so affectionately described in "Silverado Squatters." Everywhere his foot touched earth there he left an impression of his buoyant personality while gathering materials for his crucible; in Honolulu, where reigned the Rev. Mr. Hyde; in the Adirondacks, where Stevenson spent the winter of 1887. The reminiscences of his last-named sojourn cluster around his devotion to the children he found at Saranac lake. He entertained them with games of his own devising, he told them tales as a magician creates a marvellous substance from thin air, he chanted them verses full of quaint wisdom suited to their years—he became in short to them a fairy godfather. Has he not been, in truth, a fairy godfather to all the children of men?

*San Francisco Bay.*

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# THE ROUND TABLE.

## "PINCHER."

BY OWEN OLIVER.

IT was five minutes to eight, and I don't get up till eight o'clock in the winter. So I was very cross when Jane knocked, and told her to go away.

"It's somethink pertickler," she insisted through the keyhole. So I jumped out of bed.

I am Molly Marchant. I was thirteen last July. I keep house for father and the boys. Jane is our "general." She is a good girl to work, but she has no idea of managing.

"Tell me quickly," I said. The cold seemed to come in with a rush when I opened the door.

"I jest got down in an 'urry, an'——"

"Your time is seven!" She does not get up as she should.

"There wasn't no coal in the scuttle," she went on, "wot I meant to fill las' night, as you tole me, an' didn't—seein' as 'ow you 'urried me off to bed, an' never 'oldin' with late hours myself, wot I wasn't brought up to, an'——"

"Never mind about late hours. What is it?"

"I went to the out-'ouse to git some coal. An'wen I opened the door an' got inside you might 'ave knocked me down with a feather!"

"What!" I cried. "You don't mean to say you've used a whole quarter of a ton since last Wednesday!" We have half-tons generally, only father's tales hadn't been selling very well. That is the worst of being an author.

"No fear—I 'aven't." She wagged her head mysteriously.

"For goodness' sake tell me what it is." I was shivering.

"You know there's some old sackin' in the corner?"

"Yes, yes!"

"I jest began breakin' a lump of coal with the 'ammer, an' up it jumps!"

"The coal?"

"No; the sackin'." I shut the door.

*Pincher.*

"Really, Jane, you are worse than a baby. Of course it was a cat."

"It wasn't no sich thing. It was a kid."

"A what?" I opened the door again.

"A little gal. 'Bout the size of Bob——" I glared at her. "Master Robert, I mean. An'



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wot I want to know is, wot am I to do with 'er?"

"Send her home, of course."

"Sez she ain't got none."

I saw how warm the bed looked, and thought how cold the coal-house must be.

"We might give her something to eat, perhaps," I said. "I'll be down in a minute. Do look sharp with father's breakfast. He wants to catch the nine-five this morning to go to the British Museum." It was to find some local colour, he said.

I got up as quickly as I could, started the boys dressing, and went downstairs. A very small, very sharp-faced and very dirty child was sitting on the kitchen fender, shining one of the boys' boots. Jane ought to have done them over-night, but she *will* leave things.

"What were you doing in my coal-house?" I asked severely.

She looked at Jane. "I didn't nick none of it. *She* knows I didn't."

"What's your name?"

"Pincher."

"Is that your surname or Christian name?"

"It's wot they call me."

"Haven't you any proper name?"

She considered. "Farver sez as it might be Sairer Ann, 'e shouldn't wonder, seein' as mother's was; but 'e don't know for sure."

"He ought to know."

"It ain't 'is fault," she explained. "Doin' time wen I come, 'e was."

"Does she mean he was in prison?" I whispered to Jane.

"That's the size of it, miss." I cannot cure Jane of using vulgar expressions.

"Where is your mother?" I began to think that "Pincher" was not a very desirable visitor.

"Died w'en I was a kid."

"How old are you now?"

"Ten, farver sez 'e expecks."

"Is your father still in—doing time?"

She nodded.

"Only six months, this lot. Jest for a purse wot 'adn't only 'levenpence 'apenny in it. Crule 'ard ev'rybody called it. An' doesn't come out till three days 'fore Chris'mas."

She commenced scraping the mud off another boot.

"Who looks after you?"

She grinned. "I looks arter myself."

"You ought to be in the workhouse."

She flushed through the dirt.

"S'pose your farver got took," she inquired: "like anybody might. An' s'pose 'e sez to yer, 'There's four tanners an' a few coppers under the mattress; an' mind yer keep respeckerble till my 'oliday's over'? You wouldn't go to no work'us, would yer?"

"No-o," I said slowly. "You are fond of your father?"

She drew a deep breath. "Ain't yer fond o' yourn?"

"Of course; but my father——" I did not want to hurt her feelings, so I changed the subject. "I'll give you some breakfast, but I can't keep you here."

She breathed upon the boot she was polishing.

"I wouldn't take nothink o' yourn, strike me if I would."

She looked such a poor, thin, miserable child.

"She's 'andy," Jane suggested. "I dunno but we might do without the charwoman on Fridays, if I 'ad 'er to 'elp me."

Father rang the bell, as a warning that he would be down in a few minutes. I finished off the bacon, while Jane made the coffee.

"I might ask him," I said doubtfully. It is not good to ask father things in the morning, because he has a liver. People who have livers do not want to do what any one asks them then.

"What letters did he have?"

"Two big 'uns."

They are generally tales that editors have not the sense to accept. Editors have no literary discrimination, father says. Of course, if they had, they would take all his stories!

"If we could keep her till the evening," I began. Then I heard father coming down, and ran up with his breakfast. He was putting the returned MSS. in a drawer, and muttering something under his breath.

"Some one else will take them, daddy," I said, when I kissed him.

He sighed. "Meanwhile, there are five of us to keep, including Jane." He rested his head on his hand, and didn't begin his breakfast.

"The bacon's done just how you like it," I coaxed him; and he was very nice, and said that I did everything right. I thought what hard work it must be for him to keep so many of us, and made up my mind that "Pincher" must go.



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She was cleaning some knives when I went down to tell her.

"I wouldn't take nothink o' yourn," she began, before I was in the door. "An' I'd work gooder 'n 'er." Jane had gone up with the boys' breakfasts.

I shook my head, and she rubbed her eyes with her black knuckles.

"You shall stop and have some dinner here," I promised; "so don't cry."

"Who's cryin'?" she asked indignantly, and set to work again on the knives.

When the boys had gone to school, Jane and I held a consultation. She made out that it would be quite cheap to keep "Pincher." I knew it would not; but I agreed to let her stop till father came home if Jane would wash her.

"Pincher" took up the remains of a hat and made for the door when we told her she was to be washed.

"No fear yer don't!" she said. "I don't 'old with it, an' no more don't farver."

But Jane tucked her under one arm, and took a big flannel and marched off to the bath-room.

"I'll make a Christian of 'er," she promised.

*"'Do I look the sort of blake wot would write potery?'"*

While Jane was struggling with "Pincher" in the bath-room, I found some old clothes that I had not given away. Mother made them, and I could not bear to think of any one else wearing them. . . . But I knew she would have given them to "Pincher."

She looked quite a nice little girl when she was dressed. We called her Florry, so that she should have a proper name; and I took her to look at herself in the long glass. It was funny to watch her turning round and grinning over her shoulder.

"My!" she said. "Ain't I a lady! I look nearly as pritty as you, miss."

"You should not say such things," I told her. "I know some people say I am good-looking; but, of course, *I* don't think so."

Jane does not either. I heard them talking in the afternoon.

"Too dark an' pale for my taste," Jane said. "Give me a bit of colour." Jane has red hair, and her nose . . . but I always remember that she did not make herself.

"I call 'er a pictur," said "Pincher"—I mean Florry. "Like them coloured advertisements."

"Go on with yer nonsinse!"

"An' speaks to yer so pleasant."

"Wait till yer git up a bit late, an' don't 'ave the master's breakfus' ready! She's got a temper, I tell yer!" Jane is enough to make anybody cross! "Yer bad, spiteful child!" There was a scuffle.

"I'd like to kill yer, sayin' things of 'er, jes' becos yer don't like 'er."

"Me not like 'er!" cried Jane. "W'ere d'yer expeck to go to if yer tell stories like that 'ere? Wy, there ain't nothink I wouldn't do for that 'ere child!"

Jane has an absurd idea that I am quite little. But you have to put up with things from servants. So I took no notice, only called to tell her that she had taken three-quarters of an hour to dress, and ought to be downstairs.

Father was very tired when he came home, so I would not bother him till the boys had gone to bed. Then I went and sat on his knee and told him. He was very kind; but he shook his head.

"She'd be sure to steal; and when her father comes out!"

"Perhaps he will reform."

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"They never do."

"In one of your tales—that one about the kind robber——"

He laughed. "Fact and fiction are different." I suppose they are.

"She looks quite nice and respectable. If you would see her?"

He still shook his head, but I told Jane to bring Florry. He talked to her for some time. Then he said it was too late to send her away that night. When they had gone he stood by the mantelshelf, with his head on his hand.

"That dress was the last thing your mother made, Molly," he said. "She was always fond of children." So I knew that Florry was to stay.

I went in to look at her on my way to bed. She had tied knots in a towel to make a doll, and was hugging it in her sleep and smiling. I couldn't believe that she would ever steal.

She never did steal anything from us; but she had an unfortunate habit of taking things from the tradespeople's baskets when they called. Some of them were rather disagreeable about it, and the butcher's man was quite nasty.

"Nex' time I catch 'er with one of my j'ints," he said, "I send for a p'liceman, and orf she goes!"

So I had to talk to her seriously, till she promised not to do it any more.

She made herself very useful, and Jane liked her, though they quarrelled every day. She got on pretty well, also, with the boys. She almost worshipped father, and took a perfect delight in shining his boots.

"How'll they do this mornin', sir?" she always asked, if she could catch a glimpse of him. He could hardly bear to look at them, he used to tell her, they glittered so. Then she would run down to the kitchen, grinning like a little monkey, and peep round the blind till he went.

"'E do look a treat," she used to say. "Jest see 'is feet!"

I tried to make her speak better, but she did not seem as if she could. She blew herself out, like a frog, trying to sound her h's; but if she succeeded it was generally in the wrong word. However, I taught her to spell and write a little. It was funny to hear her teaching my old doll, that I had given her, that it must wash its face regularly, and "never nick nothink!" and not answer Jane back, if she was ever so disagreeable!

"You'd better see what Florry would like for a Christmas present," father said a few evenings before Christmas. He had sold several tales unexpectedly, so we were to have nice presents this year.

I promised to ask her the next morning; but when I went downstairs, I found Jane rocking herself and crying as she made the toast.

"Florry's gone!" she wailed. "I 'adn't the 'eart to come an' tell yer before."

"Gone! Oh, Jane! she hasn't taken anything?"

"She wouldn't never take nothink from 'ere, don't you think it. It's 'er father comes out this mornin', wot ain't no manner of good. She's gone off to meet 'im, pore child." Jane wiped her eyes. "Yer won't never see 'er no more." Jane has a good heart, but she has not a good head; so I knew she was sure to be wrong.

Florry came to our house that very afternoon. A great rough man had hold of her arm. He looked very savage, and Jane was afraid to answer the door; so I went myself. He did not do anything to me; only stood twiddling his cap and shifting from one leg to the other.

"Are you Florry's father?" I asked.

'Meanin' *'er*?"

"Yes. We couldn't call her 'Pincher,' don't you see?"

He nodded, and pointed to the doll in her arms. "Sez yer give it 'er."

"Of course I did."

He looked surprised. "Blessed if I didn't think she'd lifted it. An' promised 'er a proper 'idin', I tell yer."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself! The idea of a great man like you hitting a little girl!"

"'E don't orfen, miss," she assured me. "Not never, 'ardly."

"In course," he said, "I got to do my dooty by 'er, an' if she nicked anythink of *yourn*, it 'ud *'ave* to be done."

She nodded emphatic agreement.

"I am glad you disapprove of—taking things," I told him.

He shuffled about again. "Depends," he said hoarsely. "Some things is meant to be took, an' some people is meant to 'ave 'em took from. Else 'ow's a bloke to git a livin'?"

"You should work, like my father does."

"Wot's 'e do?"

"He writes tales and poetry."

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The man rubbed his chin. "Now, do I look the sort of bloke wot would write potery?" he demanded.

"No," I admitted, "you do not."

He nodded.

"Exac'ly. Yer father does wot 'e's cut out for; I does wot I'm cut out for—not meanin' no offence, miss—an' much obliged for wot yer done. Come on, nipper."

"Don't you think she'd be better with us?" I asked.

He turned to her. "That's wot I tole yer. If yer'd stop with the young lady——"

She clung to him suddenly. "'E's my farver," she cried: "same as yourn's yourn!"

So I gave her a bun, an orange, and two pennies, and made Jane bring some beer for him. Then they went off together.

"Be sure you come and see us at Christmas, Florry," I said.

She said she would; so we bought a set of doll's furniture and kept it ready.

*"'Tain't nothink, gov'nor. . . . They was come by easy.'"*

On Christmas morning the boys woke at three. Tommy's presents included a bagpipes, so we woke too. Father had just been upstairs to borrow them till breakfast time, when he heard a peculiar noise in the basement. He picked up a poker, and went to see what it was. I took a stair-rod and followed him. He kept making signs to me to stop; but of course I could not let him go alone.

The kitchen gas was alight and the door ajar. We peeped through the crack, and there I saw—"Pincher!" I felt sorry that her father had not beaten her; which shows that my temper is not really good.

"Ain't yer done yet?" he asked in a deep whisper. He seemed to be waiting just outside the window.

"In a minute."

She was grinning at something on the kitchen table.

"'Urry up!"

She turned round and looked at father's boots, that Jane was supposed to have cleaned ready for the morning.

"She don't shine 'is boots like I done em," she said. "Wouldn't I jest love to give 'em a polish!"

"I'll give yer a polish if yer ain't quick," growled the man.

She put up her hand to turn out the gas. Then father suddenly stepped in.

"Wait a bit, Florry," he said. "We've got a present for you."

She ran to the window, and the man began to pull her through. To my surprise, father did not try to catch her, but just held up the whiskey bottle and invited the man to come in and have a drink. I was still more surprised when the man cocked his leg over the window-sill and came in.

"Merry Christmas to yer, guv'nor!" he said. "An' meanin' no offence."

"None whatever," said father. "The same to you."

He began pouring out some whiskey. I took Jane's big cloak from the peg and put it on and went in. When I saw the kitchen table it nearly took my breath away. They had not come to steal, but to leave some presents for us.

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The presents were all silver. There were some fish knives and forks labelled *For Marstir;* a lovely serviette ring and cake-stand on a paper that said *Dere Mis Moly;* two little mugs, *For the boyse;* and a pickle fork, *For Jain!*

"Oh, Florry!" I cried. "How *could* you?"

She hung her head and didn't say anything.

"One good turn deserves another, don't it, miss?" suggested the man affably.

"Ye-es," I said; "but how did you get them?" Of course I knew they were stolen!

"Don't you worrit about that," said he. "No one won't never look for 'em 'ere." He winked at us all in turn.

I did not know what to say. So I looked at father. Father did not seem to know what to say either, so he gave the man another glass of whiskey while he considered.

"It is very kind of you," he said at last, "and of Florry, to wish to give us presents. My daughter and I appreciate it very much."

"'Tain't nothink, guv'nor," said the man. "They was come by easy, an'——"

"I am sorry we can't keep them."

"They'd never trace 'em 'ere," said the man positively.

"That isn't quite what I mean," said father. "You see different people have different ideas. *We* have a prejudice—a strong prejudice—against taking anything that belongs to any one else."

"They don't 'old with it," Florry explained. "I tole yer so. That's w'y I wanted to leave 'em unbeknown."

The man shook his head slowly. "Wot's it matter w'ere they come from, w'en nobody don't know?"

"It's just a prejudice of ours," father apologised. "We all have our little peculiarities. For example, you would not like to take anything from us."

"Wouldn't do it," said the man decidedly.

"Not 'im," Florry assured us.

"Well, we have the same feeling about other people. That is all the difference."

The man finished his whiskey slowly and scratched his head.

"Then I got to take 'em away?"

"Not at all. We shall be very pleased to have them"—Florry clapped her hands—"on one condition: that you will tell us the address where they belong."

Florry's face fell. "They re goin' to send 'em back," she whispered.

The man sighed. "So long as yer'll take 'em," he said, "yer do me proud; an' wot yer does with 'em, yer does accordin' to yer own ideas."

So father took the address, and the man took some more whiskey. Then I gave Florry the doll's furniture, and they went. Just at the door the man turned round.

"There's somethink in them ideas of yourn, guv'nor," he said. "Blowed if I don't give 'em a trial!"

When last we heard of them he was doing very well as a costermonger. "Yer should see me and 'im an' the donkey," Florry said. "It's a fair treat!"

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## "*L'AMOUR CÉLESTE.*"

WHAT lips could frame a love so great
As yours and mine? Triumphant—rare,
Beyond all price. Insatiate,
Yet not ashamed to breathe in prayer
To God. Its kingdom in your eyes!

Can such love live? Ask of the Spring,
Whose all-pervading majesty,
Renews with season's circling ring
The beauty of eternity!
Immortal still in Paradise.

How grew this love? Sweet mystery,
Beyond our world's analysis—
Heart beat with heart. It was to be.
No soul dare fathom more than this,
Nor doubt a faith sublime, supreme!

When will it end? Great love commits
Itself to Heaven. Reckons not
The sundial's shadow. Nor submits
To measurement of human lot,
But lives as one eternal dream!

W. H. MEREDYTH.

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# THE GIANT.

BY WALTER RAMAL.

PETER lived with his aunt, and his sister Emma, in a small house near Romford. His aunt was a woman of very fair complexion, her heavy hair was golden-brown, her eyes blue; on work days she wore a broad print apron. His sister Emma helped her aunt in the housework as best she could, out of school-time. She would sometimes play at games with Peter, but she cared for few in which her doll could take no part. Still, Peter knew games which he might play by himself; and although sometimes he played with Emma and her doll, yet generally they played apart, she alone with her doll, and he with people of his own imagining.

The rose-papered room above the kitchen (being the largest room upstairs) was his aunt's bedroom. There Emma also slept, in a little bed near the window. For, although in the great double bed was room enough, (her aunt being but a middle-sized woman,) yet the other pillow was always smooth and undinted, and that half the bed always undisturbed. On May-day primroses were strewn there, and a sprig of mistletoe at Christmas.

On a bright morning in July (for notwithstanding the sun shone fierce in the sky, yet a random wind tempered his heat), Peter went out to sit under the shadow of the wall to read his book in the garden. But when he opened the door to go out, something seemed strange to him in the garden. Whether it was the garden itself that looked or sounded strange, or himself and his thoughts that were different from usual, he could not tell. He stood on the doorstep and looked out across the grass. He wrinkled up his eyes because of the fervid sunshine that glanced bright even upon the curved blades of grass. And, while he looked across towards the foot of the garden, almost without his knowing it his eyes began to travel up from the ground, up along the trees, till he was looking into the cloudless skies. He quickly averted his eyes, with water brimming over, it was so bright above. But yet, again, as he looked across, slowly his gaze wandered up from the ground into the dark blue. He fumbled the painted covers of his book and sat down on the doorstep. He could hear the neighbouring chickens clucking and scratching in the dust, and sometimes a voice in one of the gardens spoke out in the heat. But he could not read his book for glancing out of his eye along the garden. And suddenly, with a frown, he opened the door and ran back into the kitchen.

Emma was in the bedroom making the great bed. Peter climbed upstairs and began to talk to her, and while he talked drew gradually nearer and nearer to the window. And then he walked quickly away, and took hold of the brass knob of the bedpost.

"Why don't you look out of the window, Emmie?" said he.

"I'm a-making the bed, Peter, don't you see?" said Emma.

"You can see Mrs. Watts feeding the chickens," said Peter.

Emma drew aside the window-blind and looked out. Peter stood still, watching her intently.

"She's gone in now, and they are all pecking in the dust," said Emma.

"Can you see the black-and-white pussy-cat on our fence, Emmie?" said Peter in a soft voice.

Emma looked down towards the poplar-trees at the foot of the garden.

"No," she said; "and the sparrows are pecking up the crumbs I shook out of the tablecloth, so she can't be in our garden at all."

Emma turned away from the window, and set to dusting the looking-glass, unheeding her grave reflexion. Peter watched her in silence awhile.

"But, Emmie, didn't you see anything else at the bottom of the garden?" he said. But he said it in so small a voice that Emma, busy at her work, did not hear him.

In the evening of that day Peter and his aunt went out to water the mignonette and the sweetwilliams, and the nasturtiums in the garden. There were slipper sweet peas there, also, and lad's love, and tall hollyhocks twice as high as himself, swaying,

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indeed, their topmost flower-cups above his aunt's brown head. And Peter carried down the pots of water to his aunt, and watered the garden, too, with his small rose-pot. Yet he could not forbear glancing anxiously and timidly towards the poplars, and following up with his eye the gigantic shape of his fancy that he found there.

"Aren't the trees sprouting up tall, auntie?" said he, standing close beside her.

"That they are, Peter," said his aunt. "Now some for the middle bed, my man, though I'm much afeard the rose-bush is done for with blight: time it blossomed long since."

"How high are the trees, auntie?" said Peter.

"Why, surely they're a good lump higher than the house; they do grow wonderful fast," said his aunt, stooping to pluck up a weed from the bed.

"How high is the house, auntie?" said Peter, bending down beside her.

"Bless me! I can't tell you that," said she, glancing up; "ask Mr. Ash there in his garden. Good-evening, Mr. Ash: here's my little boy asking me how high the house is,—they do ask questions, to be sure."

"Well," said Mr. Ash, narrowing his eye, over the fence, "I should think, ma'am, it were about thirty foot high; say thirty-five foot to the rim of the chimney-pot."

"Is that as high as the trees?" said Peter.

"Now, which trees might you be meaning, my friend?" said Mr. Ash.

"You mean those down by the fence yonder, don't you, Peter?" said his aunt. "Poplars, aren't they? That's what he means, Mr. Ash."

"Well," said Mr. Ash, pointing the stem of his pipe towards them, "if you ask me, they poplars must be a full forty foot high, and mighty well they've growed, too, seeing as how I saw 'em planted."

Peter watched Mr. Ash attentively, as he stood there looking over the fence towards the poplar-trees. But his aunt began to talk of other matters, so that Mr. Ash said no more on the subject. Yet he did not appear to have descried anything out of the common there.

Now the evening was darkening; already a lamp was shining at an upper window, and the crescent moon had become bright in the west. Peter stayed close beside his aunt; sometimes peeping from behind her skirts towards the trees, glancing from root to foliage, to crown, and thence into the shadowy skies, whence daylight was fast withdrawing. By-and-by his aunt began to feel the chill of the night air. She bade Mr. Ash good-night, and went into the house with Peter. Soon Peter heard Mr. Ash scraping his boots upon the stones. Presently after he also went in, and shut his door, leaving the gardens silent now.

At this time Peter was making a rabbit-hutch out of a sugar-box; but to-night he had no relish for the work, and sat down with a book, while Emma learned her spelling, repeating the words to herself.

"Auntie," said Peter, looking up when the clock had ceased striking, "if Satan was to come in our garden, would he be like a man, or is he little, like a hunchback?"

"Dearie me! what'll these stories put into his head next? Why, Peter, God would not let him come up into the world like that, not to hurt His dear children. But if they are bad, wicked children, and grown-up folk too for that matter, then God goes away angry, and the Spirit is grieved too. Why, my pretty, in pictures he has great dark wings, just as the angels' are beautiful and bright; but the good angels watch and guard little children and all good people."

"Then he's just as big as a man in the pictures, like Mr. Ash, not a——"

"Aunt Elizabeth has heaps of pictures of him in a book, auntie, with all the wicked angels crowding round," said Emma; "but he's much taller than Mr. Ash, like a giant, and they are all standing up in the sky, and——"

"Yes, Emmie, that's in the book, I daresay," said her aunt, frowning at Emma, and nodding her head. "But come and sit on auntie's lap, dearie; why, he looks quite scared, poor pigeon, with his stories. Auntie will tell you about little Snowwhite, shall she?—about little Snowwhite and the dwarfs?"

Peter said nothing, though his lip trembled; and albeit he asked no more questions, yet he did not attend to the story of Snowwhite.

At the beginning of the next day, Peter woke soon after the dawning, and getting out of bed peered through the glass of his window, down the garden. The flowers were not yet unfolded in the misty air. There was no movement nor sound anywhere. The trees leaned motionless in the

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early morning. But towering implacable against the rosy east stood that gigantic spectre of his imagination, secret and terrific there. And Peter with a sob ran back quickly to bed.

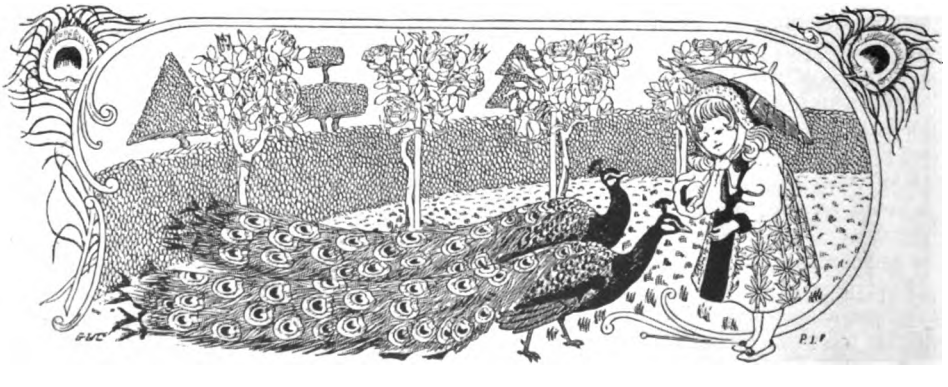
However, he mentioned nothing of his thoughts during the day, eating his breakfast, and going to school as usual. But when he reached school he had forgotten his lessons, and was kept in. Even there, alone in the vacant schoolroom, he could not learn his returned lessons, because of all his vivid fears passing to and fro in his mind. As the afternoon decreased, hour by hour, towards evening, he began to hate the memory of night and bedtime. He lingered on, seeking any excuse for light and company, until Emma spoke roughly to him. "Leave off worrying, Peter, do! How you do worry!"

At last, when even his aunt grew vexed at his disobedience, Peter begged her for a light to go to bed by. At first she refused, laughing at his timidity. But, in the end, with importunities he persuaded her; and she gave him a piece of candle in his room, to be burned in a little water, in order that when he was asleep, and the burning wick should fall low, then the water would rush in and extinguish it.

It was far in the night, just when the flame of the candle leapt out into darkness with a hiss, that Peter woke from a dream, and sat up trembling in his bed. He had dreamed of a street in the distance, whither a giant became a speck, and the eye was strained in vain. Even yet he saw its undimmed length retreating back unimaginably. And, as if impelled by an influence inscrutable, he got out silently and drew back the muslin window-blind. In the clear, dark air he saw the row of poplar trees; he saw that gigantic shade of fear abiding there, uplifted as with a threat, and the trembling stars of the heavens about him for a head-dress.

Peter cried out in terror of the sight, hiding his eyes in his hands. And while he stood sobbing bitterly, scarcely able to take breath, his ear caught a sound in the room like the wintry shaking of dry reeds at the brink of a pool. At this new sound he caught back his sobs; his scalp seemed to creep upon his head. He looked out between his fingers towards the bed; and he saw there an Angel standing, whose face was white and steadfast as silver, and whose eyes were pure as the white flame of the Holy Ones. His wings were to him as a covering of perfect brightness, his feet hovering in the silentness of the little room. Peter, his tears dried upon his face, could not bear to gaze long upon that steadfast figure angelical; yet it seemed as if he was now indeed come out of a dreadful vision into the pure and safe light of day; and when presently the visitant was vanished away, he went back into his still warm bed, his fear more than half abated, and fell asleep.

In the morning, when he looked out of the window, a gentle rustling rain was falling, clear in the reflected cloud-light of the sun. He could hear the waterdrops running together and dripping down from leaf to leaf. He heard the sparrows chirping upon the housetop, the remote crowing of a cock. And the poplar-trees were swaying their leafy tops in the cool air, as if they also had awakened refreshed from the evil perils of a dream.



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# SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT WATER BEETLE.

BY DOROTHY HAIG.

BEARING in mind the delightful and learned works of scientific men treating of insect life, it is with all due humility I write these words, not to instruct (few are less able to do so), but as one who having by a chance strayed into fairyland must tell what little his dull eyes could see there, for the pure pleasure of bringing those scenes back to his mind. The happier he if he perchance strike a sympathetic chord in others. Nature's worlds are fairylands—none more so than that of stream and lake and pond. A noiseless world, perhaps, but not a lifeless one. In the dense, mysterious forests of frogbit and milfoil a varied life goes on. Pursuit and capture, victory and defeat, wholesale massacre, and wild, mazy dances in the green transparent depths.

I still love this charming water world. Years ago we lived in it, my brother and I—in the spirit certainly, and almost in the flesh, I think, when I remember many warm summer days—yes, and cold autumn ones too—which we passed stretched full length at the edge of some pond.

By these ponds we would lie for hours, unconscious of the flight of time, and of everything else save what was passing beneath our noses, our arms bared to the shoulder, and plunged down in pursuit of some wary water-beast.

The result of this angling was for each a pickle bottle, well stocked with newts, waterboatmen, whirligigs, and the like.

No doubt each of the water-people I have mentioned was delightful and interesting, but in our minds they paled into insignificance in comparison with one—one who was to us for a long time only a name, a woodcut in the natural history books: the strong, ferocious king of the fresh-water world—namely, the Great Water Beetle (*Dyticus marginalis*). I knew his Latin name long before I got to know him.

I think my greatest aquarium triumphs took place abroad. We had a bright little villa in a quaint old town on a hill in Provence, from which, in the interests of our aquaria, we used to make many expeditions to places round about. One of the nicest was a great meadow down in the valley, which was white and surpassingly fragrant with narcissus in early spring. To this day a whiff of narcissus will turn the finger of Time's clock years back in a single moment, and I am in the meadow, I and my brother, heedless of the flowers, but all eagerness to rifle the little intersecting ditches, whose sluggish waters contained most desirable scarlet bugs.

Fishing there at a little distance from me one day, my brother suddenly uttered a piercing shriek of terror and delight, inspired by what he held in his hand—a large, dark, ferocious-looking insect, the long-looked-for one, the Dyticus. Not the beetle itself, but the next best thing to it, the larva. My first feeling on seeing him was one of joy, my next of envy; but I despised my own littleness, and the treat of watching the larva soon became absorbing to the exclusion of all other thoughts. We had seated ourselves one on each side of the pickle bottle containing him, and gazed admiringly at him. I must own that his aspect was more calculated to inspire awe than attraction. He had the appearance of being suspended from the surface of the water by his tail, through the two little plumy gills at the end of which he was taking in air. His jointed body was curved like an S, and he worked his six long legs rapidly. His flat, horny head was bent downwards, the strong, sickle-like jaws wide open, ready to seize any hapless individual which might come within his reach. Through these jaws, which are hollow, he sucks the juices of his victims. His eyes, consisting each of half a dozen minute flat orbs, arranged in a circle, looked treacherous and malicious. The Dyticus was placed in my brother's aquarium, where he immediately found his own level, and created the greatest confusion among the other inmates, whom he devoured with the utmost impartiality.

Not long after this I was sitting beside a pond. It was a deep round pond, most promising, at first sight, in appearance, but,

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alas! accessible only at one point, where some worn stone steps descended into the water. It was here that I sat patiently on the look-out for dragon-fly larvæ.

Suddenly I caught sight of two very diminutive creatures swimming just below the surface—Dyticus larvæ, both of them. I was trembling with excitement, and hot all over, but I put out my hand. Fortune favoured me—I caught them both. Very small specimens they were, not more than half an inch in length. Experience had taught me caution, and when I got home I did not put them in the general aquarium. It was rather late, so I left them and some young tadpoles in a flat earthenware saucepan on my window sill, and ran down to lunch. When I returned, what a sight met my eyes! The smaller of the two, disdaining the tadpoles, had fallen upon his brother, and was now devouring his lifeless body.

I named the survivor Dytic. I transported him in his saucepan to the edge of a tank, where we kept our aquaria, and waited upon him most assiduously every morning with earthworms and tadpoles. On this diet he waxed fat and strong, and in course of time burst out of his skin. I found it one morning floating in his saucepan, an unsubstantial image of himself. One might have imagined it to be his ghost.

Twice more, after the manner of his kind, he changed his skin; and attained his full size, when he was a pride and glory to me. Two inches long and more he was, and half the thickness of my little finger in girth. And now a sad change came over Dytic. His skin became dull and lustreless, he got languid and sleepy and refused all his food, and one day I found his poor little dead body stretched out on the water. He was buried with all honour under an olive tree, near the spot where he had passed a happy if somewhat circumscribed existence. I suppose that if he had been in his native pond when he reached his full larval development, he would have burrowed into the earth bank, changed into a pupa or chrysalis, and ultimately into a beetle. I have never had a larva which effected this change in my aquarium.

The same summer we went to Switzerland, where we discovered a pond which was a perfect happy hunting ground to us. It swarmed with larvæ, and the abundance of the spoil occasioned a most terrible tragedy, I might even say an atrocity, in my aquarium. It happened thus. I had about ten full-grown Dyticus larvæ together in my aquarium at one time, and I most criminally forgot to feed them one day. When I *did* eventually go to look at them, I found to my horror that they had formed themselves into a perfect little circle, each one having fixed his jaws into his neighbour's body. I left them to finish their feast and went away.

It was in the pond I have just spoken of that I first saw the perfect beetle, and he more than fulfilled my expectations—a great chocolate-brown beetle, very handsome, his wing-cases decoratively edged with a band of yellow, cutting his way through the water with his powerful swimming legs. All the delight of an ambition attained was mine, when I felt his hard horny body struggling in my hands. After that we used to keep a lot in our aquaria. They looked very well, and had a large appetite for worms and tadpoles. For the sum of one penny, long-suffering visitors were permitted to view these orgies: a permission which I now suspect they would have gladly paid twice the amount not to avail themselves of. Indeed, shudders of disgust were the only tribute they paid to the beetles' unrivalled powers of consumption.

But perhaps I wrong them. If I were offered the chance of assisting at a similar spectacle to-day, I should consider myself a highly privileged person.

For it is years since I have seen a Dyticus, though at times I picture him to myself, passing his happy hunter's life in some far-off, sedgy, shady pond, a prize for other hands than mine.

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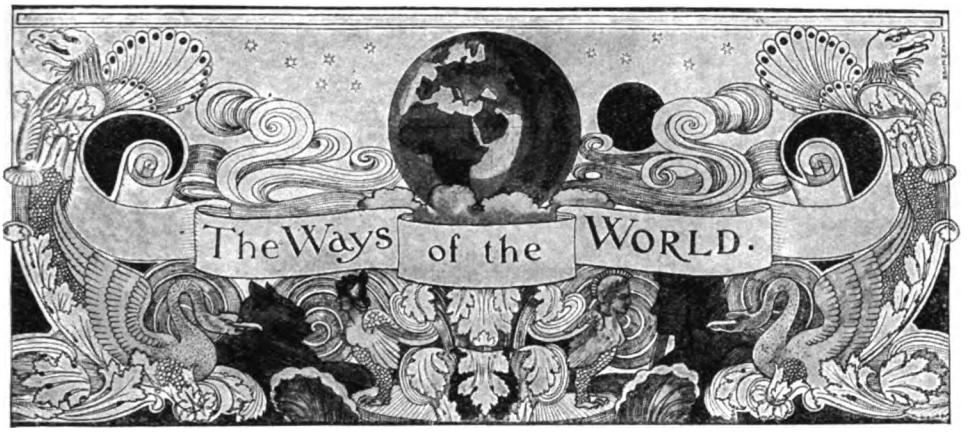


BY ALFRED KINNEAR.

**The London Season.**

WHILE Paris is laving in the waters of Trouville, English society is panting in the dusty heat of its chief city. But this is a plaint built upon an illusion. Paris is impossible when London is delightful. This no doubt is one of the advantages of our insular situation. It is a blessing derived from being a little higher in our latitude. But, the charms of geographical fixity apart, summer, with all its disadvantages inseparable from the pinch of brick, is the only period possible to what is known, for Court, matrimonial, sumptuary, and gregarious reasons, as the "London Season." The watering-cart, that benefactor of mankind, which distributes its benefactions with almost cynical irregularity, assists to neutralise the asperities of the dog-days to the enervated victims of custom. And on the whole the London Season slips by with amazing rapidity ; too swiftly, no doubt, for those who have families to provide for, or raiment and jewels to sell.

I will not harrow the thoughts by even gently drawing upon imagination for a picture of the London Season in midwinter : the brief afternoon, the miry streets, the leafless, shivery park, the sunless days, the rheumatic nights. What is for the best is not always the best. But Society has in this little matter managed its affairs better than some of its friends might manage these for it.

Efforts have been made from time to time by worthy reformers of the best possible, to alter things as they are. We recall a pretty passage in rhetoric between Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. Marjoribanks, now Lord Tweedmouth. The precise ends of the line taken by these disputants have passed out of mind, but the object of one of the gentlemen was to limit the London Season to June by fixing the prorogation of Parliament in that month. There was to be a grand putting back of the clock. Parliament should meet in October or November, sit until Christmas, reassemble in January, and clear up by the end of May. In this way, it was contended, John Bull would secure more from his legislators. His ordinary Christmas bills would be relieved by the extraordinary bills of his legislative physicians, bakers, and bootmakers. By way of relief to the tedium of hunting the snark in the waters or preserves of the Government, he would be able to run down from Saturday to Monday for pursuit of the less wily fox. His wives and children would come in for the best of the pantomimes; and when Parliament rose, as the tocsin for every one quitting London, they would be in time also for the best of Nature in the period of her summer carnival. But though precedents were pulled by their ears or their tails out of the musty kennels of the past to utter a chorus of sounds emphatically establishing the possibility of what was urged by what had actually existed, nothing came of the proposed change.

No account whatever was taken of the claims of Ascot or Henley Regatta. What about Goodwood? Well, those who wished could of course go to Goodwood Races as part of the summer programme for the country. The same was to be said of the Cowes week. And, no doubt, the exception drawn against our Ducal race week and the fixtures of the Royal Yacht Squadron



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might be admitted to hold its ground by reason of the fact that these events are confessedly outside of the London Season.

As to the Derby and the Oaks, it was contended that under the new dispensation the Epsom week would offer a very pretty and effective wind-up to the London Season as ordained by the prorogation of the Parliamentary Session.

Such was the argument that supported this pretty arrangement for returning London without thanks over to Londoners in the golden age, the Middlesex summer, the Row at its princely period, the rhododendrons in the zenith of their beauty. Happy Cockaigne, able to succeed thus completely to the pristine beauties of its parks—the mob in exclusive possession of those costly glories devised by an artistic First Commissioner of Works, out of the pocket of "John Bull" for the sole benefit of the "upper ten."

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**The Queen's Drawing Room.**

OF course the thing was a fantasy, the dream of a zealot in social reversals. No doubt there are "functions" which would lend themselves better to the night than to the daytime. Of these, the Queen's Drawing Room is an example. Royalty holds its State Concerts, like its State Balls, after sundown. And wisely, if not necessarily. Who could imagine, for instance, a Matinée Court Concert at Buckingham Palace? Has imagination yet climbed to the heights of a Matinée feather, strictly designed for a Court Concert? As well imagine a Court Ball at 3 p.m. There exists, we believe, in the classic recesses of the City, a princely feast, which is called the 1 p.m. breakfast, that lasts down to 5 p.m. Those who enter there leave all hope of post-meridian business behind. Time bargains have to wait; stocks may fall or rise while glasses go up or capacities sink. But the midday ball! Here, indeed, do we strike the impossible! Hence, wherefore the 3 p.m. Drawing Room? Of course we all know, and can respect the reason, why her late Majesty received and reviewed her Court in the afternoon. But the reason no longer exists, except upon the plea of providing an afternoon out for the ladies of Clapham or of Hoxton, who wish to see the procession, and study my Lady Clare de Vere at close quarters as she sits in the Mall in her coach. No account, unfortunately, is taken of the feelings of Lady Clare de Vere. The alternative horrors of being obliged to hear herself summed up by Mr. Sikes from Seven Dials, or to have to face the dubious leer of Carlo Icici—off for a day—from Saffron Hill, or be smothered behind closed windows, amount, I take it, to a gracious penalty.

Poor Lady Clare de Vere! we all feel for her, of course. But no doubt she and others must fardels bear, and suffer to amuse the gentle public. There will naturally be a dreadful hubbub if the day Drawing Rooms are abolished. They have been the vogue now through so many seasons, that each, as it has come, has been akin to a great middle-class carnival. So I fear that in the interest of the spectators, and in order also to preserve the loyalty of the Snap Shot Brigade, Lady Clare de Vere must continue to suffer.

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**"The House."**

THE part played by the House of Commons in the round of the London Season is so obvious that it constitutes almost a Season of its own. The House could, in fact, get on very well if it had no refuge in Mayfair. Its appreciation of itself certainly does not admit of depreciation. Its standard of entertainment is that of an ideal club, where ladies are welcome. Its instincts are purely social. Politics constitute the basis of its existence, but this counts for very little in the existence itself. The serious men, who foolishly insist that the first duty of the Government is to govern, even go so far as to protest that the duty of a legislature is to legislate. Well, the Society men, who constitute the grand majority of the House, and indeed make up the House itself, are agreeable to let the solemn Samuels of the Chamber work out destiny after their kind. The public, so far from protesting against what is called St. Stephen's being an annexe to Park Lane and the faubourgs of Piccadilly, go really out of their way to repudiate the doctrines of the solemn Samuels. The male public demands seats for itself and tea and strawberries for its women. Society, which is of course the pivot of public life, so far shares the public estimate of the real purpose of the Legislature, as to include the House in the London Season. It is added to Hurlingham and Boulter's Lock, and but for the modern habit of going to bed at midnight, or at least closing its doors at that hour, the House would be the rallying-point of the best people "after the Opera is over.

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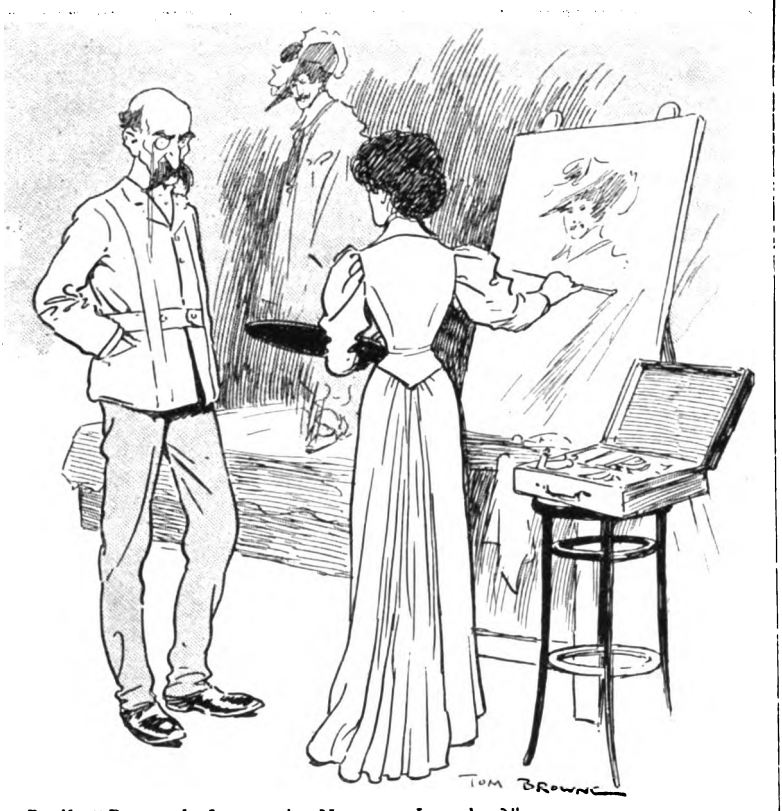


*Pupil:* "But surely I can paint Nature as I see her?"
*Professor:* "Yes, certainly, provided that you don't see her as you paint her."

It is an unlicensed house, and the Speaker "out of the chair" need not interfere with the flow of soul which should balance the feast of reason.

**"The Terrace."**

IT is commonly believed that the attraction which the House has to offer consists of its Terrace. This is true as one attraction only. There is a second attraction—that of dining at the House. In fact, view the Babble Shop as you may, no lady with an understanding of her duties to herself and her friends would be wise in beginning the day without seriously remembering that the House cannot be treated lightly. It is as much entitled to chronological recognition as the meet of the Coaching Club, or the parade of the Four-in-Hand. Indeed, it has come to be regarded as the liveliest resort in town. As a restaurant it has many superiors, but no one, either the entertainer or the entertained, stops to consider balances of merit.

Mr. Gladstone once described the House of Commons as "a great and noble school for the creation of all the qualities of force, suppleness, and versatility of intellect"; and leaving the Lobby, as in one sense our modern School for Scandal, the exactions of the Terrace, the competition of the members in the best-looking and the best-dressed and the smartest of guests, and the eagerness of each, by the laughter that he can occasion at his table, to approve himself a man of wit, helps to refine Mr. Gladstone's more prosaic if still eloquent estimate of the House as a serious workshop.

Quitting the Lobby, where, if anywhere on earth's surface, "the flying rumours gather as they roll," where men, as Tacitus says of the scandal-mongers, "fingunt simul creduntque," and dipping to the Terrace, members and guests emerge by subterranean ways of gloom upon the oft-talked-of Terrace. Shaded by the lofty sweep of the great Palace from the hot westering sun, there

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comes a quick relief from the silent glassy waters of the river.

The ladies new to the place are as Alice in Wonderland. The Terrace becomes all equally. Here, like Queen Anne, they "sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea," but more usually tea. "The tables are as thronged," to quote a description by a *Blackwood* writer, "as those of a suburban guinguette."

It is a picturesque scene, on an afternoon in the strawberry time, this scene which the Terrace presents, in a season unclouded by a great death or the mourning essential to a prolonged war. The pigments of costume are as of a parterre of flowers. In a caste sense it is all motley. For grand dames of society and their daughters are *vis-à-vis* with country cousins in their easily distinguishable frocks at other tables; while working out the rhythm of caste and degrees of beauty and smartness are the wives or daughters or sisters of the members themselves.

**Where Duchesses sat.**

I RECALL one memorable afternoon when a Royal Duchess, now alas dead, and two ladies of ducal rank, one the wife of a popular Master of the Horse, were the guests of a famous Colonial Secretary, once a Radical supporter of the Doctrine of Ransome, and a witty Ulster Unionist, of fighting favour. That incident getting into the papers established the Terrace as a Society resort.

But, of course, the place has its detractors, some of whom, however, affected rather than meant their detraction. I stood one afternoon in the Lobby with Lord Randolph Churchill, when his wife came up with Lady Georgina Curzon.

"We are going to the Terrace," said Lady Randolph.

"You have my profoundest sympathy," replied her husband.

No doubt, after the Duchess incident, the Terrace suffered from the disadvantage of being talked about in the newspapers and of being over-popularised. A well-known Metropolitan labour member spoke of it as "a chapel of ease to Burlington Arcade." Cynics of the Lobby inveighed against what John Knox called the "Monstrous Regiment of Women," and ardent legislators like Sir Henry Fowler read Mr. Speaker lectures upon having the stairs blocked by "strangers."

The grand dames of Mayfair, to quote another writer, no doubt did form little knots and thus block the passage to the Division Lobbies. But who was there would dare to push them aside or neglect them if a hundred division bells were ringing?

I recall Sir John Maclure in such a quandary. Mr. Akers Douglas is Whip.

"Look here! Where's your vote?" asks the genial Patronage Secretary.

"Awfully sorry, my gentle Aretas; but her Royal Highness insisted upon hearing my story of the man that mistook me for the Duke of Cambridge at the opening of the Canal, and I was in the middle of it when the last bell rang. Why don't you give us a 'lift' or a trolly to the Division Lobby? Or, better still, let us divide on the Terrace itself?"

That idea of Sir John's seemed to strike home to the embryo First Commissioner of Works; and on the whole it would add entertainment to the Terrace. A big ship's bell could be rung, and the wickets might be placed at the Speaker's and the Lords' extremes of the Terrace; the two columns kept apart by the tea-tables to the right and the row of garden-seats to the left.

The great mind of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, which gave M.P.'s baths and shaving saloons, the greater mind of Mr. Henniker Heaton, which conceived an international cable chess tournament between Committee Room 15 and Washington, should stimulate to the conquest of the Terrace for the purposes of the Division Lobby.

When the Terrace rose to fame, when duchesses and women of high degree and persons of lower degree came so nigh senatorial heels or toes as to "gall the kibe," the renown of the place became so great and diffused that its approaches resembled the old crush-room of the opera.

Thus a gentle form of hospitality grew into an affliction, until it threatened to stop the cog-wheels of legislation, arrest the wheelbarrow of Government, and block the tireless round of the British Constitution itself. The "new way out" of the difficulty by the discovery of the "new way in" has removed the corporeal objection to the Terrace afternoon, but the authorities that are still stand obdurately out against the Terrace "At Home." Mrs. Cunningsby De Vet, who unthinkingly issued cards for an "At Home" on the Terrace, made the first and only attempt to add the Terrace to the "At

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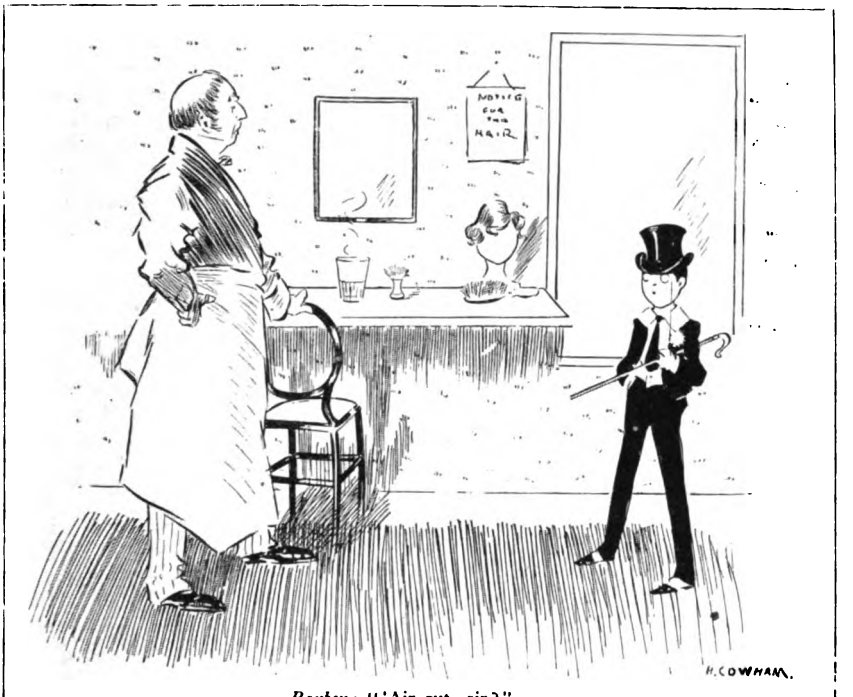


*Barber:* "'Air cut, sir?"
*Small Boy:* "No, shave."

Homes" of Mayfair. But all the same it survives, a prominent point of attraction to be remembered by country visitors as one of the sights of the town, and a refuge for ladies who may find time hang heavily—if time ever can hang heavily in the Season!

The House of Commons is made up of very wealthy men, of very proud men, of men who have nothing to be proud of, of very brilliant men as of very dull men, of men of fine appearance which survives all attempts at its destruction, of men who dress for effect and reach the wrong result, of very serious men and very gay men. Unto each are the women of his rank, or his taste, or his opportunities. The result is a kaleidoscope of mixed beauty as of brilliant costumes.

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**Society and the King.**

SOCIETY, to take another view of the London Season, derives more from a King, who is endowed with all his capacities for pleasure, than his Majesty derives from his august surroundings. In the sense of being able to do what one likes with one's own, the Prince stands at a distinct advantage over his Majesty the King. A Sovereign is almost too august a personage to join in the midday gallop in the Row; but a Prince, on the other hand, suffers from no such disability. Indeed, when you think of it, a King dwells in an entanglement of disabilities. The average Englishman cannot feel like a king. Of course he may be a king all the same. In some one's eyes, no doubt, he is quite an emperor. The man in the street, who sees more of the world, and has emotions, may perhaps feel nearer the divine omnipotence of kingship. He is monarch of his sphere to this extent: he has the key of the street. It is a monarchy after a kind. Still it is not quite like being a king. The proud possession of the key is marred by the dismal consciousness of having no lock to fit it into. But his Majesty, the real King, is not much better off, when you think of the austerities of form by which he is hedged about. He cannot use his latchkey with that comforting freedom which should attend the use of what Mr. Smedley calls "the pet abomination of the devil." His Majesty's trouble consists in too much ceremony.

But while the King undoubtedly suffers

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from a great deal too much attention, what would monarchy be without attention? It is the sugar of State. The Court is constituted to pay his Majesty this attention; and it will have been observed from that deeply interesting State paper, the Report of the Committee on the King's Civil List, that more money is paid for bowing the Sovereign off his own premises than is allowed him by a grateful country to live comfortably in his own rooms. Quite useless to protest this is a paradox! Dear old England is paradox from the top of her highest Imperial mountain to the bottom of her deepest Imperial coal-pit.

I have often wondered why Windsor Castle was ever placed where it stands. Obviously it was built to afford a means of escape from town. Its site represents the convenience of dwelling at an inconvenient distance. Princes do not suffer from bores; and yet there is no bore so terrible as the old Court bore. He is the man that is sent to chasten the haughty spirit of sovereignty. And Windsor Castle, as the antidote to the bane, was built apparently to shelter its master from his persecutors. Great as may be the courage of the Court bore, it is not equal to a journey to Windsor.

We dwell sadly upon this aspect of the life of the courtly and Sovereign gentleman who has for so many years been the rallying-point of the London Season. In his new life, he must dwell in the oblique lights of a golden isolation. Yes, there are some disadvantages in being a King. No King, unless it were a foreign monarch, posing as a moralist, and making a voyage of social discovery, could visit Boulter's Lock on an English Sunday afternoon. There is no inherent harm in Boulter's Lock; but imagine the horror of the British Mawworm, who read in his morning paper that His Majesty was an interested spectator of the cheerful scene at Boulter's Lock yesterday afternoon. So Society may have the best of it here at least.

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**Inimitable June.**

THE London Season, however it is viewed, is sunshine and flowers. As an amalgamation of persons and interests, it is without its equal in any capital known to the traveller. It possesses a picturesqueness and a dignity of its own, at once unaffected and unchallengeable. Its scheme of entertainment admits of no cavil either upon the point of its taste or upon that of the wealth which both underlies and inspires it. Its primary charm lies in its absolute freedom from monotony. It is indeed a quick-change artist in the beautiful. The varying motives of those who constitute the London Season are its life. It is upon these motives, in fact, that the grand panorama moves.

All that the wit of woman and the ingenuity of man can devise for doing homage to self is done, and when it is remembered that the wit is not of one woman or the ingenuity of one man, but of ten thousand men and women, the extent, the variety, and the multitudinous effects of these brilliant bribes to individual ascendency can only be inadequately realised. The London Season might be compared to a colossal diamond of countless facets, each facet an individuality wooing the sunlight for the extinction of its neighbours. To win a reputation for the best house, the richest decorations, the neatest dinners, the most successful dances, the smartest people, is the aim of every hostess known to Vanity Fair. It is, all things considered in this best of possible worlds, a laudable aspiration indeed.

The cultivation of the fine art of dress only surpasses the cultivation of the natural art of maturing flowers to their perfection. The pace of the life entailed upon the feverish crowd that lives this life of friendly mutual extinction, is not the least of the wonders as well as the glories of the London Season. June is the playground of the year, it is the most perfect of the months. It has left behind it the false and checkered airs of May; it is on the right side of the month of sultry heats and thunderstorms. Whatever is best of the London season is brought out for the common enjoyment in June. For this is the month of greatest possibilities. It is the period of hope and of triumph to the doubting and the victorious. It is after this that the canker of disappointment leading to conscious failure sets in; that the review of mistakes made is held, and that the final tragedy follows. For it may be said that to no hostess is the London Season a uniform success, though it will have brought much to remember with pleasure.

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DAUGHTERS OF A. WERTHEIMER, ESQ.

JOHN J. SARGENT, R.A.

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The Cathedral [illegible]

# GLASGOW: "THE [illegible] DOM"

## [illegible] NOTES FOR THOSE [illegible]

BY ONE OF [illegible]

[ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]]

IN the preface to his immortal notes on [illegible] his townsmen for any occasion [illegible] blasphemy, by reminding the world that [illegible] Glasgow. "Had the threat been fulfilled, we [illegible] greater appreciation than satire. With that [illegible] the outcome of a curious transatlantic strain in [illegible] in the exuberant activity of the western metropolis. "The [illegible] become so much a phrase of journalists that the ordinary [illegible] to realise [illegible] that it means." In a country of slow growths, [illegible] notoriously suspicious of change, Glasgow has leaped suddenly [illegible] fortune. One hundred years ago it was a fairly prosperous seaport, with some [illegible] five thousand souls; two hundred years, and it was a stagnant country town. To-day it is a county by itself, and with its dependent suburbs its population is not far off a million. Compared with the ancient civic magnificence of English cities like Bristol or Oxford, it is a lusty youth in dress, while compared with its own Scottish rival of Edinburgh it is a creation of yesterday. But there is nothing mushroom



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DAUGHTERS OF A. WERTHEIM, ESQ.

JOHN J SARGENT, R.A.

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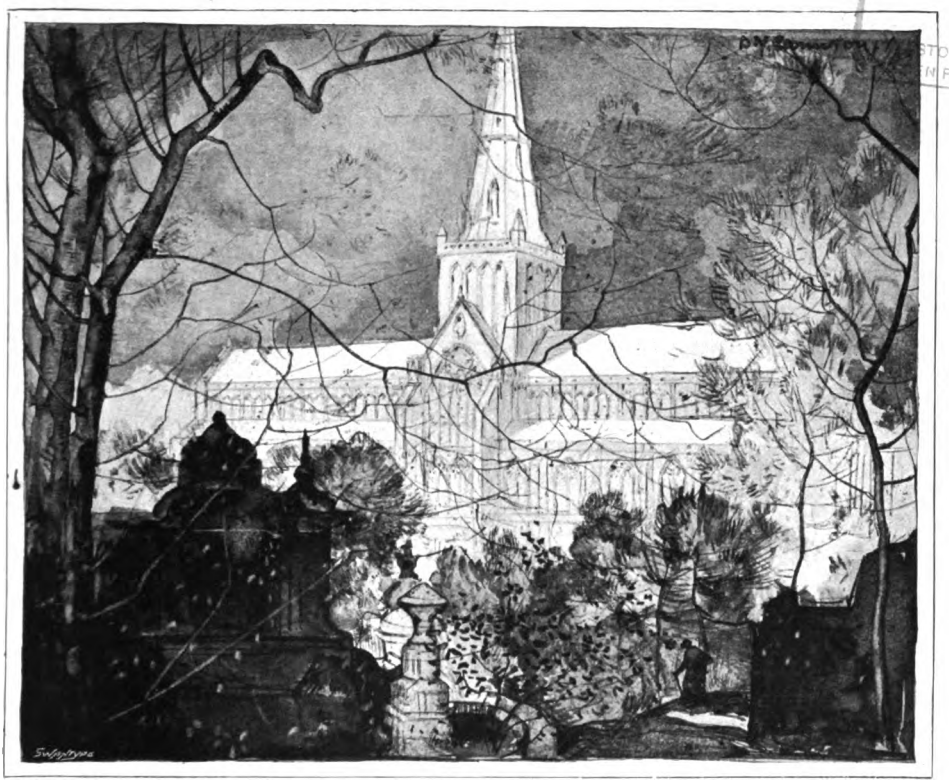

*The Cathedral from the South.*

# GLASGOW: "THE SECOND CITY."

## *SOME NOTES FOR THOSE ABOUT TO SEE THE EXHIBITION.*

BY ONE OF ITS CITIZENS.

[ILLUSTRATED BY D. Y. CAMERON.]

IN the preface to his immortal notes on Edinburgh, R. L. Stevenson consoled his townsmen for any occasion he might have given for their enemies to blaspheme, by reminding the world that he had not yet written a book on Glasgow. Had the threat been fulfilled, we fancy the result would have been nearer appreciation than satire. With that love of novelty and bigness, which was the outcome of a curious transatlantic strain in his nature, he would have rejoiced in the exuberant activity of the western metropolis. "The Second City" has become so much a phrase of journalists that the ordinary man does not trouble to realise all that it means. In a country of slow growths, and among a people notoriously suspicious of change, Glasgow has leaped suddenly into fortune. One hundred years ago it was a fairly prosperous seaport, with some sixty-five thousand souls; two hundred years, and it was a stagnant country town. To-day it is a county by itself, and with its dependent suburbs its population is not far off a million. Compared with the ancient civic magnificence of English cities like Bristol or Oxford, it is a last year's product, while compared with its own Scottish rival of Edinburgh it is a creation of yesterday. But there is nothing mushroom



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in its growth. If its municipal history on a great scale is short, it can show a long descent, and as a town it has as ancient and honourable a past as any in the land. From the time when Saint Mungo caught herrings in the Clyde, there are few decades of Scottish history into which its name does not enter. Its record is remarkable not for its shortness, but for the number of diverse elements which have gone to compose it. From the little hamlet clustered around the Cathedral to the immense capital of industry is a space of time which includes most of the phases through which a town can pass —an epitome at once of municipal history and of Scottish life.

Whatever saint had the honour of its foundation, it is clear that missionary enterprise was the cause, and Glasgow was at the first a cathedral town. St. Kentigern in the middle of the sixth century may have founded the See; but it was the "Sair Saunct," King David of Christian memory, who first firmly established it. The later civic motto, "Lord, let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of Thy word," commemorated the origin—"whilk," as Bailie Nicol Jarvie said, "is judiciously and elegantly putten round the town's arms by way of by-word," though of late the town has contented itself with the bare aspiration without suggesting the method. Then in 1450 came the foundation of the University, and with a High Kirk and a College Glasgow was fairly set upon her road. But progress came slowly. Hedged round with turbulent barons, next door to the more turbulent Highlands, and remote from the main lines of commerce, she remained a small town, cultivating the arts of peace in the unruly West. The discovery of America gave her her chance; but the Clyde was too shallow to make her a good port, and the formation of Port Glasgow under Charles II. proved a dismal failure. Industry and enterprise set themselves to surmount natural obstacles as great as those which faced the Dutch burghers; and though the deepening of the river to its present condition is a thing almost within living memory, the work went on steadily from 1688, when the Town Council began to construct a quay at the Broomielaw. It was the West India trade, aided by the efforts of enlightened magistrates, which created Glasgow, the seaport town; and in this character she flourished during the eighteenth century, till new discoveries

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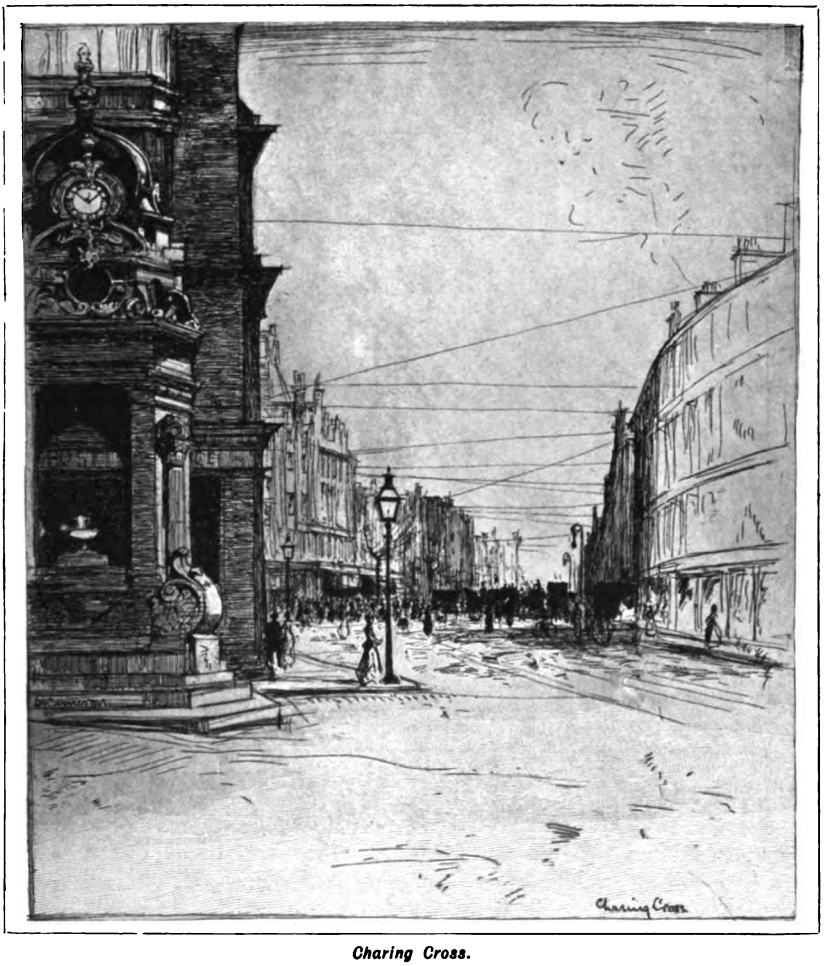
gave her new spheres of activity. It was not an accidental prosperity, but a gradual and strenuous labour, superintended by men of the shrewdness of the Bailie and his father the Deacon. The city changed not only its fortunes, but its principles. It was too near the Westlands not to have some tincture of the Covenanting spirit; but there was a strong Jacobite leaven, and in no place in Scotland was the Union more violently opposed. But with prosperity came the inevitable Whiggism. Peace and the settled order of things became the watch-words; in the '45 the town was violently Hanoverian; and in the American War




*Charing Cross.*

of Independence the Glasgow traders, almost alone among their countrymen, supported the claims of the revolting colonies. The whole temper of the place at this epoch shows us the compact and thriving municipality at its best. Proud of themselves, law-abiding, enterprising, the Westland city set an excellent example to the reactionary Scotland of the time. "We stand on our ain bottom," said the Bailie; "we pickle in our ain pock-neuk. Let every herring hing by its ain head, and every sheep by its ain shank, and ye'll find, sir, us Glasgow folk no sae far ahint but what we may follow."

But the destinies of the place were wider than those of a thriving seaport.

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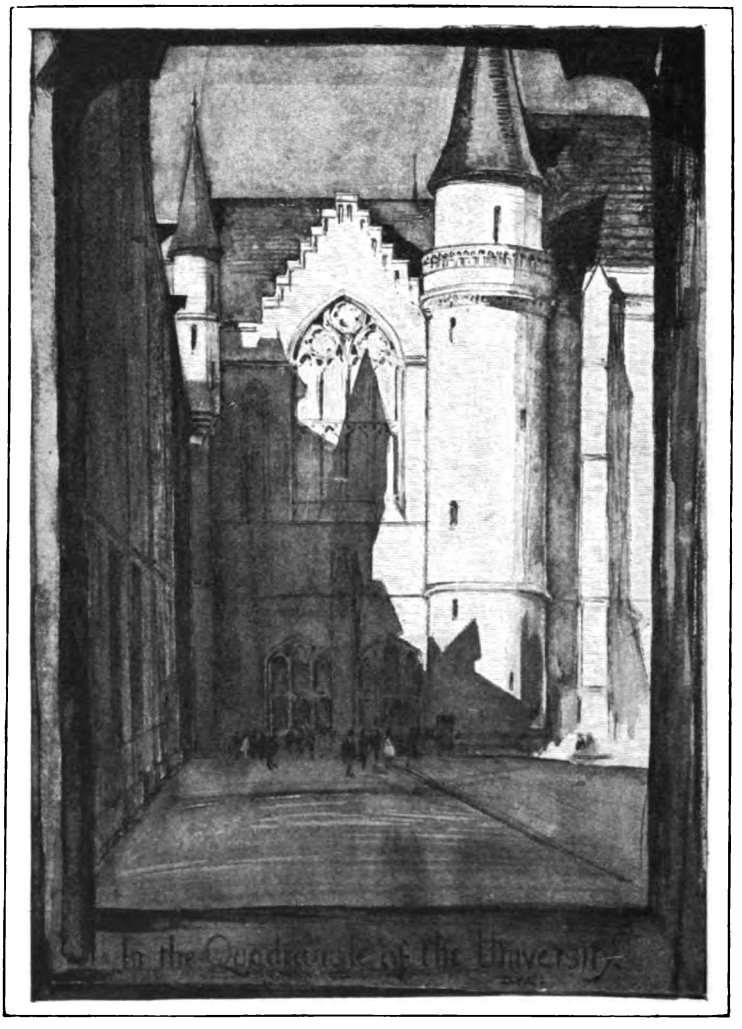


On Glasgow Green in the year 1764 James Watt first conceived his idea of the steam-engine, and with steam came the changed conditions of the nineteenth century. The era of great industrial communities began, and Glasgow was among the first to change. Coal, which had been worked in Lanarkshire for four centuries, revealed itself as a new source of wealth; and a chain of iron furnaces, beginning with the Carron and the Clyde Works, appeared in the neighbourhood. Various industries followed, and engineering and shipbuilding became among the most famous activities of the city. In 1801 Mushet discovered the black-band ore which quite revolutionised the Scottish iron industry, and in 1828 Neilson's application of the hot blast immensely increased the trade. From those days till our own there has been a constant succession of discoverers and organisers, including such men as the Tennants, the Bairds, the Elders, and the Burnses—not to speak of Lord Kelvin, perhaps the foremost scientist of our time and one of the greatest practical inventors. The Burgh Reform Act of 1833 reformed municipal administration, and introduced democratic principles into civic life. But

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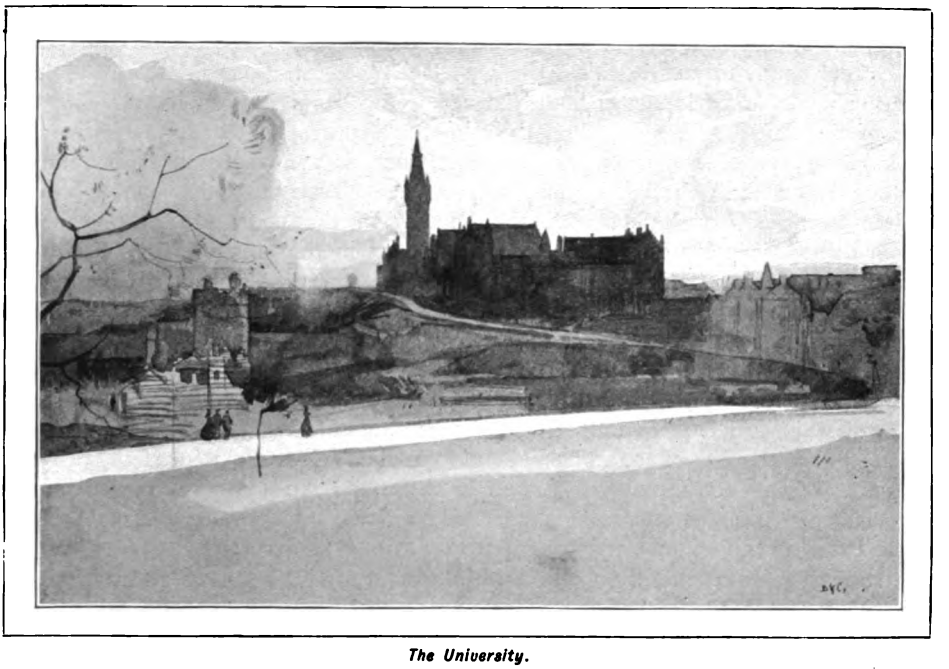

*The University.*

with the new wealth and expansion there came their inevitable drawbacks; the city discovered a labour question, and the problem of her poor became a serious one. The Radical Riots of 1830 would have been impossible in the bland eighteenth-century days, and no old minister of the Barony or the Tron would have thought Dr. Chalmers's mission-work in St. John's parish a conceivable necessity in his well-ordered sheepfold. From the name of a busy, compact little port, Glasgow became the name of a vast amorphous growth, straggling into several counties, and containing in her streets almost every human activity. Her cathedral, the shrine of her history, became obscured by the smoke of a thousand factories, and her ancient college was scarcely rescued from growing slums and set on a hilltop in a suburb.*

Of recent years the municipal enterprise of Glasgow has become famous, and she has been held up as a model to laggard town councils and conservative aldermen. The tradition of seeing eyes and understanding hearts, begun early in the eighteenth century, has continued to inspire the civic authorities. Glasgow is indeed an instance with which to confront both the opponents of all municipal trading and the faddists who would have a city rush into competition with speculative companies, or retail to its citizens the minor necessaries and luxuries of life. She has never dabbled in uncertainties. Only when the worth of an undertaking was fully established did the town council adopt it as its own. It would be hard to find a city where the municipality undertakes more varied duties and carries them out more thriftily and thoroughly. The streets are well lit and well looked after, the sewage problem has been seriously faced, and in course of time the pollution of the Clyde and its tributaries may be reduced to reasonable limits. Pure, of course, it can never be, for were Glasgow wiped out of the map, the coalfields of Lanarkshire would keep up a high standard of filth. The large

* The old University buildings, a perfect example of Scottish architecture, and of great historic interest, were barbarously destroyed to make room for a railway station.

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system of municipal baths and washhouses, made possible by the excellent water supply, gives at least a chance of cleanliness to the poor. Like all great seaports, she has constantly to guard against the introduction of infectious diseases, and in a city which is also an immense industrial centre the danger is very great. Yet, in spite of such perils, Glasgow is on the whole a healthy place, and, thanks to her admirable system of inspection, an epidemic, such as the plague of last autumn, is promptly met and checked. The Improvement Trust was the pioneer among modern agencies for dealing with the housing of the poor, and by this means certain districts which were among the worst slums in the kingdom have had their character changed. The Buildings Regulation Act of 1892 gave the Corporation the powers of prevention as well as cure, and for the future the chief work of the Trustees will be restrictive and administrative. But the crowning glory of Glasgow is its water supply. The Bill to utilise Loch Katrine was intoduced into Parliament in 1854, supported by the evidence of experts like Stephenson and Brunel. Perhaps the most whimsical objection urged against it was that of the Lords of the Admiralty —that the abstraction of so much water from the Teith would interfere with the navigation of the Forth. It was passed in 1855, and the water was turned on by Queen Victoria on October 14th, 1859. The result is that the people of Glasgow to-day have an unlimited supply of pure hill-water at a cost of a little over a shilling a year to each citizen,—a state of affairs, we believe, without a parallel, and an influence upon the health and prosperity of the city beyond calculation. It is impossible to follow in detail the numerous enterprises of this energetic Corporation. It provides gas and electricity, it owns and supervises the various markets, and it conducts a system of tramways whereon the traveller may ride farther for one penny than on a London 'bus for threepence. Here is a healthy socialism at work with credit in a city which returns seven Conservative members to Parliament! After all, reforms are matters for practical men, and not for the theorist.

In its lighter moments the same industrious Town Council has turned its attention to the arts. It has laid out parks with success, setting the atmosphere at defiance, and providing, as in the Queen's Park, a very beautiful collection of flowers. It has erected numerous galleries and museums, and purchased pictures with zeal and industry. In public libraries alone it has been found wanting, and to this end there is room for much municipal action. In education Glasgow has the numerous facilities which most Scottish centres possess. The Glasgow High School is second only in historical repute to the High School of Edinburgh; elementary and secondary institutions, of a spacious kind of architecture, greet us in every street; and besides minor colleges, there is the ancient University which, with its wide quadrangles, receives of a winter morning throngs of red-gowned, blue-nosed students. Education, indeed, what with kirks and schools and colleges, is scattered with so lavish a hand, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, can scarcely miss it.

To the traveller in search of the picturesque, the sportsman passing to and from the Highland shooting-boxes, and the invalid on the road to the health-resorts of the West, Glasgow, let it be confessed, has at first sight an air of squalor. The atmosphere is smoky, the streets narrow and crowded, the buildings unornamental, and it frequently rains. Not that there is any lack of good architecture, and it is substantial stone and lime which the air has turned into dark and unsightly masses. These are facts which no native-born enthusiasm can surmount, and the most that can be said is that the various railway stations are poor view-grounds. It is only when one considers the city as a whole that one is forced to admit a certain magnificence in its site, and even then it is not

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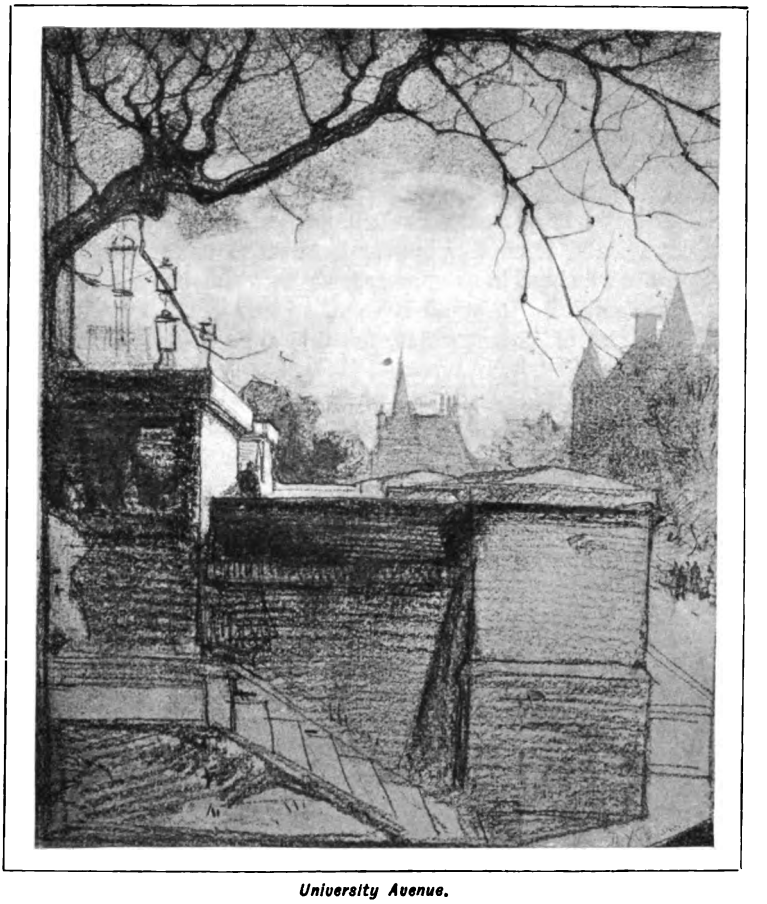

*University Avenue.*

possible to realise it with the eye. Edinburgh, with her Old Town stretched along the back of a ridge, and flanked by craggy hills, has a local unity and perfection like a toy city. But Glasgow, with hills and rivers and hollows within her bounds, has so overrun and absorbed her natural features that they can only be recalled by reflection. In its early days the little town must have been as pretty as any in the land. Clustering round the college and cathedral on the riverside slope of the hills, with the Bridgegate wynds abutting on meadows, with apple orchards on the banks of the Molendinar, and, above all, with a clear river flowing past her doors, she looked south to the pleasant Renfrewshire braes, and north and west to the Campsie range and the foothills of the Highlands. The Broomielaw may have been once what its name declares; salmon ran up the Clyde to the Linns; and the few herring-boats which lay by the banks were the only visible signs of the outer world. Defoe, in his "Tour in Scotland," calls it "one of the cleanliest, most beautiful, and best-built cities in Great Britain." Captain Burt, who had a doubtful taste in the picturesque, and could not away with heather-clad hills and Highland passes, wrote rapturously of the prettiness and uniformity of Glasgow. "The old town," wrote Pococke in 1747, "stands on the hill at some distance from the river, and bounded to the east by the Molendinar rivulet in a rocky glen. The cathedral is at the east end, and the rest of the hill, formed into gardens to the south, has a pretty effect." Nowadays

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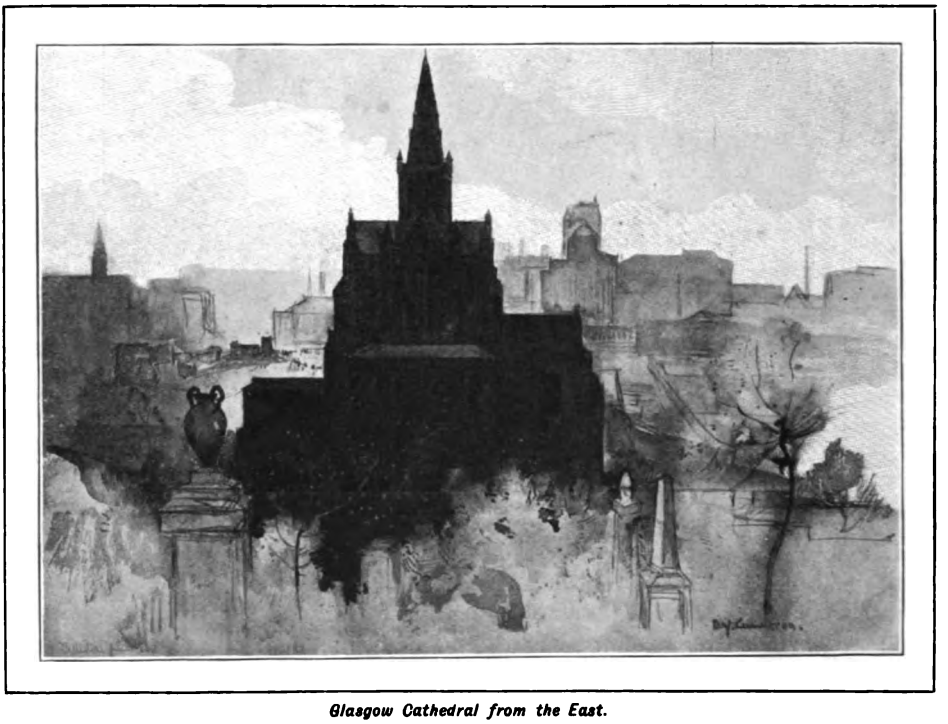
all this has departed, but the environs retain odd fragments of beauty. On the south side a few miles' walk will bring you to a neighbourhood as remote from industry as southern Ayrshire, and the hilly pasture-lands of Renfrewshire come almost to the fringe of the suburbs. The Clyde, which flows for long in a shallow upland dale, enters at Lanark a narrow wooded gorge which continues to Hamilton, and though its later course is blackened with coal and iron, places remain like Bothwell Castle, to show the original beauty of the valley. The Firth, that wonderful estuary not yet even in its upper parts wholly suburbanised, is an hour's journey away, and Loch Lomond and the edge of the Highlands are little farther. Glasgow may show in certain aspects as a smoky Inferno, but its back door opens upon Paradise. It would be hard to find another great industrial city with the sacred ground of romance almost within sight of its chimneys.



*Glasgow Cathedral from the East.*

Romance, indeed, has never been far from the city's annals, and in most of the stirring enterprises of Scottish history the town played her part. Encircled with a noisy ring of Western lords, within easy reach of Douglases and Hamiltons and Kennedies on one side and the lawless Highlands on the other, in common with other Scottish burghs she strove to cultivate the arts of peace and uphold the dignity of the commons. She appears in more than one old ballad, as when the forsaken lady tells of her bridal and her entrance into "Glasgow town" in robes of "cramasie." To her college came the young bloods of Ayr and Lanark, and with their quarrels and disputations awoke the sleepy citizens. The Cathedral gave her ecclesiastical scandals in plenty, and in the narrow streets the neighbouring gentry had their town-houses and their brawls. About the Reformation time she made an entry into the dusty business of high politics. The West has ever been the home of Reform, from the Lollards to the Radical Rioters of 1830, and the

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Lords of the Congregation found many adherents among the townsmen of Glasgow and the adjacent burghs. Galt's *Ringan Gilhaize* in its early chapters gives a picture of the time, and in the turmoil many fair ecclesiastical buildings suffered. It might have gone ill with that "solid, weel-jointed mason-wark" the Cathedral, had civic pride not risen superior to religious principle. Andrew Fairservice has told the story in his own words: "The Commons o' Renfrew and o' the Barony and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' popish nick-nackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands wi' took o' drum—by good luck the worthy James Rabat was Dean o' Guild that year (and the gude mason he was himsell, made him the keener to keep up the auld bigging),—and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others had done elsewhere. It wasna for luve o' paperie—na, na! nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow. Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues o' sants (sorrow be on them) out o' their neuks. And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the fleas are kaimed off her, and a' body was alike pleased."

The proceeding was typical of the even temper of the Glasgow citizens, a desire to keep their own, and an aversion to wild deeds of gallantry or revenge. She has no Black Denner, or "Clear the Causeway," or Porteous Mob to set off against the darker traditions of Edinburgh: sufficient for her if history passed through her gates and left her in peace. From their windows her townsmen heard the noise of Langside which ended Mary's reign; she was the scene of Leighton's bishopric; general assemblies were held within her gates, and her ecclesiastics had their share in the dreary seventeenth-century struggles. Cromwell came on a visitation, and was preached at by Zachary Boyd; ragged Highland levies, laden with Lowland pots and pans, passed through her streets; and, sorely against her will, she paid blackmail to Prince Charlie. Even when the days of storm were over in Scotland, she retained two features which provided an undying atmosphere of romance. More than any other port in Scotland, she was the key and outlet to foreign lands. Leith and Aberdeen had the Baltic commerce, and many European connections; but Glasgow held the gorgeous West in fee, and the West Indian trade was the beginning of her fortunes. Sugar, rum, cotton, and tobacco came in with every tide. Douce Glasgow traders had their little farms in the region of the Barbadoes, whence came limes for their punch-bowls and other things. And some, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie, had dealings with doubtful characters who may not have been above piracy—gentlemen like Captain Coffinkey, "a decent man, only he used to swear awfully." To the Glasgow quays went the Scottish Jim Hawkins, who was sick of the plough or the sheepfold and longed for tarry pigtails and the smell of the sea. And some returned years later, monstrously rich, not always by methods which bore inspection, and in the Scottish fashion became lairds and founded families. The names of the streets still recall the old connection, and few houses in the west of Scotland but had a son or a nephew overseas. Again, Glasgow remained for long the key of the Western Highlands, the last great outpost of Lowland industry, before the traveller came among Macfarlanes and Campbells and landless MacGregors. And when this had passed she was the metropolis to which the ambitious youth of Lorne and Lochaber usually gravitated. On the roll of her notable citizens there are many Highland names; Gaelic services are common

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*Interior, Glasgow Cathedral.*

of a Sabbath; to-day one may see endless advertisements of clan gatherings and reunions to take place in some one or other of her public halls; and if the stranger misses this, the number of women with tartan shawls on their heads will remind him of this Celtic population. Till the middle of the Victorian era herds of shaggy cattle attended by shaggier Highland drovers were common sights in the streets. Thoroughly Lowland in her own character, she yet was the last toll-bar on the road to the North; and though a quiet Scottish burgh, her seagate opened upon the Western continents. Here, indeed, were elements enough to give her a romance of her own.

It is a delicate business to pass from the city to its inhabitants: your stone and lime and borough records do not resent characterisation, whereas the citizen, whether of Athens, Venice, or Paisley, has shown himself a jealous defender of his merits. Let us keep humbly on the safe side. The people have been, like their dwelling-place, modern, progressive, yet with much of the conservative in their nature; in the main a commercial community, yet with a vast respect for art and letters and much zeal in their cultivation. The bulk of the Glasgow notables have been pioneers of industry, inventors, and scientists; but she has had her soldiers, artists, and writers, and, like all Scottish towns, has contributed to philosophy. Reid, Hutcheson, and Adam Smith were professors in her college; and in later days the names of Lushington and Jebb, of Nichol and Veitch, and the present Master of Balliol, and above all Lord Kelvin, have added to the fame of that ancient seat of learning. At a time when Scottish printing had sunk low indeed, the Foulis Brothers had their press and issued their many beautiful classics. In art the city has shown herself

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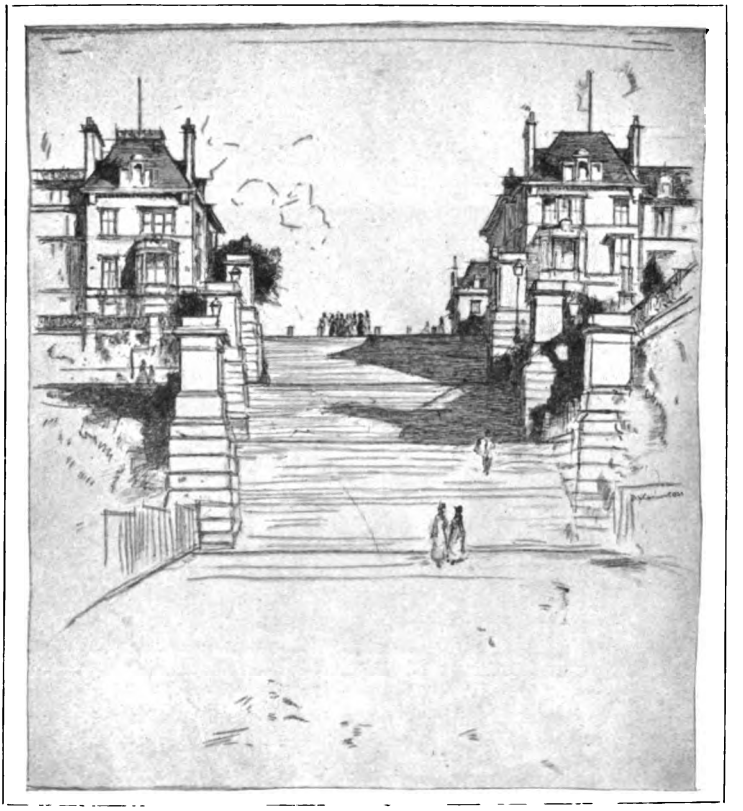
enterprising and successful. Of late years she has produced a school which, after sundry extravagances, has performed a very valuable service to modern art, and has given us several artists of high distinction. Her artists and her connoisseurs were among the first in Britain to appreciate the modern French and Dutch painters, and learn from the Continental masters when their other British contemporaries held jealously by conventional fashions. In few cities are there so many fine private collections, for in this respect her merchants have borrowed something of the tradition of the Italian free cities of the Renaissance. But if on one side she has a touch of foreign manners, in all others she is so purely and richly Scottish, that it is the "man from Glasgow" who in the works of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling fills the part of the wandering Caledonian. In most respects she is less anglicised than Edinburgh, with more flavour of the soil and the shrewd uncouth humour of her forbears. Municipal trading and seven Conservative members, the new Art and the old respectability—what city, without a profound sense of humour, could unite these elements and keep a grave face to the world?

The city, while in some ways a fortuitous collection, is in many respects already a self-conscious and united community. She has her own methods, her own social customs, and that contempt towards the world which is the sign alike of a strong man and a stout municipality. Vast, kindly, and versatile, she makes no apology for her shortcomings and no needless advertisement of her many merits. She has her own dailies, her own well-edited halfpenny papers, her own accent, and her own health-resorts. "The Coast"—the phrase is technical, and means the Clyde estuary — is easily one of the most beautiful seaboards in the world, and yearly it absorbs for some time the greater part of her population. Her natives, like those of Finland, have wholesome ideas about holidays. Not for them the vulgarity of marine parades and bands and nigger minstrels; they seek, as far as may be, the real seaside and the real country for their recreation. In the innumerable towns and villages of the Clyde, the



*The Granite Steps.*

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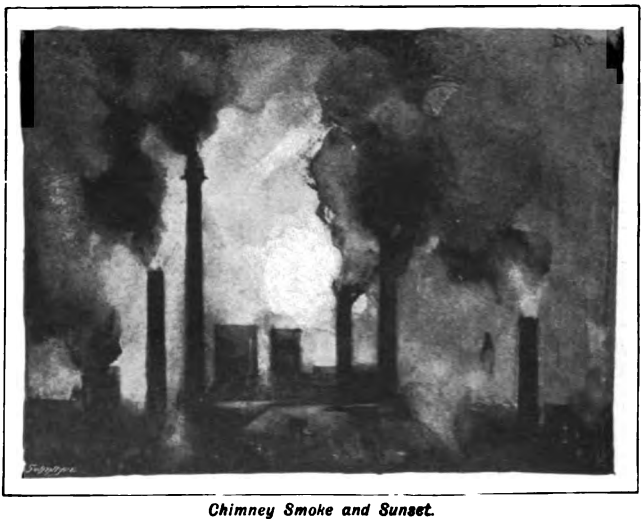
Glasgow artisan has his cottage, which he can always let when he cannot use it himself; the merchant and professional man have their semi-detached villas; the merchant prince (a Glasgow product) has his ugly modern castle. Strong in their civic pride, her citizens rejoice in an accent which survives unchanged in alien surroundings, and is transmitted, undiluted, to the third generation. An indescribable high-sounding falsetto characterises the prosperous classes, and a curious whine, tending to a disregard of consonants, is the privilege of the poor. The common Englishman—or Scot for that matter—will find his speech criticised by the purists of the city. "Whit a lukkin' accent!" was a Glasgow comment upon the pleasant Etonian pronunciation of a well-known figure in politics. Fortified with this honest self-confidence, the taunts of the "pridefu' Edinburgh folk" fall idly on her ears. But with all this robustness, an admirer of the place must still admit that its chief character is its characterlessness. No pocket-epigram does it justice, and a series of paradoxes is the wisest summary. In more than one respect Glasgow has the attributes of a great American city, with its vigour, mass, incongruities, and unwearying optimism. Extremes meet within her bounds, and exist side by side in peace. Here you have a place where people still go decently to kirk of a Sunday; but where on the Green, a miniature Hyde Park, the secularist agitator has an attentive audience. You have an austere and puritan but progressive Town Council. You have a city full of historic memories, and yet carrying none of them on her face. For all her wealth and size and energy, she is a place of the future rather than of the present, a chaos of broken traditions, a great work still in the shaping, an unwieldy creature full of ardour and possibilities, and at all times abundantly cheerful.



*Chimney Smoke and Sunset.*

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*"'And so you send me away unanswered?'"*

# SOME WAYS OF LOVE.

## I.

"Les âmes sont presque impénétrables les unes aux autres, et c'est ce qui vous montre le néant cruel de l'amour."

"AND so you send me away unanswered?" said the young man, rising reluctantly, taking his gloves from the table and glancing meanwhile at the obdurate little lady on the sofa, who witnessed his distress with that quizzical kindness, which distracted him, in her clear, rather humourous blue eyes.

"I will give you an answer if you wish it."

"I would rather hope,—you do give me a ray of hope?"

"Just a ray," she admitted, laughing, with the same disturbing air of indulgence. "But don't magnify it—one has a habit, I know, of magnifying 'rays'—and I don't want you to come back—if you do come back—with a whole blazing sun."

"You are very frank, and a little cruel."

"I am afraid I mean to be—both. It is so much better for you." She was twisting the rings round her small fingers while she spoke, as if the interview were becoming slightly wearisome.



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"You treat me like a boy," he broke out, with youthful bitterness.

"Ah! the cruelest treatment one can give to boys," she answered, looking up at him with her hovering, brilliant, vexatious smile. But meeting his clouded glance she paused, and abandoned temporarily the lighter line of argument.

"Forgive me, Captain Henley——"

He scanned the treacherous face to see if the appellation so sedately uttered were not designedly malicious, but her next words reassured him.

"I will be more serious. See,—frankly, cruelly perhaps,—I do not know my heart." She did not falter over the studied phrase. "You are not the first," observing his troubled features ruefully, as she dealt the innocent blow. "You may not be—the last."

It left her lips a little labouredly, despite its apparent levity, but he was too much absorbed to notice fine shades of accent, and she went on,—

"I am not so charming as you think me, but that's a foregone conclusion. Shall I say, not so charming as I seem? At eighteen I made—I will not suggest I was led into—a loveless marriage. It was a failure, of course. I do not wish to make another. I shrink from helping, shall we say, you? to a similar mistake. You must pardon me if I admit I do look upon you as—young; for years, you know, are deceptive things,—even with women."

His boyish face expressed annoyance.

"Ah! I meant you to smile, and you are frowning. I should not be outraged if any one offered me the indignity you resent so foolishly; but then I am not—fortunately or unfortunately—so young as you. Come, be reasonable," she urged, with a singular sweetness of persuasion: "if I do not know my mind, is it so strange in me to suppose that yours may change? Again forgive me if I anticipate you. I have been glib enough with 'nevers' and 'for evers' in my day; but I shun them, I listen to them with more caution now. 'Never,' 'for ever,'" she repeated, and mused for a moment over the words. "I sometimes imagine one is only safe in speaking them on the threshold of another life than this. It is a fancy of mine we should not use them now. Please humour it."

"I am not so diffident, doubtful, nor possibly so cynical," he began; but she interposed with the wave of a little glittering hand.

"Precisely; therefore I warn you. Why," she proceeded, with an unmistakable note of tenderness, which he did not catch, "you are even younger than I thought. I am glad—heartily—that you are going to the front. Cut up as many rascals as you can,—a little fighting will bring you a lot of wisdom, and—oh yes! I know what a brute I am!—you want it badly. Come back in a year with your V.C. or without it: anyhow, with an ounce or two of experience in your pocket, and, if you do come back to me"—he winced at the repetition of the "if" and the doubt implied by it—"I promise to treat you like a man."

"And give me my answer?"

"Yes." She pronounced it with sudden softness.

"Meanwhile?"

"Meanwhile, husband the 'ray' if you like, but don't extend it; and remember it pledges us both to nothing. You"—she rapidly substituted "we—are free."

"You are free of course, Lady Hopedene," he agreed, with becoming solemnity. "I shall always consider myself bound. I—I—should like you to know that I do not consider myself free."

"An it please you," she yielded, with a flash of amusement shot at the melancholy countenance.

"It will be my only consolation," he returned, with ponderous sadness.

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"So be it, then: I mustn't rob you of that. But remember, if the occasion calls, that I acquit you absolutely from reappearance at this bar."

A slight break in her voice reminded her that the time had come for his dismissal, and she proceeded promptly: "Now we must say Goodbye."

"Only *au revoir*."

"You are very literal; I like the old phrase best." She rose and took his hand, holding it longer than usual; and he looked down at her perturbedly. "Am I to have only a frown to keep?"

"Keep that," he cried, suddenly stooping to kiss the frail white fingers in his palm.

Then he turned away quickly, went out and closed the door, missing, behind it, that curious fragrance of her presence, fresh and keen like morning air in meadows, subtler and sweeter than the faint perfume that hung about her person.

She stood motionless, tasting his departure: the smile which she had given him leave to take had faded from her eyes, and they were staring blankly at the door.

"Have I done well—for him?" she asked herself. "He may—he will—surely meet other women perhaps less scrupulous than I. And for myself?" She went towards a mirror set between the windows, and studied critically the reflexion that faced her there. It showed a diminutive, delicately-tinted face, beneath the childishly fair hair waved carefully above it, and for the moment, robbed of its insouciance, it looked wistful and a little wan. "I can spare a year," she decided, after a pause of close regard, "and at any rate my conscience is delightfully clear. My heart—'I do not know my heart.'" She laughed unsteadily. "He swallowed that absurdity; he might have read—bah," she cried, throwing her hands out with a gesture caught abroad, sometimes recurring with other un-English tricks of manner. "He is too young to read anything without a stammer yet. A woman has no right to take advantage of such a boy's first fancy. Assuredly I have done well."

She went back to the sofa and rested her head among the vivid cushions. When at length she raised it, the gay blue eyes were dim.

## II.

THE *Nubia* was homeward bound, and her passengers were experiencing the inconveniences incidental to a passage through the Red Sea. Now and then the picturesque figure of a lascar darted across the semi-darkness. The stewards were throwing the mattresses upon the deck under a starlit sky. The captain and his first officer had just surprised a *tête-à-tête* taking place in a quiet corner of the ship, with diversified feelings of annoyance.

"Is Henley serious?" the former inquired irritably. "Because it's a deuced awkward business. Miss Playfair is in my charge, and it isn't the first time I have had trouble over little affairs of the kind. Relatives are always unreasonable—even other people's relatives—but, by Jove, I think the attractive objects of their solicitude are worse."

"They met in India, so I suppose it's all right," returned the young man curtly, disinclined to discuss a situation which inspired him personally with a sensation of despair.

"I shall be glad to see Plymouth and the last of such an embarrassing cargo," returned the captain, turning on his heel.

"*Moi aussi*," muttered the young lieutenant sulkily.

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But the subjects of this brief discourse did not apparently share these sentiments of relief at the prospect of gaining port.

"In spite of this awful heat, I wish it would never end," a deep voice proclaimed from the darkness. "It's ideal! The sea and the sky, this glorious sense of solitude, and you and I the only people on earth, it seems, in the midst of it. Say"—in a lower key—"you wish it might never end."

"What is the good of wishing, when you persist that it must end when we go ashore?"

"The gods may be merciful."

"You mean Lady Hopedene may be—cold?"

"She is always cold; a lovely little piece of ice. She never cared a hang for me, Mildred, or don't you think she must have betrayed it then?"

"I suppose she wanted to see what stuff you were made of. Why did she give you the chance of going back?"

"It was only a manner (she has a charming manner) of saying 'no.' Women"—he pronounced it with an air of profundity—"don't try experiments on the men they love."

"Then why go back at all? It is only inviting humiliation, if that's your view of it." Her tone, usually languorous, took a brisker note.

"I must, dearest: I gave my word."

"But you say she insisted upon not pledging you?"

"I pledged myself."

"You are too quixotic. Suppose you find her consoled?"

"Let us suppose it,"—he seized her hands,—"the other possibility stuns me; let us forget it. To-night, to-morrow, and still to-morrow are ours. Mildred——"

She released herself. "How can we forget it? It poisons to-day, it blunts to-morrow. It makes a farce of—of everything."

"I ought not to have spoken," he said remorsefully, "and, but for that other fellow, I should have waited till I was free. Do you forgive me?"

"I do not know."

"Whatever happens, the world will never hold any woman for me but you."

"You have possibly said that before?"

"I was a young fool—she told me so; and, good heavens! I know it now."

"Tell me," she said; "let us walk about. What is this other woman like?"

"Let us forget her," he pleaded.

"I want to know."

"Very small and fair; remarkably fair and witty and—well, I hardly know how to put it, courageous: it was the kind of fine unfeminine courage she seemed to have, that—that trapped my fancy. It struck me as an uncommon trait; if she had been a man she would have been cut out for a soldier. You see it was not love, darling; it began with a sort of impersonal admiration, and that's what it has come back to now."

"She will marry you," the girl assented conclusively. "I think I understand her better than you."

"And you will hate my memory?"

"Yes, for a time; and then—then I suppose I shall marry some one else."

"If I were you, I would rather spend my life alone."

"It is not so easy for women to talk or think of loneliness; but I love you, Alan," she ended passionately.

They bade each other a troubled and subdued good-night.

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## III.

" . . . tandis que, dans le lointain, le cloche de la paroisse—emplissait l'air de vibrations douces, protectrices, conseillères de bon sommeil à ceux qui ont encore des lendemains— "

LADY HOPEDENE closed the book brusquely, with the little recurrent foreign gesture of impatience.

"I must avoid this man; he is deplorably enervating." The china clock on the opposite wall struck four, and, summoned by its chime, the rejected phrase returned, to be rapidly dismissed again, *Ceux qui ont encore des lendemains.*

She passed a hand across her eyes, and pushed back the brilliant cushions against which her head rested uneasily. They framed the gold hair superbly, but seemed to have chased the delicate flush, once sweetly permanent, from the childish face. It looked out now from them nearly colourless and a little drawn.

The door opened, and a mechanical voice announced, "Captain Henley."

She did not rise, and he advanced towards her.

"Alan!" The name escaped her, poignant, even piteous in the suddenness and intensity of its utterance. A long succession of days, of weeks—a weight of waiting—seemed to be visibly thrust before him, painted on the wing of that swift cry.

And something more: behind it lurked a note of anguish, faint, but clashing audibly against its joy.

Insensibly he recoiled before the unfamiliar greeting. It was unlike her, unlike anything he had heard before. But in a moment the blue eyes, so strangely lit, resumed their old expression of half bantering welcome; and she beckoned him forward, with the well-known wave of a small commanding hand.

"Come here, you wonderful apparition; I want to assure my senses, test my sanity. Is it actually *you*?"

"Unmistakably. I have come for my answer," he began briefly, hurriedly; aware that she had given it, before his question, in that startling and involuntary utterance of his name.

"You speak as if you were presenting a bill," she responded, laughing, "and the demand sounds somewhat peremptory, when I have been wondering if I should ever have to meet it. Oh, there are long arrears, I know," she added, taking his hand as he stood beside her. "Sit here." She made a place for him, and looked frankly, earnestly, at his slightly matured face.

"Why," she said, drawing back in mock alarm, "it *is* a man I have to deal with!" And then, with a quick and winning sweetness, "shall I tell you a secret, Captain Henley? I am rather disappointed, for—for—as a fact I loved the boy."

"Then why did you play with him?" he broke out, hardly able to control his bitterness, and returning her close gaze intently. "Your whim"—he spoke the truth baldly, careless, for the moment, whether or not she caught his meaning—"your whim has cost me much an honest answer would have saved me."

"You have a right, knowing so little, to reproach me. I will tell you," she returned gently. "It was after all, I suppose, mere egotism, because I cared for you more than myself. Your happiness was, is, will always, so I fancy, be more to me than mine."

An impulse came to him to put the truth before her, to tell his story plainly. For this woman whom he had loved inspired him strongly still with trust. Her mind, he knew, was sounder than the minds of other women he had met, and he could not fail to trust the heart that shone so clearly, straightly, through the blue



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eyes regarding him. He might have yielded to that momentary impulse, had she not broken in too hastily upon his wavering thought.

"I chose the most effectual lie that I could frame that day—do you remember?—when I told you that you were not the first, you might not be the last. You *are* the first"—her glance fell suddenly upon the yellow volume which had slipped, at his entrance, from the sofa to the floor—"you will be certainly the last. Lying always disgusts me. I pray you forgive my first and only lie."

He offered no response, but rose and stood silently, awkwardly beside her, loth to return her honesty with artificial protestation, knowing that speech was required of him, painfully seeking words.

She laughed, remembering him sometimes dumb of old, and went on with a trace of hesitation in her tone.

"My openness surprises you; but look at this," and she spread out before him a denuded, shrunken hand.

"How bare it is!" he said, taking it quietly in his own. "Where are the old adornments? Why have you forsaken them?"

She replied ruefully, "They have forsaken me. Perhaps"—she pointed lightly to her cheeks—"you have remarked that other adornments have turned traitors too. Sooner or later I must tell you: why not now? My physicians"—she pronounced the words with a mock pomposity, and punctuated them with a slight grimace—"give me a year, or not so long perhaps, for the pomps and vanities of this delightfully wicked world. And so, you see, out of pure consideration, the pomps and vanities are withdrawing gradually in preparation for their final exit."

She relinquished the accent of raillery, and began hurriedly and anxiously to caress his detaining hand. He seized her wrists and bent an incredulous glance upon her.

"It is some wretched jest. I do not believe you serious."

"Just now I am as serious as I shall ever be."

"You do not mean. . . ." He could not achieve the obvious question, and stood holding the small fingers closely—stammering—silenced.

"Yes, truly, I have got marching orders, with a respite. There is a year for speech, for folly, for wisdom—if it were not so dull—and a year, my dear, for love."

"My G——!" he cried. "You have stunned me, Ella. You are here; I can see and hear you; but I can't manage to understand. It is like a nightmare. It isn't *true*?"

She released and laid her hands upon his arm, and checking his outburst with the flicker of a smile, protested,—"You do not meet the enemy like a soldier."

"I have not your nerve," he answered. "Surely," he ventured, "some other man will give you hope or time."

She shook her head, and quoted lightly,—"'If we die to-day, if we die to-morrow, there is little to choose. No man may speak when once the Fates have spoken.'"

Her eyes were challenging his to courage. "You loved your life far more than most of us," he said, immediately wishing the words back.

"I adored—I adore it. You link me with the past tense too readily. We will have no future nor subjunctive moods, only the present and imperative. *Je t'aime—aime-toi, par exemple.*"

"Ella," he cried, "for God's sake be serious. I don't know how long you have known what you have told me. Remember it is new to me."

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"It is passably new to me." She flashed a swift rebuke towards him from the brave blue eyes. "Do you wish me to play the coward?"

"You could not," he asserted brokenly. "You are a good soldier spoiled."

"The finest, if the clumsiest, compliment you have ever paid me."

"It is not that," he said almost roughly. "You shame me heart and soul; I feel like a deserter."

"They are cut after another pattern," she observed, with sweet decision. "We were neither of us made to turn our backs upon what lies before us or pull long faces at a foe. Through this long year—I will confess to a weary year—it never occurred to me as a reality that you would fail. I thought you might—I did not fear you *would*; but if you had, I should have faced it, and it would have been harder to face than death."

"I will never fail you," he said determinately; and as the 'never' left his lips, he recalled her little speech upon the employment of that far-reaching term; only safely to be spoken, she had said, as now he spoke it, upon the threshold of the grave. And then it flashed across him how that interview had been a curious prototype of this. Then they had touched on death and laughter, and looked forth, too, upon the passage of a year. This was the ending to that unreal dream. But she was not to view its empty structure; she should not spend last hours picking up the petals of his fallen love.

"I will not fail you," he repeated passionately.

She listened with some wonder to the reiterated phrase.

"My dear, I do not doubt you."

"I have not said what I came to say, Ella. Will you be my wife?"

He asked the question foreseeing its consequences, but impelled to it by something deeper and more grave than pity. For a moment she did not reply. She had been standing by him, but now sat down and began to finger the embroidered cushion, while she framed her answer. It came at last, but slowly from so quick a speaker.

"Love," she said, "though we don't often think of it, has an extensive wardrobe. Every one cannot wear his richest garment,—we cannot, you and I. Let us be glad he offers us any, for without his charity we must indeed go bare. We can be comrades, you and I, and only that, I think. It is the sanest, the best compact possible, since lovers end as we may not. You will keep watch with me, as if we were both good friends, good soldiers, till the enemy strikes, and he *will* strike, you know."

"That is a cold night's watch," he forced himself to say, remembering her cry of greeting, and wondering how she kept such guard upon her heart.

"Warm enough," she said; "much warmer than the dawn which is to end it. You will wait and keep this watch with me?"

"I will do anything you bid me."

"Then I bid you cultivate a smile for all weathers, and not to shiver yet." She took his hand again and led him to the window, where the lamps were being lit beside the railings of the park. "It is spring outside; I noticed the trees in bud this morning. The Fates have not been too unkind. They have lent us all the seasons; summer, my favourite, is coming, and—you have come."

He stooped and caught and kissed the little fingers loosely clasping his.

"Your last kiss has found a friend," she whispered; "it has lain for a long while lonely there."

"Give me your rings," he suggested; "I will get them altered. I like to see you wearing them."

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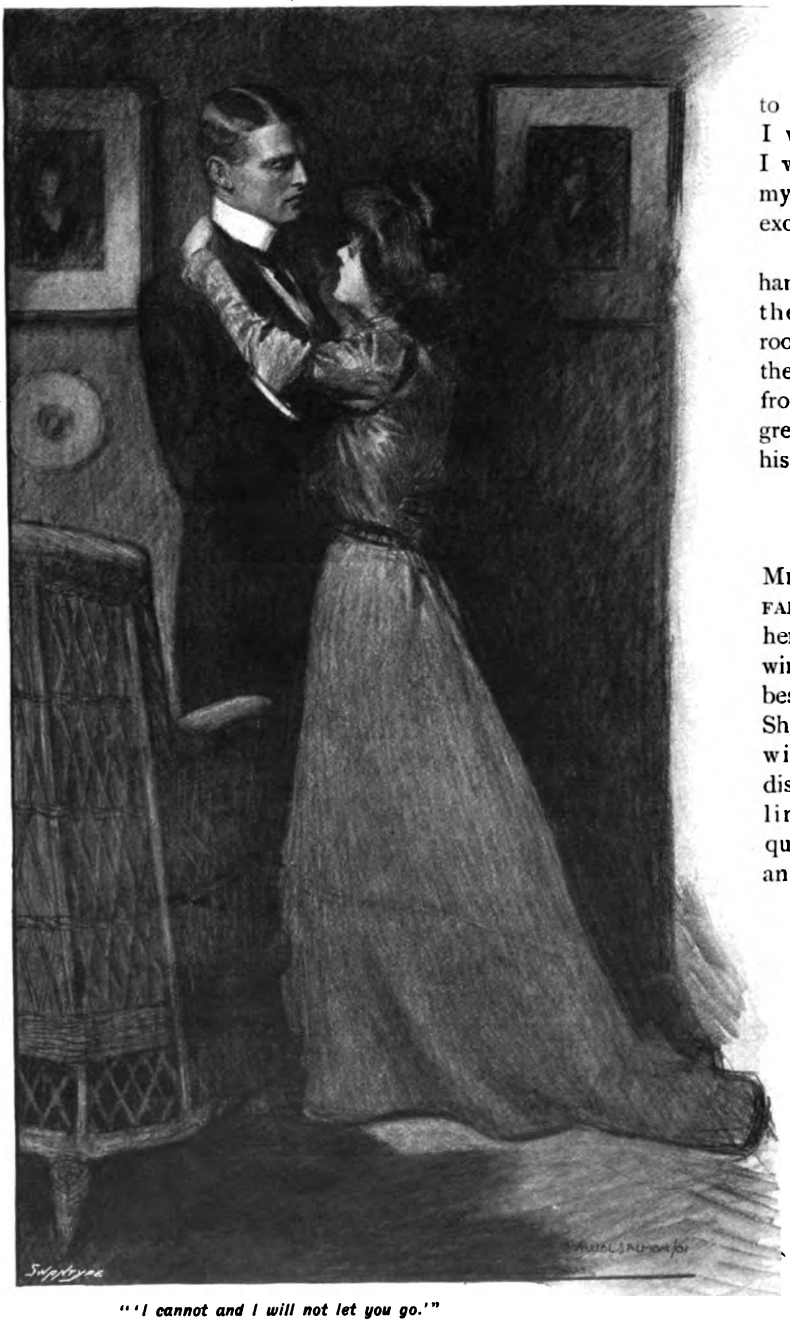

"'I cannot and I will not let you go.'"

"Yes," she agreed, "it is stupid to give them up. I will send—no, I will fetch them myself, if you will excuse me."

Loosing his hand, she crossed the darkening room and left him there alone, confronting the first great problem of his life.

## IV.

MILDRED PLAYFAIR rose and left her seat by the window to stand beside the fire. She was renewing, without much display of friendliness, her acquaintance with an English spring.

Henley was standing by the mantelpiece, and her movement brought them face to face. She lifted her dark eyes to his, and remarked, with the lingering intonation habitual to her, "There seems to be nothing more to say; I almost wonder why you came."

"Because you sent for me. I have put everything before you—the case as it stands, as it must stand for me. Perhaps it was better to come and tell you myself."

"You need not have waited for my summons."

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"I meant to write. I thought it would be less painful for us both. It wasn't an easy matter, though. I was making a bungling attempt at an explanation on paper when your letter came."

"The explanation that you were going to relinquish me for a poetic and almost feminine fancy?"

"I had no choice."

"I did not know that men went in for this kind of thing. I imagined they were more—definite."

"I did not know myself that I could have done it a month ago; but women—a good woman—can turn a man inside out sometimes, and show him what he can and cannot do."

She had been holding her hands towards the fire, but now she turned and took from a table an Indian paper-knife and began slipping it in and out the uncut pages of a magazine.

"The fact is that you love this other woman still."

He hesitated, experiencing an almost Puritan desire to speak the barest truth.

"Not in the way you mean. I have learned this week that there are many ways of love."

"Is that original?" she asked, running a finger up and down the carved blade in her hand. "Are you sure you are not echoing a phrase of hers?"

"Perhaps. Mildred," he cried, "you make things even harder than they were. If you saw my heart, you would know I am not a traitor—at least to you."

To that other, he did not feel that he was playing altogether an untreacherous part.

"Your intricacies elude me. I admit I do not understand your way—your 'ways.'"

"Not after I have told you everything: when I have begged you to wait for me, as perhaps I ought not, as I surely should not have done if I did not care for you so much, dread losing you so terribly?"

"You must have known I should not consent to see you implicitly the lover of another woman."

"I am not her lover," he said briefly.

"Another fine distinction which I cannot grasp."

"If you could see my heart——" he began again; but she broke in.

"I can see enough of it to know it is not wholly mine."

"Do you want protestations?" he asked heavily, but without bitterness. "How can I make them now, with your refusal—with the vanity of hope—before me, with nothing but good-bye to say?"

"If you cared, you would not say it!"

Again he repeated, "I have no choice."

"Because you have chosen."

"In my heart, in my soul, I have chosen you."

"And yet you are going back to some one else?"

"For a year, and possibly less than that. Cannot you look at it as I do? We have life before us, but there is death in her eyes—death already, as I saw it, upon her lips. There is the grave between us," he urged, and ended with a new note of sadness. "Isn't that space enough?"

"It is invisible," she returned, "so do not blame me if I cannot see it. I can see only that there is a woman, or her shadow, between you and me."

"Is that your last word?" he asked, almost at that moment hoping it might be, aware that words had availed them little—brought no illumination and no relief.

"No," she broke forth suddenly, doffing the coldness and the calmness of her

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attitude petulantly, like an overweighted garment. "My last word is that I love you, Alan, and that by your own admission you belong to me." She crossed the room and threw herself upon him,—"I cannot and I will not let you go."

He caught her with a short, familiar cry of welcome, and held her for a second; then releasing her, he rested a hand upon her dark and slightly ruffled hair.

"So you will wait?"

He spoke simply his first thought; but at its utterance she sprang away.

"No, not that—not that."

"What, then?" he asked bewilderedly. "You will not trust me?"

"*She* trusted you," the girl exclaimed, letting through her lips, in this last moment of distraction, the reminder which had hovered behind them once or twice before. "*She* let you go; and though she does not know it, you have failed her, or so you say; indeed, I do not know what to believe of you."

"That is true," he said. "God knows that I have failed her: *that* is true."

"Give me a pledge that you will not fail *me*."

"What pledge?" he asked; and added passionately; "any, any I can give is yours."

"Give me the only credible one," she urged, "and stay with me."

He paused,—perplexed, dubious, stung; swaying upon a second choice. To which woman did he owe most? They seemed, as he stood there irresolute, both stationed before his vision, calling upon him that he should not fail. The one more distant, miniature and frail, a form of fading loveliness, in the posture of halting life; the other—she who stood beside him—vigorous, beautiful, distinct and dear, her feet strongly planted upon the stair of youth. The physical contrast struck him forcibly, and yet it was not that which brought conclusion to his contending thought. It was a sentence, spoken sweetly by a decisive voice—proceeding from a chamber, which to his view was dimmer than the room wherein he stood—"We were neither of us made to turn our backs upon what lies before us or pull long faces at a foe."

With that in his ears he faced the tacit foe before him urging mutely its counter-claim.

"You will not trust me?" he asked again, this time with a dull accent of humility that might not have missed an older heart.

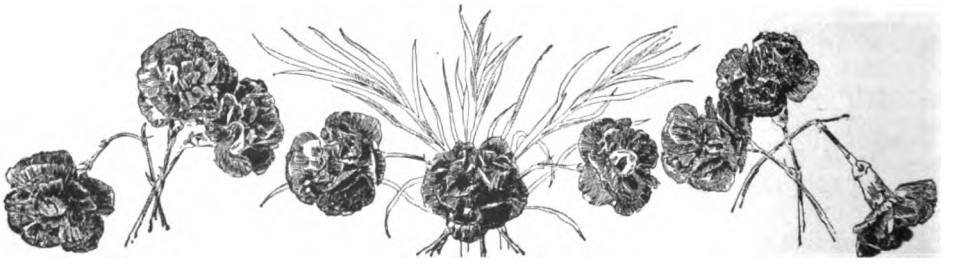
"I cannot," she replied rebelliously.

He met the dark, unyielding eyes, to find they stated an unyielding fact.

The woman who compelled it could not hear his answer; she would have understood it.

"And I," he said simply, with a regret that reached beyond the passion of the moment, "I cannot stay."

CHARLOTTE M. MEW.



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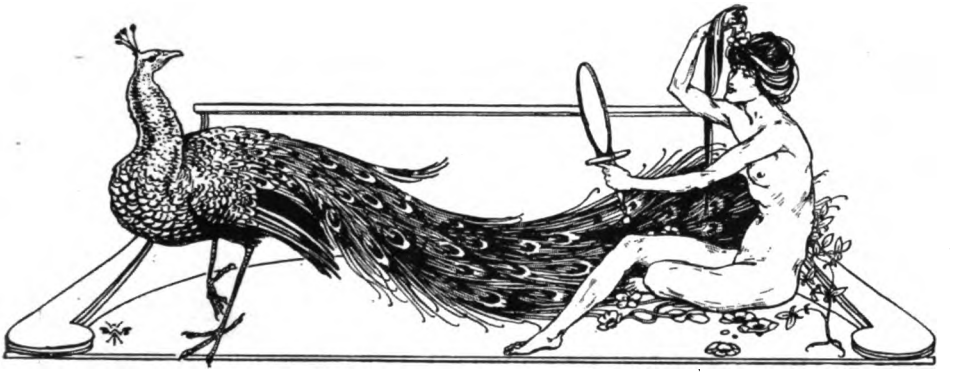

# A WOMAN'S SHOPPING.

BY R. NEISH.

MY dictionary—which I sadly fear is a somewhat antiquated volume—tells me that a shop is "a place where anything is sold." Had the man of letters who compiled it lived in the present day, and been both comprehensive and up-to-date, I think he would have added: "A 'woman's' shop is a place where she can sometimes buy what she wants, and a store establishment is the happy hunting-ground of the suburban lady who goes out with a string bag and comes home with a headache." She goes cheerfully through an immense amount of fatigue, happy in the knowledge that she can buy her groceries or her cycling skirt, and order a gardener to tidy up her garden or hire a brougham for the afternoon.

The shop windows that are designed especially to please our sex have always a great attraction for me. There is an art in arranging them, and sometimes they are so artistic in point of colour and design that they become a never-failing source of temptation to hapless womankind.

I was standing the other day in front of a lovely window in Sloane Street—that Bond Street of the Cadogan estate—looking enviously at a delicious garment made of pale pink silk and chiffon on which was a ticket bearing the inscription "Saut de lit," when two strangely attired women came and stood beside me. They were admiring the garment open-mouthed, and I was greatly amused by the remarks they made.

Said No. 1, "Oh, how lovely that is, isn't it, dear?"

No. 2, "Exquisite—quite a picture, I declare; but rather delicate-looking."

No. 1 (anxious to show her knowledge of the uses to which fashionable garments are put), "Yes, very delicate; but then, of course, it's only meant for carriage wear!"

I suppose she thought it was a wrap to wear over a muslin gown during the summer.

The subject of shop windows reminds me of man's ignorance about woman's clothes. A lady I know, widow of a man in the Service, set up a millinery establishment in one of the smaller streets off Bond Street. I asked a mutual



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friend, who was in her late husband's regiment, to go round and look at it, and tell me what it was like. He came in to tea afterwards.

"Well?" I asked.

"A very poor place," he said contemptuously—"not worth your going to. There is nothing in the window excepting a sort of ruffle thing and two bits of silk."

I patiently explained that it is the "ruffle and bit of silk" window that separates the "select" from the "everything marked in plain figures" style of shop.

I myself went in shortly afterwards to order a frock, and while I was looking at some material a well-known beauty came into the showroom. Pince-nez in hand, she began walking leisurely about inspecting the new summer fashions, and ordered a variety of clothes, including six blouses, two tweed gowns, and a ball gown. The young lady who took the order went out of the showroom, and my friend to whom I had been chatting disappeared also. Presently the young lady returned—alone—and explained glibly that she was so sorry, but madame was absolutely unable to take another order at present, as they were quite full up for two or three months. The would-be customer was most indignant, and walked out muttering something about the "airs these people give themselves."

When my friend returned, I asked why she had refused to serve her.

She smiled. "My dear," she replied, "she already owes —— and —— nearly £1,000 each, and they tell me they never expect to see their money; and as I cannot afford to wait, and don't intend to fail, I thought I would be busy."

I asked her what credit she intended to give. She said she really did not know yet—she supposed she would have to buy her experience—but she had gathered from other dressmakers that they usually allowed their bills to run about a year. Sometimes, she said, regular customers were allowed to run a bill for four or five years; but in that case she understood they paid so much on account. Dressmakers charge interest on these long bills, she said: "Not that they ever get it; but women don't like the idea of it, it sounds too much like the precursor to a lawyer's letter. However, as long as they get a quarterly or six-monthly cheque, they have to take it and be satisfied, without being too critical about the signature," she added cynically.

Many first-class dressmakers do not care to serve a stranger unless she comes to them with an introduction from a friend, as they have to be on the alert against the "lady milliner" who comes for ideas. There is some ground for this suspicion, for on matters of self-interest women are notoriously conscienceless.

A fashionable lady, if she has a clever maid, will, for instance, sometimes have clothes sent up to her house on approval—ostensibly to "show her husband"—the poor scapegoat who is the last person likely to be consulted—and then allow the maid to take the pattern of them. It is also a fact well known that women order things to be sent on approval and then wear them.

This sort of thing is apt to make both dressmakers and shopkeepers careful whom they serve.

I had an instructive conversation the other day with the buyer in a large West-end establishment, and he told me some state secrets both about his customers and his firm. He said these large shops are worked on strict lines, and asked me if I should like to see a paper of their rules. There were altogether a hundred and thirty-seven, but I can only find space to append a limited number.

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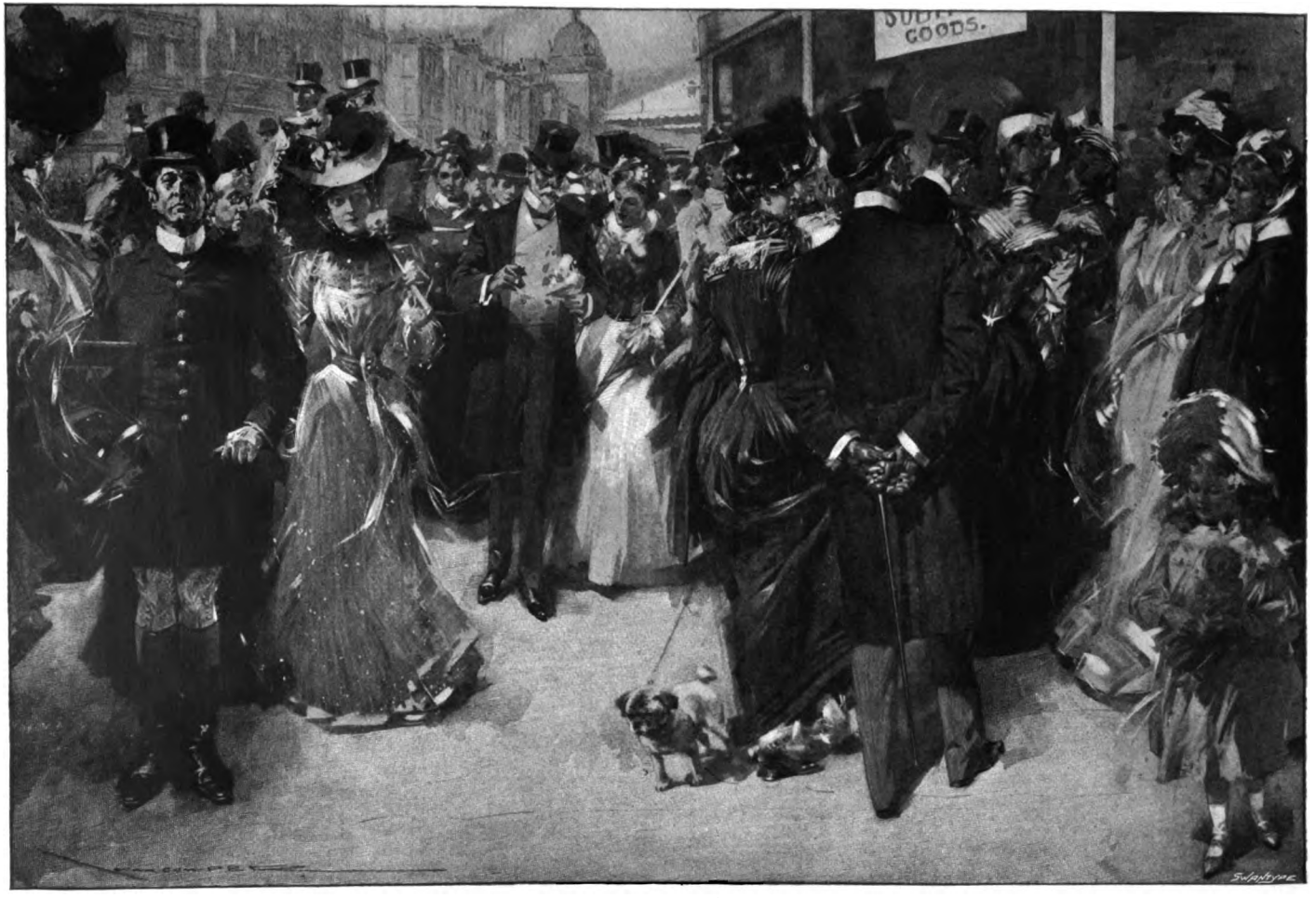


*Shopping in Regent Street.*

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All persons entering the service of Messrs. —— are requested to sign the Engagement Book and to read these rules; and any intention of not abiding by them must be notified to the Firm before commencing their duties, as they will be strictly enforced.

RULES.

*Unless otherwise stated, the penalty for the infraction of any rule will be 1s. 6d.*

Every employé is expected, in addressing the Members of the Firm, not to omit the customary terms of respect. The proper use of the word "Sir" is in no way derogatory to the self-respect of the person using it, and any one ignoring this hint will not be allowed to remain in our employ.

Assistants are not to talk audibly, pare their nails, attend to their toilet, or read letters in a prominent position in the shop. Fine 1s. 6d.

All Assistants appointed for Dusting must sleep in on Sunday night. Fine 2s. 6d.

Any one going to Dinner on Saturday out of their regular turn will be fined 6d.

Any Assistant called up or going from Meals between the usual hours must have a docket, signed by one of the Firm or Shopwalker. Any one found in Dining-room, under the above circumstances, without such docket will be fined 1s.

All lines must be dressed by 10 o'clock, and no Assistant must commence to undress any window until quarter of an hour before closing. Fine 3d.

No Goods are to be sold on condition of exchange without consent of Buyer. Fine 6d.

Assistants waiting on Customers at their own residences must first put in a docket, which must be signed by one of the Firm or Head Shopwalker. Fine 1s.

Assistants are always to ask to be allowed to send a parcel, but not to press when the articles are light and small. Fine 6d.

No paper, string, shop-bags, boxes, or any other articles may be taken out of the establishment under any circumstances whatever, unless signed by one of the Firm or Head Shopwalker. Fine 5s.

No salary will be allowed to any Assistant who is absent from business through indisposition or illness, unless a certificate from his or her own doctor (or the house doctor) is produced; and Assistants away from this cause one day, or not more than three days, will only be allowed half salary.

The Firm reserve to themselves the right of apportioning the amount of salary payable to any Assistant who is absent from business through indisposition for more than three days.

I suppose these rules are a necessity, and I do not attempt to condemn them; but the perusal of them makes me wonder how it is that we have so much difficulty in obtaining domestic servants.

I asked the buyer who gave them to me if he could give me any information about shop thieves. He told me that "shoplifting" goes on to a much greater extent than the public have any idea of. "I remember," he said, "a detective coming here about two years ago, and telling us that he had just caught a long-suspected thief, and on searching her lodgings had found an enormous amount of stuff belonging to us—blouses, shoes, lace scarves, etc., etc., all with our tickets and the prices still on them. The strange part of it was, that the things were never missed, and they must have been accumulated very gradually. The buyer in our fur department once saw a woman take seven sable ties."

"What!" I exclaimed—"all at once? Where did she hide them?"

"She wore a long cloak," he answered, "and she had large hooks on her dress, and fastened a piece of fur on every time the young lady who was serving her turned her back. Ingenious, was it not?"

"Very: was she caught?"

"Oh, yes; the shopwalker waited until she went outside, and while she was looking round for a hansom he quietly gave her in charge for stealing. Of course, we do what we can to prevent it, and our counting-houses are placed in such a position that the assistants can look on the customers; but we do not keep any regular detective here, as they do at most of the store establishments. Shoplifters might almost be divided into two classes," he added—"women who

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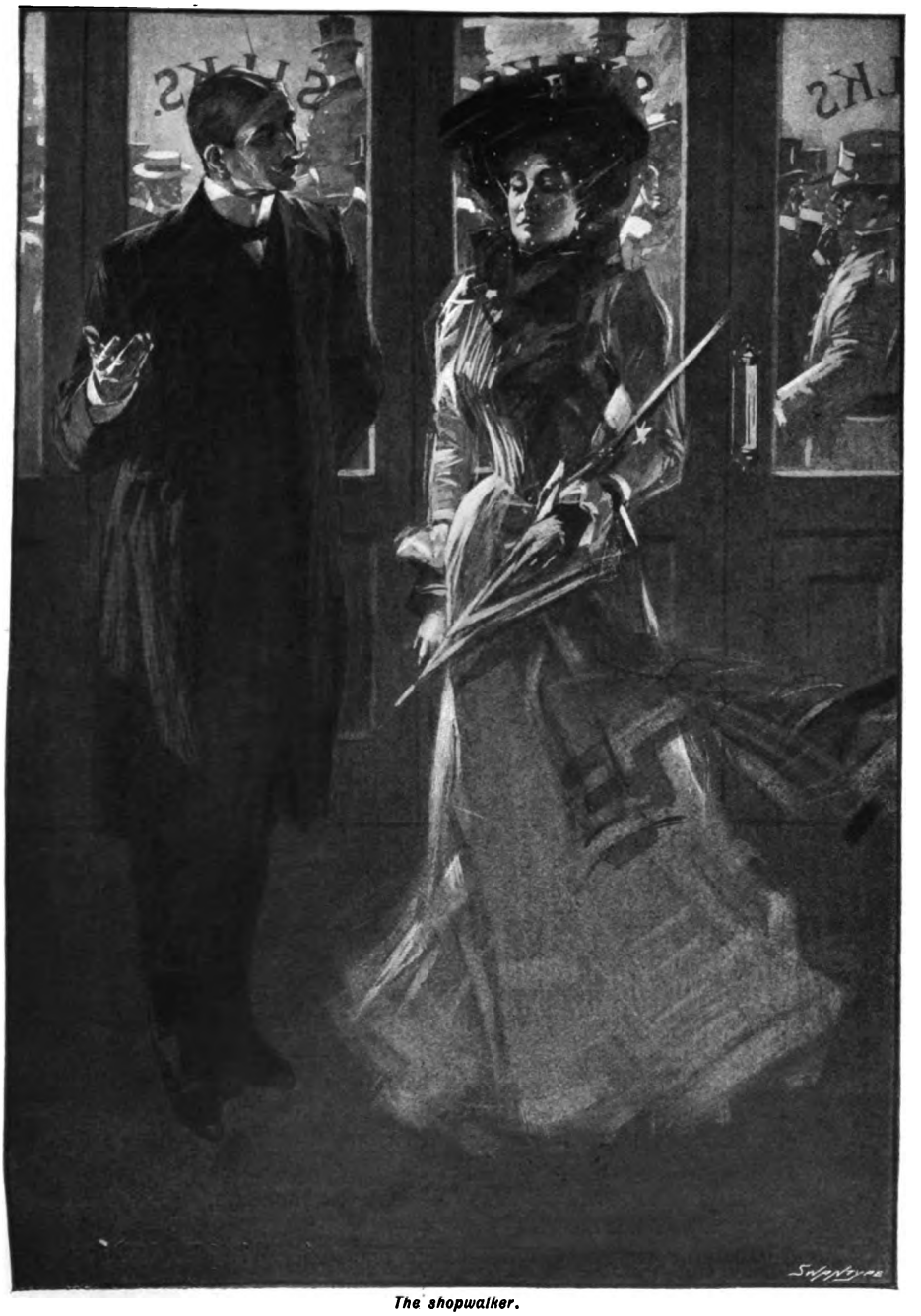

*The shopwalker.*

are professional thieves, and ladies who suffer from kleptomania, or 'klepto-fiddlesticks,' as our doctor calls it."

This reminds me of a curious case told me by a jeweller with whom I deal. Among his customers was a well-known society lady who visited him periodically, and if she were not closely watched invariably picked up a small diamond brooch or anything she especially fancied. He did not know how to stop her, and dared

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not prosecute one of his best customers, so he hit upon quite a brilliant plan. He charged her for each article she had stolen on her next bill, and as her husband paid he always received his money.

I asked the buyer who had given me so much information about shoplifters and their iniquities what his firm paid their assistants. He said the buyers of their different departments received from £100 to £300 per annum, according to their several capabilities, and the managers received from £1000 to £1200. Cutters and first-class shirt hands are highly paid for their services.

He told me that the young ladies who walk up and down the showroom as models are not paid anything the first six months, and that in some houses they even supply their own dresses, although in others they are sometimes given the material for the skirt or bodice.

"And what do they receive at the end of the six months' trial?" I asked.

"Well," he replied deprecatingly, "they generally receive notice to leave; but of course they can go to a small firm and say they have been employed here."

These first-class shops often pay enormous prices for their models, and this particular firm gave £4500 for a case from the Paris Exhibition containing three model gowns, one fur cape, and a long sable coat. Allowing for their profit, and the fact that they probably do not care to sell the models, they asked £2000 for the sable coat. I only hope they got it.

London shopkeepers, unlike their American *confrères*, are averse to changing an article that has once been bought. If you have bought anything you do not like, there is a great consultation between the young lady who served you and the shopwalker—floorwalker as the accurate American calls him. He asks you if you have an account, and what article you would like in place of the one you are returning, and he does his best to create difficulties and make you as uncomfortable as possible.

If, however, you have a large unpaid account you will have no difficulty in changing your purchase; but then, as a frivolous friend of mine whose name is Venetia wittily says, "If you only owe enough money you can give as much trouble as you like and take none yourself."

It is exceedingly difficult to change a thing if you have once paid for it; and people who pay cash (all honour to them!) receive only the usual reward of virtue, and suffer many disadvantages. They cannot change their purchases without difficulty, they pay for those who do not pay, and they are treated with less consideration; but on the other hand, they have the unspeakable joy of knowing they are solvent, and they possess the light heart that is unburdened by the cares of debt. I think customers who pay cash ought to receive some financial advantage. I remember only last week seeing a lady buy a hat, and after paying five guineas for it ask if there was no discount.

The young lady who served her said, "Oh no, madam, we do not give discount: this is a cash business."

I may add that the shop was a fashionable one in the West End, and that my friend Venetia owed there at the moment over £200.

There is a vast difference in the way women conduct their shopping. The fashionable lady goes to an expensive place in Dover Street, or somewhere in the neighbourhood, where the "reception-rooms" are a picture of luxury and art. Another woman buys her clothes at a first-class West-End shop, where she probably pays as much for them. A third, who is determined to be well dressed, but is unable to afford expensive shops, goes to a place where her richer sisters have sent the clothes they have become tired of, almost as soon as they have bought them.

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My friend Venetia sells her clothes to a place of this kind, and sometimes receives as much as £10 to £15 for a dinner dress. She told me an amusing story about one of her frocks. She sent it to this place, and received in payment £9. Shortly afterwards she was dining at Prince's, and one of the

*At a fashionable milliner's.*

party whispered to her—"Venetia, there's a gown the very image of the one you wore at Lady ——'s party: what a shame of Madame É—— to copy it!"

"I looked up," said Venetia, "and lo and behold, there was my dear old nine-pounder!"

I went shopping the next day with Venetia to see if I could pick up a sable cape. I offered to pay between £40 and £50, which I thought was a fair price,

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but they told me they had nothing of the sort in stock. On the following day I received the following letter from one of the firms:—

"DEAR MADAM,—

"*Re* the fur cape you were inquiring about, I do not know if you noticed yesterday in our showroom a lady who was accompanied by her two daughters. She told me after you left that one of her daughters has a sable cape for disposal for which she had paid £800; she was willing to sell it for £250. Kindly reply by return.

"Yours faithfully, —— ——."

As I thought £250 too large a price to pay for a secondhand garment, I reluctantly declined this tempting offer.

Some women employ professionals—ladies—who for a small fee are willing to spend their time choosing things for country customers or delicate people. Judging by one's own experience when shopping for other people, I think these ladies richly deserve the money they earn!

Yet another way of conducting one's shopping is to buy (or sell) through the medium of the ladies' papers. By paying an advertisement fee of from 3*d.* upwards, you can advertise either for the article you wish to buy or to sell.

I have heard it said that there are dressmakers in London who dress pretty women for the mere advertisement. This would be even cheaper than advertising in a ladies' paper, but I have never yet come across a dressmaker of this description. I know two girls—sisters—who, although poor, are always beautifully dressed; and Venetia tells me that Madame —— lets them have their clothes at cost price in consideration of their advertising her. It is certainly a fact that they always recommend her, and as a rule women do not care to give you either a dressmaker's address or a cooking recipe; but this readiness to advertise Madame —— is the only thing that lends colour to Venetia's assumption. I do not know whether the story is true or not, and I have never dared to ask the sisters.

I have also heard there are dressmakers who supply ladies with drink. I have only met one case. A second-rate Englishwoman who called herself by a French name once pressed me to take champagne during the afternoon.

"Madam looks so fatigued," she murmured, with an English accent on the "dam"—"I assure you ladies often have a glass of champagne here instead of afternoon tea. Oh! very often!"

"Do they pay you at the time?" I inquired innocently.

She smiled.—"It is just one more yard of satin on the bill," she replied. "Gentlemen do not always understand how ladies suffer with their nerves."

I fled, never to return, and in fleeing I wondered why the lady who recommended the "clever little Frenchwoman" had sent me there. Was it a reflection on my character, or only on hers?

* * * * * * *

I was asked the other day how much I thought a fashionable woman spent on her clothes. It was a question to which I could not give a definite answer—because it is impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules about a woman's expenditure; but I enquired of two friends of mine who had recently married how much had been paid for their trousseaux. The mother of the first bought everything from one favoured French house, and her daughter's entire trousseau cost something over £1800. The other girl's mother bought her things at different places, some at one shop and some at another, paid ready money for them, let her maid make most of the lingerie, and spent altogether under £250.

There is the same contrast between prices for "an infant's outfit," for which I

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have before me an estimate for £450, and "baby's clothes," that can be made at home, including "baby's basket," for £7 10*s.*

To give an illustration of the different prices women give for their head-gear. Only the other day Venetia came hurriedly in to see me.

"Oh, Alice," she said, "do come to Bond Street and Hanover Square and help me choose some hats."

"Why, Venetia?" I asked.

"Jack and I are going down to Goring to the Allingham-Burtons', she replied, "and they are having a crowd, and——"

"Of course you haven't a single hat fit to wear?"

"No," she replied seriously, "I haven't, excepting one that doesn't suit me, and two that won't even do for travelling."

"Do you wear two hats travelling?—is that the latest?"

She laughed. "No, of course not,—but I can't travel down there in the one I intend coming home in. The hat one arrives in is so distinctive a thing, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," I answered meekly, and I forthwith accompanied her first to Hanover Square and then to Bond Street. She bought seven hats—two for paying calls, in case her hostess wanted her aid in this dismal form of amusement, two for garden parties, two travelling hats, and one that Venetia called "a simple thing, for country lanes." On the way home she insisted on stopping the brougham in Sloane Street to buy a small bonnet—in case she wanted it. She then leant back and, sighing contentedly, said she felt ready for all emergencies.

The prices Venetia paid for her hats and the bonnet were as follows:—

| | £. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 travelling hat | 1 | 19 | 6 |
| 1 ,, ,, | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| 1 calling hat | 6 | 6 | 0 |
| 1 ,, ,, | 7 | 17 | 6 |
| 1 garden party hat (model from Paris Exhibition) | 10 | 10 | 6 |
| 1 bonnet | 3 | 13 | 6 |
| 1 simple hat for country lanes | 7 | 7 | 0 |
| | £39 | 16 | 0 |

The "simple hat" was black tulle, covered with impossible wild flowers and still more impossible butterflies, but so lovely that, as Venetia, who had just been to the Empire ballet, said, "One could almost have made an 'opera' out of it."

A few days later another friend came to tea with me. "Are you going to the Allingham-Burtons'?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied; "and I've nearly been ruined over it. I hadn't a frock that would do, and papa positively refused to give me more than two. I am luckily pretty well off for hats, and had only to buy one. It's so pretty, Alice, but it was awfully dear. However, I felt it was an occasion for extravagance, so I got it at ——'s in Regent Street."

"How much?" I asked.

"It was two guineas," she replied. "Wicked, wasn't it?—but it really is a beauty!"

Now Venetia also cheerfully pays £42 for a ball dress, while my little friend of the two-guinea hat thinks ten guineas more than sufficient. I may add that she knows how to put on her clothes—which is the whole art of dressing, and which Venetia has never grasped—and is the better dressed of the two.

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The above figures show how impossible it is to name a certain sum for woman's dress. There are, of course, women in London who spend annually between two and three thousand pounds on their clothes, but there are many women who not only dress, but look well, on £300 and even less.

As to how much a woman requires, I once asked the best dressed woman of my acquaintance this question, "How much does a smart woman want to dress on?" to which she replied, "A little more than she has got."

Writing as a simple-minded female, I should say that £500 or £600 is a very ample allowance; and, considering the poverty and misery of the Metropolis, to say nothing of personal and private claims on one's charity, that £250 or £300 is more than sufficient to waste on personal adornment.

Fashionable women are greatly encouraged to dress extravagantly (and with many of our sex dress is becoming a kind of mania) by the gilded youths of smart society, one of whom lately said to me that he liked to "trot his women-folk out properly girthed up, and new from head to foot."

It is a mistake to suppose that this kind of man does not encourage extravagance in dress. A woman said to me last week, "It is only husbands who don't notice things, and as they are interested beings they don't count." I wonder it never occurred to her that the gilded youth will probably become a husband himself one day, and will then see the folly of his bygone admiration for woman's extravagance, and despise her accordingly.

A woman who spends enormous sums on clothes utterly despises the economy of her poorer or sometimes richer but less extravagant sisters. She will cheerfully give £70 or £80 for a dinner dress, and £300 or £400 for a court gown; while another woman will tell you grumblingly that she has bought "such a pretty tweed gown, but dreadfully expensive: £11, including the skirt—and on silk throughout!"

This sort of contrast is apt to set one wondering, especially when one thinks of the Countess of ——, whose entire wardrobe (with the exception of her furs and valuable family lace) is apparently scarcely worth £100.

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

Our great-grandmothers, dainty and costly though their brocaded gowns were, were content with two or three a year. Our contemporaries require more in a month: what will our great-grandchildren want? Will there be a reaction? Let us hope there will, for although every one must admire a well-groomed and perfectly-dressed woman, there are few sights more lamentable than the woman who is possessed with a craze for new clothes and a mania for buying. It is a growing vice and an incurable one, and a vice to indulge which a woman will run up debts she can never hope to pay—will expend her brains and entire time on one subject—and if she cannot get her smart clothes by legitimate means, will do things which it is not my province to criticise. And to what end?—so that her friends may sneer at her extravagance, and question her morality, and end by laughing at her appearance when she grows old.

A perfectly dressed woman who knows her own style, and has the sense to sit with her back to the light, ages almost imperceptibly; while an extravagant woman, who decks herself in the latest extremes of fashion, however unsuitable, and who spends thousands of pounds on clothes and fripperies, merely, as is often the case, for the pleasure of outvying other women, is a sight to make angels weep and mortals take to rational dress!

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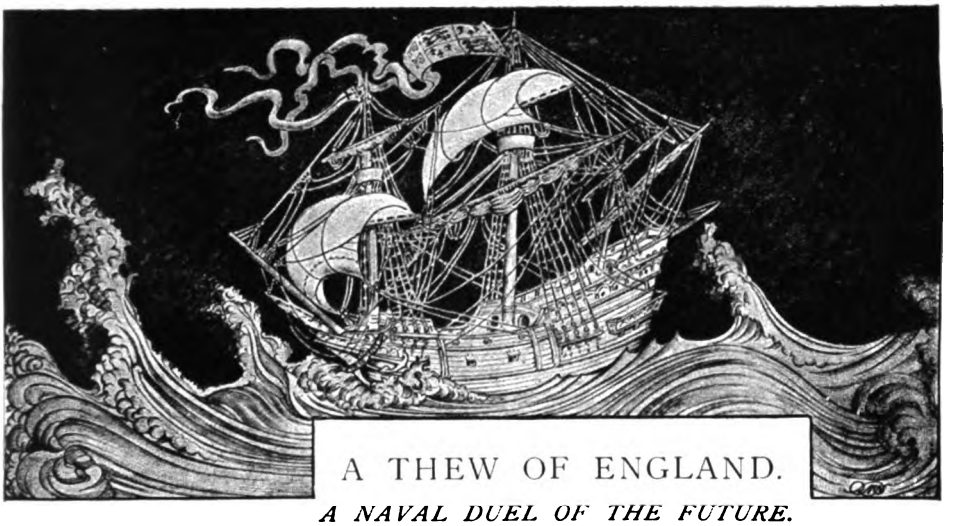

# A THEW OF ENGLAND.

## *A NAVAL DUEL OF THE FUTURE.*

BY PATRICK VAUX.

[ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK BRANGWYN.]

IT ended in a night of wild squalls, freezing rain, and driving clouds of sleet and snow. Then it was, or rather between 2.30 and 3.45 a.m. the next morning, that off Mounts Bay an English vice-Admiral, taking advantage of the elements, dashed out of the northward with his lumbering squadron of panting Fleet Reserve boats against the northern Fleet of the Alliance, and taking it unawares shattered it to pieces. There had been sorry cheer and sorrier provender in England that black Christmas night, for her starving people were infested with foreboding fears: defeats and mishaps were proving her decrepitude, and there had been damnatory neglect of business principles in managing their navy. The mainland of Europe thought the reins of Empire gone from her grasp. But the next morning it was She that adjudicated the destinies of the Old World once more.

The scouts watching the Chops of the Channel had the worst time of it that night. Early in the afternoon the third-class cruisers and torpedo gunboats of the Intelligence Division in the west mouth of the Channel had left their home bases, and scurried into the Atlantic, north, west and south. About two bells of the first watch, a hundred and eleven miles north-east of Ushant, the *Speedwell* leapt with vicious buoyancy upon her bobbing, leaden-coloured sea floor. And seven miles to the south-west her southerly neighbour also did her jig as, closing in along a tangent line, she made straight for the rendezvous in the open.

Sub-lieutenant Islip in command of the *Speedwell* was clinging to the weather-rail of his see-sawing bridge. So strong and cruel was the blast, and the smarting of brine in his eyes, that he turned for a moment to leeward to get breath and clear his sight.

"This 'll never do, Neish," he yelled to the chief boatswain, acting as his junior officer. "She's weathering it badly, with these damned seas smashing at her foot and nose. Look out, there!"

The boat had plunged through a heavy surge; her bows hung out on the far side of it, and fell with a mighty thud into the succeeding gap. Then the officers had to cling like limpets to the bridge weather-rail, for the crest of the coming wave spurted in a solid mass over the raised forecastle, deluged the bridge, and fell hissing against the funnels.



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"She'll ride the easier for being slowed down, sir," was the cautious advice.

"Can't! Twenty miles odd from the rendezvous yet," the young sub. snapped in a hurry; for another rush of ice-cold water was about to burst against them. It flooded the vessel from stem to stern, boiling along the inclining deck.

Beam seas kept hitting the boat's fore-foot and entry like the fists of a boxer trying to knock his adversary out of time. As she drove through the howling waters every inch of her was being hammered at, as if her frames were being shaken apart. Her smoke-stacks were white with salt. All loose deck gear was long overboard, a boat carried away, most of the forecastle deck-chains twisted and broken; and by reason of the seas her guns were unworkable. But still that gaunt-figured, wedge-faced sub. pressed on towards his rendezvous, 49° 50′ N., 9° W. He was afraid only of his engines breaking down: in that case all aboard would soon be handing in their pay-slips to the Great Cashier; for unless a consort picked them up in time, the heavy seas would speedily send the helpless boat to the bottom.

Chief artificer Lancham showed no anxiety about his machines. Cool and ready, he went about his duties in that tiny engine-room of his, stifling with heat, the smells of heated metal and much-switched-up oil and water, and the acrid flavour of lubricant burnt by some overheated eccentric strap. His face was calm as if he were driving a pumping-engine instead of a pair of the trickiest high-speed triple expansions ever bolted to bedplates.

Suddenly he yelled, "Atherton!" The man, cautiously and dexterously soothing one of the heated bearings, cunningly kept his footing to the boat's nasty hobbling and instant lurch to port, and swiftly stepped to his side. "Speak the 'holds, will 'e? There's a boiler primin'."

Then, among the manifold noises and strident whir-r of machinery, the engineer's practised ear detected a hardly audible knocking in the high-pressure cylinder. In a trice he was blowing out the separator gauge and opening the cylinder and slide-valve drains. Then came his anxious waiting for the priming to cease, without speed being reduced. To the naval engineer his speed is his honour: the orders from the bridge his Ten Commandments.

Four bells went. The *Speedwell* worried on through the stormy night. The watch had sought shelter as best they could abaft and in the lee of the funnels; but the bridge and the look-out station thereon and by the quarters had no respite from the slashing of the elements. Islip withdrew his straining eyes for a little from searching the pitch darkness, out of which a white-tipped billow was for ever charging down upon the gunboat, already half-strangled with the weight of sliding water on her storm-beaten deck. Neish blinked at the brine pouring over the forecastle break, then began slapping his hands into his armpits in a vain attempt for warmth. "Trill," sharp and clear, went the Marconi call-bell. Neish threw out his hands before him as if to greet the clamant messenger. "The *Firefly*, the *Firefly* or the cruiser, sir," he roared across the length of the bridge to Scott.

Then came the *Firefly's* message to the dangling wire on the pole mast. Across the miles of swollen seas it came with the speed of lightning and the certainty of mathematics. "Large steamer passed—full-speed north-east—signals not answered. No. 2 boiler in my fore-hold burst—two men dead, four severely hurt. Orders."

For a moment Islip's narrow under-jaw fell low at news of the disaster. An instant later his anger at the Navy being made to work with unreliable apparatus pricked him like a dagger. "Damn the thing!" cried he. "These new-fangled watering-can boilers alone 'll do the business for the Alliance. Speak the *Firefly*. Tell the officer in command to make down on me, east-sou'-east. I'll stand by

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him and pick him up for a tow, after the steamer is spoken. Speak the Commodore for orders." Then he turned to the engine-room telegraph, stained and streaked with salt. "Full speed ahead!"

As the rudders were being shifted the steering engine hissed and clacked. Lancham was skilfully letting out his impetuous little racers when the port section spoke him. "Shaft bearins high pres'ure firin', for all they're well flooded." Instinctively the artificer's face settled into stern lines. Here was one of his own particular enemies. He bellowed through the connection tube, "Slack a bit the cap nuts of the top brasses, then; and take yer time to't. Keep the water swashin' on 'em like a mill lade, my man."

His staff was of reserves, doing their best but much hindered from lack of training; for the engine-room in the Navy is a place of its own, with its own particular rules, observances, necessities and dexterities. His firemen were a crude lot, untried and newly out of the depôt; it was taking all the endurance, temper, and rough handling of the four first-class stokers to hash the raw levy into training; and, to add to their troubles, the gunboat having been refitted by the Dockyard authorities in haste, on account of the genuine scare in England, the automatic feed-water regulators to her pots of water-tubes had not been replaced, because the special contractor for them was busy with a later order from one of England's foes. His pinchbeck patriotism could not away with the extra profit; and, mark you, he was no worse than his neighbours! So, as the *Speedwell's* pumps had to be run at a uniform rate, since, if used spasmodically, one pump might deprive the others of their limited supply, there was every chance of the boat's steaming power being much impaired; for the sorely harassed chief stokers had fifty-and-one duties to do in addition to pumping up the insatiable boilers. And boilers are the boat's muscles as she sweeps an enemy from the seas. Signing to the artificer to take his place beside the valve wheels and gears, Lancham made the round of his section. Alert yet unhurrying, sensitive yet fearless, he and his men, like their comrades in the Royal Navy, worked unsparingly, at constant risk of their lives, coaxing, adjusting, goading, soothing, and bullying the titanic power under their unyielding control. Its devilry might make an outburst, or the boat itself might be shattered beneath their feet. Cramped into the narrow space, beneath locked hatches and manholes, secured amidships by unpierced bulkheads, no chance had they if steam caused a racket in their midst or these wildly plunging cranks and rods broke aloose. Yet, small credit and smaller pay does the man win that runs the ship, while braving death in peace as well as in times of war; wanting no fame (and getting none); seeking nought but the achievement of duty.

But now the beating squalls were coming out of west-by-south. They had packed and swung round the long tiers of overlapping cloud; the stars shone faintly here and there among the gaps; but in the misty darkness it was difficult to distinguish the gunboat from the crest of a huge surge or a thick twirl of low-lying cloud.

The sub. turned from giving orders to stand by at general quarters. "Hang it," he grumbled to himself, more in a mood of vexation than wrath, "it's a devilish job being shorthanded! They don't give a man a half-chance!" Then he blew his warm breath up his nostrils to warm them.

He was dog-tired; the muscles of his legs felt like paste, his spine like a piece of dough; as for his body, he had some faint reminiscence that once on a time it had been warm and dry and supple. But not even two-and-twenty hours of working through dirty weather, and of perilous scouting, had weakened his spirits. He wondered with some amusement over the curt answer from the

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Commodore: "Press on to rendezvous. *Firefly* to look after self." Then recollecting that she carried no doctor—too valuable and scarce an idler for any boat under a third-class cruiser—he fell a-cursing emphatically at everything except his boat, his gallant unmurmuring men, and the pugnacious and valorous enemy. Once-a-day, so long as badgers and water rats were to be hunted down, as a boy Islip had always been first and fresh in the field; and now, when he had the hunting of human prey, he was the same. Yet heartily he cursed the absurdity of having Sea Lords whose brains were addled with fads, whose experience and practice of the sea were of ancient date,—in one instance going back some eight years since command,—and who feared the crack of the Treasury whip more than the necessity of a strong force of cruisers, all afloat and in working trim: for in the eyes of Whitehall boats a-building still figure as an active menace to surrounding nations!

Then it was that, as he swayed backward to the plunge of the gunboat, to keep his footing, the wind whined in the long deep pit just below the bows. It drove out the raw, briny smell of the sea from the swirling depths. The keen, brackish odour caught in the sub.'s nostrils. The next moment his blood was coursing through his body to that one subtle touch of nature. Not for the wealth of the Indies would he have exchanged his post. To the healthy Englishman, be he Scots, Irish, or home-counties bred, there is a certain smack of the sea that, to him in particular moods, tells of his brave inheritance these nine hundred years.

The boat was now feeling her way up the precipitous slope of a rising surge glinting with phosphorus, then with a leap she broke through its curling head and sped down into the sea trough. The gale screamed in the ears of the sub., whacked by shoots of water, and blinded with spray and sleet; it bit his smarting face with frost, with brine and scudding spindrift. It was then that for a moment there came into that weary officer, as his small boat tossed and slid and swooped among the thundering sea-walls, a feeling for man's dominion over the rebellious ocean. For a moment he was aware of England's most salutary intuition—her kinship, through Nature, with the Sea. His birthright became to him the most resplendent emblem of his country's might. Night and the wrathful deep and the crowding dangers were but heralds to him, that was her token of defiance to the world inamicable. To him that raw smell from the livid, enormous ocean, as it stormed in its wild and desolate wastes, was the breath of battle-spirit at the very top of its being.

As the boat careened on her port quarter up the side of an arching valley, a great obscure vessel, fair ahead of him, shot into the field of the sub.'s binoculars. Instantly it loomed huge. Islip leapt to the wheel as "Hard a-port! hard a-port!" rang in a hoarse peal from a score of throats. Unconsciously he stiffened his body for the impact, and held in his breath. But the gunboat was built to turn in her own length, so half a biscuit-throw away the towering length of indistinct structure drove past their quarter, leaving a trail of white behind her from her screw. The haunching water from her ponderous stem swamped the *Speedwell's* deck. "By G—d, that was almost the call on us, sir!" the boatswain yelled.

His voice was lost in the hurricane roar. "Stern gun! Stand by to fire wide, stern gun. Out with the light there, Belloes, and speak to her." He knew well, too, that she might be a volunteer cruiser of the enemy. But he had to chance it all.

Thin blinks and wafts of white light pierced the blackness, thick with fine drizzling rain and showers of sleet. Never an answer came from the stranger. The sub. pulled his shoulders together, gulped down his anxiety and fears, and hauled

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*"The captain of the stern 4·7 was frowning like a madman."*

his waterproof hood the tighter round his head. Then the gunboat was yawing a little; the captain of the stern 4·7 was frowning like a madman as he aligned his sights, trying to aim over a ship's quarter at a rapidly disappearing haystack. "Stern gun ·6——" had reached its impatient crew, when the answering night-sign was seen. Cried the sub., "Speak her, Belloes, if she knows anything about

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the enemy." Then "Slow down to eighty revolutions!" was his bellow through the connection tube.

A cry escaped from Neish, that in the coming squall reached the keen ears of his commander like the piping of an infant. "There's somethin' on ahead of us, sir!" was the boatswain's yell into his left ear. "Saw a funnel flare, or somethin' like it."

"Sail away on the port bow!" was the cry of the look-out, a few feet away.

Islip snatched up his night-glass, and thrusting himself against the weather cloths, set it to his eyes. "There again, sir!" was Neish's roar, as a tiny fleck of red illumed the black area of his sight. "Whatever she is, she's comin' down on us like a house afire!"

Belloes saluted as a flip of water lent him a blow on the side of his head, and diligently obliterated the writing on the slate which he was holding. "Says, sir, that she's the *Tweed*, from New York," was his report. "Fleet of sixteen vessels, thought to be the enemy by their high deck hamper, sighted due west seventy-eight miles, steamin' twelve knots or thereabouts. At eight bells last watch she just cleared an outlying cruiser of theirs. Thinks she's in chase."

Down the night in a slight lull of the redoubling gale came a faint report. "Firin' in the sou'west!" was bawled promptly to the bridge.

"That, my man, means business!" quoth the cool-headed sub. to himself. "That enemy's cruiser has sighted us!" Sharp and prompt came his orders. "Belloes, speak our cruiser, and give her the *Tweed's* news; then communicate with the west base boat of the inner cruisers to give a look to this liner's safety. If this is the enemy, I tackle her."

Then at half-speed the gunboat drew into hailing distance of the unwieldy leviathan, walloping about among the smothering surges. Trumpet in hand, the deep-chested sub. thundered out to her heaving bridge, crowded with dim dots of figures: "Destroyer broken down. Two miles to the south'ard. Tow her. I engage cruiser. Have told inner base, send you convoy."

And as a faint "Ay, ay," and weak cheering reached Islip's ears, a brighter spur of flame lanced the darkness, but the screeching of the wind drowned the report. The officer smiled grimly to himself, and suddenly heaved a great sigh of relief, for a hail to the bridge from the far-sighted gunner told of the *Firefly*. There she was, off the port quarter, a shadow on the tumbling waters, crawling along half-dead with the seas clawing at her as their prey. So now he did not hesitate. "Full speed ahead!" and the gunboat went forward, a light-weight champion.

The whistle went from the bridge. "Tubes, port and starboard, the torpedoes set for a nine-foot depth. If anything unforeseen happens to me, bo's'un, use your own judgment; but stick to the enemy, my man. Send the men, all except the look-outs, to the bridge, under cover; our metal's no good against a thundering monster of a cruiser. She's likely to be all that!"

The wary officer calculated his opponent to be distant some two thousand yards or more. About six bells he would encounter her: soon enough he would be in the thick of it. He wondered for a second how the raw hands below would get along: would the stokers be able to keep their crowd in hand? would Lancham pull him out of the business if—if the boat remained afloat? Then a fiery blade seared the blackness. Overhead a ten-inch shell squealed like the fearful and shrill notes of a monstrous kind of woman in agony. It burst far off the starboard quarter. Islip puckered his thin, impassive lips, and bit the thick of them. A sinister smile slowly spread over his lean features, with their high cheek-bones and stretch of narrowing jaw, and set there. His upper lip, unknown to him, lifted

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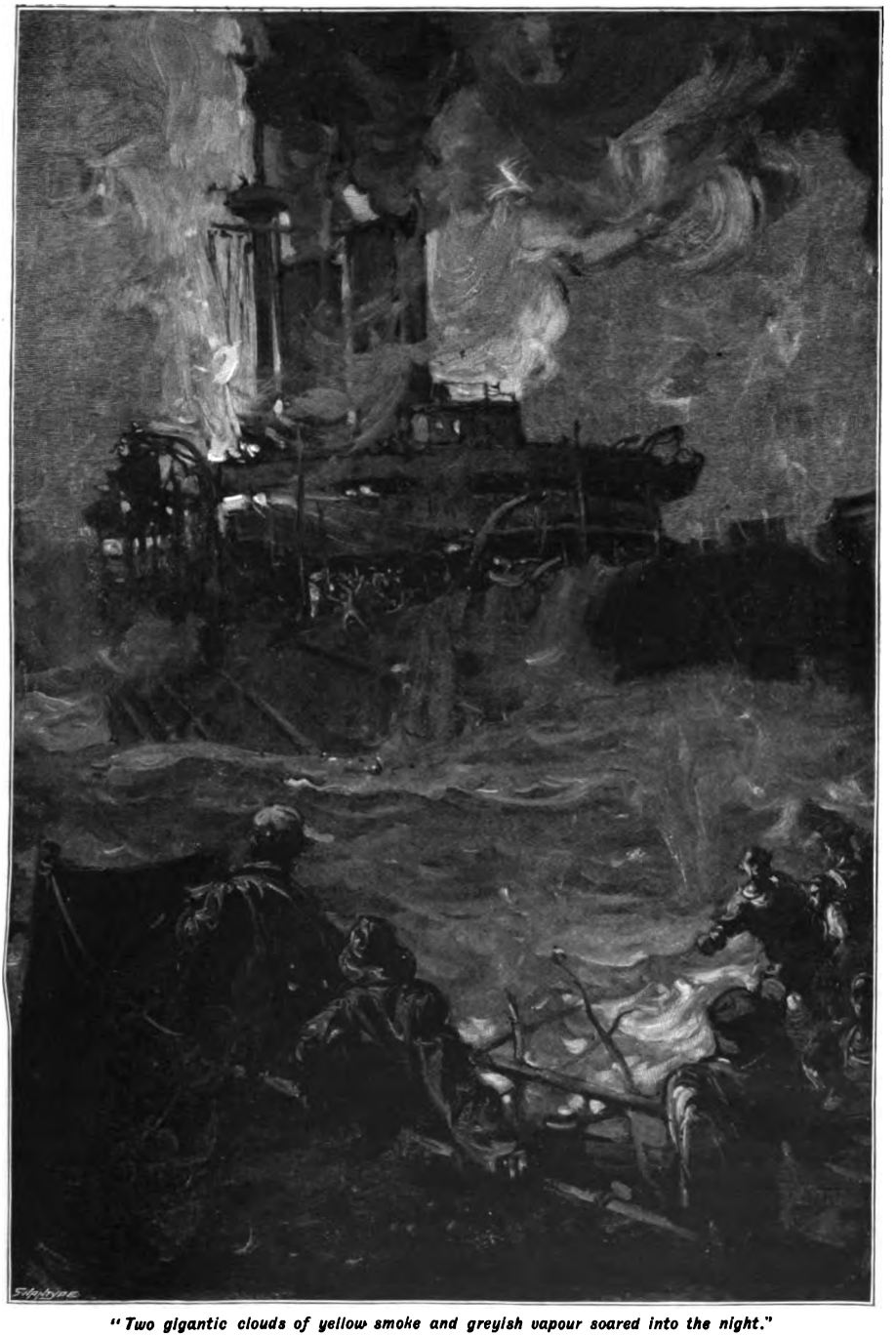

*"Two gigantic clouds of yellow smoke and greyish vapour soared into the night."*

just a little above his clenched teeth: a dog does it snarling over a bone. The man was a born killer.

"That's good of him," he muttered to himself: "he'll give me better bearings than before!" Then, with his wet hand on the "wheel's," he motioned to keep the boat away a little to the southward.

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Suddenly it occurred to him that the night was deepening; the raging water was barely visible a cable-length from the bows. Never a stiver of the enemy could they note through such a thickness, unless she passed close. Internally he began to storm at the night shielding his prey. Maybe it was all the culminating revival in him of the blood hunger born in some of his mixed ancestry. His boat he kept in mind, the weather, and his men; but it was upon that other ship flying toward him that his brain was fixed.

Of a sudden the north-west wind poured down on the gunboat as, with dense volumes of smoke gushing from furnaces forced to their uttermost by almost inspired stokers, she climbed a sliding bank of sea. With a smack it went through all clothing to the flesh; with a myriad hootings and screechings it deafened the hearing. It hurled the spindrift and tops of surges like needles against the face, nipped the eyes and nose with the pressure of its passage, then blocked them with its hurricane of hail and snow. To the sub. the fury of the elements were as oil on a fire to make it burn the fiercer. To fetch down his quarry now, despite the elements, were better than ever. And clearing his sight he was again scanning ahead. In each of his hard eyes a dot of fire glittered, for now he was a human sleuth-hound; he was sane, fully equipped in mind, and ran his boat with consummate skill, only he was consumed with a greedy desire to destroy his adversary. His was the wild, conscious rage of the man whose desire is burning at his brain. After all, he was only carrying out the most material canons of his profession.

A fiery tongue had sprung out: the ear was split with the report. The enemy was upon them, firing wildly, as she tore along, on the *Tweed*.

Islip had got only a glimpse through the snow of an ill-defined obscurity. Hard over had gone his wheel—"Port engine full speed astern," and he had veered away his boat. Then, as she breasted the surge, the large mass loomed swiftly into view. The sub. gave a little yap of joy. By her appearance and top hamper it was an armoured cruiser of the Alliance.

"Starboard tubes. Ready, starboard tubes!" rang out like a bell as the gunboat was slightly swung to. "Starboard tubes. Fire!"

Neish pulled both his lanyards. A crackling broke out. The torpedoes leapt into the side of a smoking swell. But they had been seen: a tornado of shot and shell, a burst of sound, as if the workers in a huge boiler-shop had gone mad and started dingdonging on the resonant plates, broke out. The boatswain cried out, struggled desperately for a few instants, then, falling backward, slid through the deck rails into the sea. On the bridge, one of the look-outs was shot through the head, the other was writhing on the narrow strip of decking, a mere lump of quivering flesh. But the commander stood untouched. He had no excitement whatever: coolly he conned his vessel as if he were at the badly-planned manœuvres. He had sent the gunner to the tubes, had turned the boat on her heel, and having brought his port blowpipes to bear, was watching with sharp eyes for his chance. As yet, owing to her lying so low in the water, his own boat had escaped serious damages; but one chance shot would put her out of existence. Unknown to Islip, his heart was going like a sewing machine; yet his left hand was clenched like an iron clamp on the wheel. "Port tubes. Ready, port tubes. Fire!" he ordered in a calm voice.

Aboard the cruiser an indistinct clamouring had broken out. One of the starboard heads had hit her well astern, but her watertight bulkheads were holding fast. Then, as she sheered stem-on to receive the gunboat's second dose, she appeared one long, horizontal flame from end to end, for never did she abate her

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firing. Vomiting death in all directions, the huge ship came round. She had made up her mind to end this annoying business, for just then her eighty thousand candle-power of electric light glared white and molten over the sea. Naked and forbidding, the English gunboat stood out against the dark yeasty waters. Her port funnel was split to pieces from its uptake to the cap; her pole mast was but a short jagged stump of hollow steel; her forecastle gun lay tilted and smashed about on its mountings; the deck and structures were battered and wrenched and torn with shot and shell: smoke and steam and flame were pouring out from the tattered uptake, and level with the glistening deck; rolling along like hell-fire among the thin washes of sea.

Islip had fallen a-cursing deep and long, and had started twisting the little wheel about: the boat was darting this way, that way, and the other, to escape the search-light.

Then suddenly two immense waterspouts quenched the blinding radiance. A terrifying crash thundered through the air. The sub. threw up his arms, and in very joy was knocking his blistered hands extravagantly against the weather rail. He gave a deep sob, swore, then was gripping again the wheel, now emotionless. He had done his work most capably. His port head torpedoes had caught the abashed enemy under the starboard quarter and just below the after-starboard magazine. With shoulders squared and thrown back, he watched the end of the staggering cruiser. Some of his men were cheering, some gazing in horror, some silent.

For an instant or two gigantic clouds of yellow smoke and greyish vapour soared into the night from her amidships and afterparts; then an immense sheet of fire seethed up aboard her: her massive funnels and fore bridge were silhouetted, black against red. Then she hiccoughed louder than any volcano, hiccoughed herself and six hundred of her crew into space and the ocean bed. Ten men were all that were rescued.

It came to pass that he made no rendezvous that night, no, nor on any other, for fifteen minutes after, his outer base cruiser caught him up as she came pelting on before the Allied Fleet's swift cruisers. And four hours afterwards the great fight began. But the tired sub-lieutenant it was who had won its augury. . . . Many millions of sons like him has England when Her blowing bugles echo in warning over the seas.

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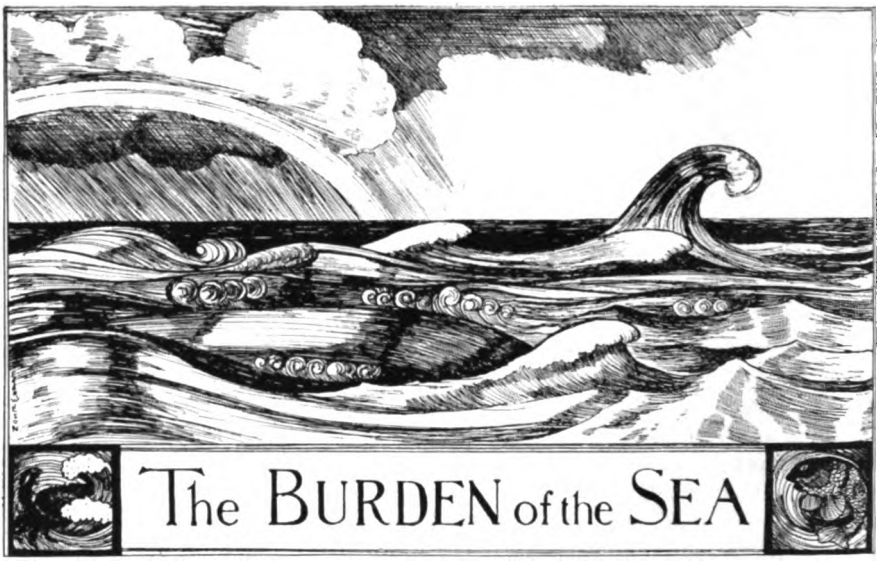

# The BURDEN of the SEA

BY W. L. COURTNEY.

I

DEATH and Sorrow and Sleep—
Here, where the slow waves creep,
This is the burden of years,
The chant of the measureless deep.

II.

What was Sorrow to me
Then, while the young life free
Thirsted for joys of earth
Far from the desolate sea?

What was Sleep but a rest,
Giving to youth the best
Dreams from the ivory gate—
Visions of God manifest?

What was Death but a tale
Whispered to faces grown pale,
Worn and weary with years—
A meaningless thing to the hale?

III.

Death and Sorrow and Sleep—
Now their sad message I keep,
Tossed on the wet winds' breath,
The chant of the measureless deep.



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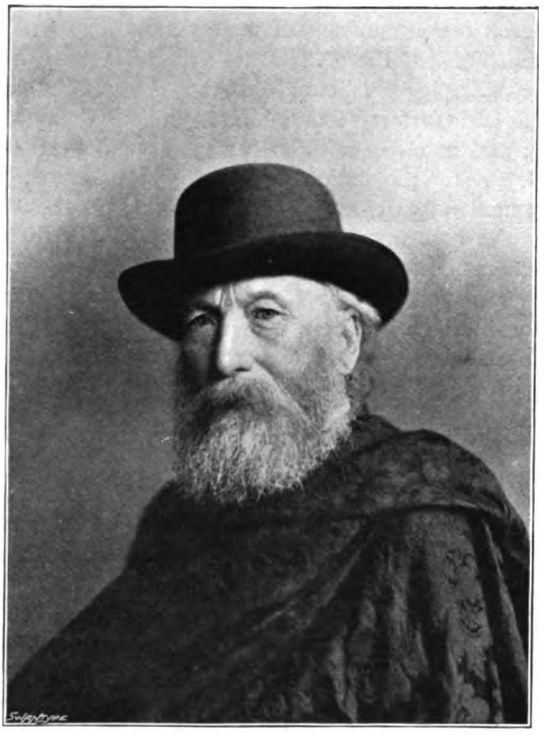

*James Stephens.*
*Photo by Lafayette, Ltd., London and Dublin.*

# JAMES STEPHENS:

## *THE FENIAN HEAD CENTRE.*

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

THERE recently passed away a man who once filled a space, and a large one, in events that were current in the early sixties. At times, indeed, the movements of the subject of this sketch gave material for the serious consideration of Cabinets and Viceroys and generals of Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria; and his widespread operations and secret conspiracies, although they failed in their main object of establishing an Irish Republic over thirty years ago, have in their aftermath disturbed the peace of this realm down to comparatively recent times.

James Stephens, C.O.I.R. (Chief Organiser of the Irish Republic) was born of humble but respectable parents in the city of Kilkenny, in the year 1824, and was educated as a civil engineer, in which profession he practised in the very early development of the railway system of Ireland. Brought up amongst the people, he quickly imbibed their desire for independence, and we first hear of him in connection with what is known as the "'48" movement, of which Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher were the best-known leaders. Unlike many of the principal and local chiefs of this movement, young Stephens was neither an orator, a poet, nor a writer. He was an organiser and a man of action in those days, and such he continued to be throughout his eventful career. Whilst Meagher



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"of the sword" roused the enthusiasm of mighty multitudes with fervid and flowery eloquence, and Mitchell baited the "Castle" Government with articles of Carlylean force and pungency, Stephens laboured at the creation of military clubs and companies. The appeal to force found him in the field with Smith O'Brien and John Blake Dillon; and at Killenaule, Tipperary, his practical turn impelled him to make a barricade to stop the progress of a troop of dragoons. On the approach of the officer in command to demand passage, young Stephens raised his rifle to shoot; but Dillon, who had instructions from Smith O'Brien not to begin the fighting just yet, struck down the weapon, and, making a passage through the barricade, led the officer's horse through, and the little force was allowed to pass in safety. The short-lived insurrection soon after (June 29th) got its *coup de grâce* at the widow McCormack's farm at Ballingarry, in conflict with a small body of police, who took possession of the farmhouse and resisted the attack of a few hundred men under the leadership of Smith O'Brien. Reinforcements for the beleaguered police appearing on the scene, towards evening the rebels dispersed, and the insurrection collapsed.

In this affair Stephens, who displayed activity and courage, was wounded, and, feigning death, he remained on the ground until the combatants had left the scene, when he made good his escape. He was now an outlaw, and resolved to seek safety in flight to a foreign land; but before leaving he determined, like Robert Emmett before him, to pay a visit to his lady-love. This he did without such tragic results as followed the devotion of the hero of 1803. The duty of the lover fulfilled, he, in company with a poetic barrister named Michael Doheny, started on an eventful journey which is romantically described by the latter in a volume called "The Felon's Track." Over the mountains of Waterford, down the Valley of Blackwater, through the passes of the mountains of Killarney they marched, resting anywhere, and receiving food and shelter from the peasants of the various districts through which they passed. Whilst in Kerry they formed a plan for the abduction of Lord John Russell, the then Premier, who was visiting Killarney; but the sudden departure of his lordship foiled the daring project. They now proceeded to Cork, from which port Stephens sailed to London as the servant of a lady who was in the secret. Doheny followed soon after, disguised as a cattle drover. From London Stephens crossed to Paris, there to begin the second and more important part of his career.

The renewal of the revolutionary movement did not follow immediately upon the arrival of Stephens in Paris. Joined by Doheny, his fellow-fugitive, and by John O'Mahony, a gentleman farmer, who tried to keep the flag of insurrection flying on the hills of Tipperary after the failure of the attack at Widow McCormack's, but who now was in flight from justice, these three frequently met, and it is stated that they swore to each other to devote themselves to another attempt to win the independence of Ireland by force of arms. Stephens now earned a livelihood by journalism and by teaching English. He made himself proficient in many languages—it is said fifteen: probably an exaggeration—but what is most important, he connected himself intimately with the Continental secret societies. In the midst of their operations, and in company with the daring spirits who were then giving trouble to Louis Napoleon, he acquired that knowledge of men and that tone of character which enabled him in after years to assume an unsurpassed authority over those who, like O'Mahony, Luby, and others, were socially and perhaps intellectually his superiors.

Meanwhile, the nucleus of a conspiracy was forming itself both in Ireland and America. It always happens everywhere, in revolutionary efforts that do not

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succeed, that when the cream of the movements is skimmed off by the execution or banishment or retirement of their originators, they are usually continued by the lesser men who have been left behind, and who affect to believe they could do much better than their creators, whom they generally regard with contempt. So it was in Ireland at this time; and even before Stephens went there, in 1853, a Revolutionary Directory was in existence, which had a considerable following in the South.

There is reason to believe that this year—1853—was the date when Stephens and O'Mahony both decided to begin the great work of organising the next Irish rebellion; and it was not without the knowledge of the Ministers of Louis Napoleon, as well as of the representatives of the Russian Government in Paris, that the pair set out, the one for Ireland, the other for America. On the way to their respective destinations they interviewed the chiefs of the International Revolution, then safely conducting their business in London; for Stephens, whilst he was quite willing to accept substantial help from Governments inimical to England, was not at all disposed to throw over his friends of the "International." Before the work of organisation was seriously begun Stephens performed a journey of inspection through the country. He himself used to say it was performed on foot and in the face of privation; but some have doubted this, and say he was well cared for. It is probable that there was good or bad fare according to the sympathies of the districts visited. Be that as it may, the result of his observations was a report that the country was ready to receive the doctrine of physical force, and that the time was ripe for the establishment of the Irish Republic.

The plan of organisation adopted was a Continental one adapted to the circumstances of Ireland; was oath-bound, and of a military mould. The unit was the "circle," which was controlled by a "centre," whose military rank was Colonel, and whose title was represented by the letter A. The circle was divided into companies, whose heads were captains, and designated by the letter B. The companies were subdivided into squads, whose heads were known by the letter C, and the rank and file by the letter D. Over these were county centres and provincial centres, and over all was the C.O.I.R., the undisputed and admitted chief, James Stephens. The enrolled body was to be called the I.R.B., or Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, and its members were sworn "to bear true allegiance to the Irish Republic now virtually established, to implicitly obey their superior officers, and to take up arms in the cause of Ireland at a moment's warning." The oath was administered only by those who had the authority to do so, and the office was usually performed by a "C," or sergeant, without a witness, a small prayer-book being generally carried by men of this rank, so that the work of enrolment might go on at all times and in all places, whether men were at work or play.

A most important part of the plan of organisation was probably of Continental origin, and that was the seduction of soldiers from their allegiance, and for this purpose circles were established in the regiments then stationed in Ireland. Young men specially selected for the duty were ordered to join the Army and there carry on this propaganda, with the result that at one period—probably in 1863-4—more than half the total force of military in Ireland were sworn members of the I.R.B. The writer knows of an incident, which was never made public, where two troops of cavalry, on a false notice that a rising was to take place on a certain night, went to their stables, took their horses and arms, and (their English comrades with them) rode to the trysting-place, but finding no revolutionary bands to fraternise with, rode back to barracks, re-stabled their horses, went to bed—and never heard

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any more about the matter, except that they were removed out of the way of doing any mischief in the future.

The American branch of the organisation was to furnish money and officers.

Notwithstanding the failure of Daniel O'Connell to win "Repeal," and the utter collapse of the Young Irelanders in the "'48" movement, there were several circumstances favourable to the spread of a military movement in Ireland at the time we write of. The French Government were angry with England for giving shelter to the revolutionaries of the Second Empire, and in France Ireland always had hope that she would help her some day and somehow; besides which, the Emperor posed for awhile as the champion of oppressed nationalities. An Irish brigade had been raised for the service of the Pope, and had smelt powder at Castelfidardo, where they had distinguished themselves. A few years later, in the great War of Secession in the United States, Irishmen on both sides had been fighting with great dash, and Irish commanders were leading armies on the one side to victory, on the other to glory. The martial spirit created by these events helped the organisers of the I.R.B. to extend their circles throughout the land. In furtherance of the military side of the movement, drilling by night and on Sundays, under the pretext of football playing, was vigorously carried on, schools of military engineering and tactics were established, and young men were sent to join the Foreign Legion in France, in order to learn the military art and return to teach and command their fellow-countrymen. Of these latter, there is one now in the House of Commons, an old and respected member thereof; and another in the United States, in such influential position as that he can make or mar the fortunes of any constitutional agitation that may seek aid in America.

To the execution of this extensive programme Stephens devoted himself with his characteristic energy. He soon found himself at the head of a numerous brotherhood, which he ruled with the hand of an autocrat. He was the Chief Organiser, the Captain—and he brooked no questioning of his authority. This self-assertion, while it aroused animosities in his immediate surrounding amongst the Directory, whom he bent to his will, recommended him to the rank and file, who were further fascinated by the glamour of the man, who moved about in many disguises, and, under many aliases, was running countless dangers.

If we may judge by what some of his colleagues wrote of their chief in after years, their feelings towards the C.O.I.R. were of the usually bitter kind. One close friend and lieutenant of his, Mr. D. D. Mulcahy, wrote of "Mr. James Stephens, a gentleman who when he was a patriot was not remarkable for candour, or indeed for courage, and who scarcely ever told a whole truth in his whole life, certainly never if half a truth answered his purpose . . . a *Leader* (!) who was always ready to sacrifice his best men and did sacrifice them to cover his own bungles and blunders." And the Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood of America, his fellow-rebel of '48 and fellow-fugitive in Paris and co-founder of the new movement, wrote of him in 1864, "Was he a man of influence? No; all his influence was derived from his being the authorised representative of the Irish Revolutionists in America . . . without this he could not have organised one company, even in his native city." Further he continues, "Again I asked myself, are Kenyon, Martin, Smyth, the O'Donohue to be blamed for not joining a man (Stephens) who would convert them into blind tools of his will?" All this, and much more, shows that the C.O.I.R. was not on a bed of roses. The men about him were in their own estimation his superiors in status and in the education which a university gives; and resented the affectation of command and authority which undoubtedly distinguished Stephens—a state of things which contributed not

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a little to the utter failure of the conspiracy, which, with other material for the structure and conduct of the movement, might have at all events postponed the evil day of disaster which was bound to come sooner or later.

In the meantime the Fenian Brotherhood of America had become a big, open-mouthed movement in a country favourable to the holding of meetings and the passing of resolutions. As we have seen, it had not forwarded much money to the home organisation. In time, too, it developed the faults of the Irish character as shown in its political combinations, and with the freedom of discussion common in America, the members began to quarrel with each other, and even to find fault with Stephens himself. A "party of action" had grown up at both sides of the Atlantic, who began to clamour for a "blow to be struck"; and, under pressure of this exigent clique, Stephens arranged that, if England went to war in 1864 with Denmark, he would take the field, and in any case, war or not, he would, as he said himself, "either fight or dissolve the brotherhood in 1865." Accordingly, a fair was held in Chicago, the takings at which, amounting to 60,000 dollars, were sent to Ireland; pikes were manufactured in small quantities and sold for *2s. 6d.* a pike-head; officers were imported from America, and the Congress of the Fenian Brotherhood in the United States resolved to hold their next meeting in their native land.

The day was fixed for the rising—*i.e.*, the anniversary of Robert Emmett's *émeute* in 1803—but in all these preparations one potent factor was omitted from calculation by the "conspirators," namely, the British Government and its resources. By "resources" I mean its legal and non-legal powers, its ability to suspend the *Habeas Corpus* Act, its power of arrest. The "Castle" was fully informed of all their doings by Pierce Nagle, an employé in the *Irish People* office; and the finding by a telegraph boy of documents lost by Stephen Joseph Meary, an envoy from America—which indicated active co-operation between the two great branches of the movement—impelled the Government to act. Accordingly, on November 11th, 1865, Inspector Hughes rapped at the back door of Mr. James Herbert (Stephens), Fairfield House, Sandymount, a suburb of Dublin. "Who is there? Is that Corrigan?" was demanded. "Police," was the answer. "I can't let you in: I'm naked," said the voice inside. "We'll burst the door," replied Hughes. Stephens dashed to the front of the house, but seeing it was surrounded, returned to the back, unfastened the bolt, and flew upstairs in his nightshirt, quickly followed by Hughes and another inspector, Dawson by name. Suspecting resistance from such easy admittance, they dashed into the bedroom after their object, and found inside also Mrs. Stephens and her sister. Dawson, who knew the personality of the C.O.I.R., advanced, saying, "How are you, Stephens?" "Who the devil are you?" replied the Chief. "I am Dawson," said the inspector. "Dawson be d——d!" ejaculated Stephens.

In a few moments the leaders of the great movement that was to overthrow the powerful British Government in Ireland were safely behind the bolts and bars of Dublin Castle. Fairfield House had been provisioned as if for a siege. The sleepers in other rooms (Kickham, Brophy and Duffy) had Colt's revolvers under their pillows, and £2,000 in gold and drafts were found in their possession. The lists of American officers and other documents were discovered, which were used as damning evidence in the trials of most of the men, who were convicted in 1865-67-68. The investigation which followed the arrests lasted several days; and in reply to the usual magisterial question, "had they any observations to make in reply?" Stephens rose, dramatically folded his arms and said: "Yes;

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take it down! I have employed no lawyer, because in making a defence I should be recognising British Law in Ireland. I now deliberately and conscientiously repudiate the existence of that law in Ireland. I defy and despise the punishments it can inflict upon me." He was then removed to Richmond Prison, where occurred the event which had a more startling effect on the English people than anything else that happened in connection with Fenianism. Meetings, drillings, resolutions, were all regarded as mere breath; but when locks and chains and bars and high towering walls failed to keep England's declared enemy in secure bonds, it was entirely another matter. Stephens had written that he would get himself arrested after a certain time, in order to show how easily he could escape from prison. He was now to prove his word true. Great precautions had been taken for the safe keeping of the prisoners. Stephens, Kickham, and Brophy were placed in the top storey of the central part of the prison, and the staff was reinforced by twenty-five of the Metropolitan Police. A boy was placed in the next cell to Stephens, who was promised his liberty and £20 on condition that he would pull a wire to sound a gong in case he heard any unusual noise during the night; he was allowed to sleep by day, so that he might the better keep awake at night. This was in addition to the usual passage of a warder every quarter-hour to "peg the clock." The prisoners were not allowed to hold conversation with any of the warders, and Stephens declined to have an interview with his wife "within the walls of a prison." In the meantime the friends outside were not idle, and in concert with two of the prison officials, named Breslin and Byrne—one a warder, the other a night watchman—the impression of two keys was taken upon wax. The warders would have the other necessary keys in their possession when upon night duty,—Breslin those for the interior, Byrne those for the exterior doors. By a system of signs Stephens was made aware that everything was ready, and even O'Donovan Rossa was told in a whisper by one of the warders that "the little man would be out to-morrow night." Stephens asked the prison authorities to give him his black suit of clothes, which they did: a precaution on his part not to go abroad in the same dress in which he was arrested. In this black suit he remains in his cell the night of November 24th, and awaits events. The warders are paraded; they hand over their pass keys; they are dismissed. Breslin and Byrne remain. The first paces his corridors and pegs his clocks; the second goes his rounds between the outer walls and the prison itself. A storm roars outside, and almost lifts the prison roof from its bearings. One o'clock solemnly sounds, and stealthy footsteps move along the corridor; the manufactured key moves in the wards of the lock, and Breslin and Byrne both stand within the prison cell in the presence of their Chief. Not a moment is to be lost. All three—each armed with a revolver—move once more through the corridors and into the space between the outer wall and the building. A selected place is reached, and, as arranged, a few pebbles are thrown over the wall. The muffled figures of Colonel Kelly, Captain McAfferty, Flood, Kirwan, and John Devoy keep close in the shadow, as if sheltering from the rain and wind, but one only replies to the signal from inside by throwing back a sod of grass. Instantly two tables are fetched from an adjacent room; they are placed against the wall; a rope is thrown over, and being seized and held outside, Stephens ascends by it to the top of the wall, and, while Breslin and Byrne hang on to the other end the erstwhile prisoner descends into the arms of his friends. The boy in the next cell was silent, and gave as his excuse that he was afraid those who could open Stephens' cell could also open his, and would, he feared, kill him. And so was effected an escape which sent a tremor through the United

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Kingdom, and has never been forgotten by those who were then old enough to be impressed by current events.

Stephens' subsequent career may be shortly told. He went first to the house of one of the Society who was a safe, retiring man (whose son now, by the way, wields the *bâton* over London's largest orchestra), and, after four months of hiding, he went to America, trying in vain to heal up the dissensions of the rent and sundered Fenian Brotherhood. His appearance at this time was described as that of a man about 5 feet 7½ inches, broad-shouldered, and stoutly built. His eyes were small, slightly sore, occasionally indulging in a furtive glance. General Cluseret, of the French Army, who had engaged to take supreme command in the rising of 1867, and who subsequently commanded the Communists' Army in Paris, says of him: "Little, furtive, blinking eyes, the expression of which continually escaped one, were the dominant features of Stephens' physiognomy. He was an organiser to the finger-ends, and in this respect he was undoubtedly a man of superior merit; but he was vain, despotic, and overbearing beyond any man I ever saw."

Having failed to restore unity to the ranks of American Fenians, he on October 28th, 1866, held a monster meeting at Jones's Wood, New York, where he rashly promised to be "fighting on Irish soil before the 1st January" following. But, as he showed no signs of setting out on his journey, there was a meeting of officers held in New York on December 20th, Stephens being present. High words arose, and he was denounced as a traitor. Captain McAfferty drew his revolver to shoot him, but Colonel Kelly intervening, saved the Chief, who was the next evening formally deposed as a "rogue, an impostor, and a traitor."

The C.O.I.R. never recovered from his fall. He retired to his old familiar Paris, where he once more eked out a poor existence by teaching and journalism. With the subsequent rising he had nothing to do. The dynamite conspiracy and policy he condemned. He believed in a fair fight in the old honourable fashion. He never replied to his assailants, but depended on time to vindicate his motives and actions. He bore his misfortunes with resignation, and kept to his old faith in physical force, while showing toleration for other methods. Under a misapprehension he was expelled from France in 1885, at the instance of the British Government, for complicity in dynamite proceedings; but the mistake being recognised, he was soon after allowed to return to Ireland, where his friends organised a national subscription on his behalf, and this being generously responded to, a comfortable annuity was provided, so that he was enabled to live down his old age without want, and, surrounded by kindly family connections, to depart in peace from a life of trouble and a world of storm.

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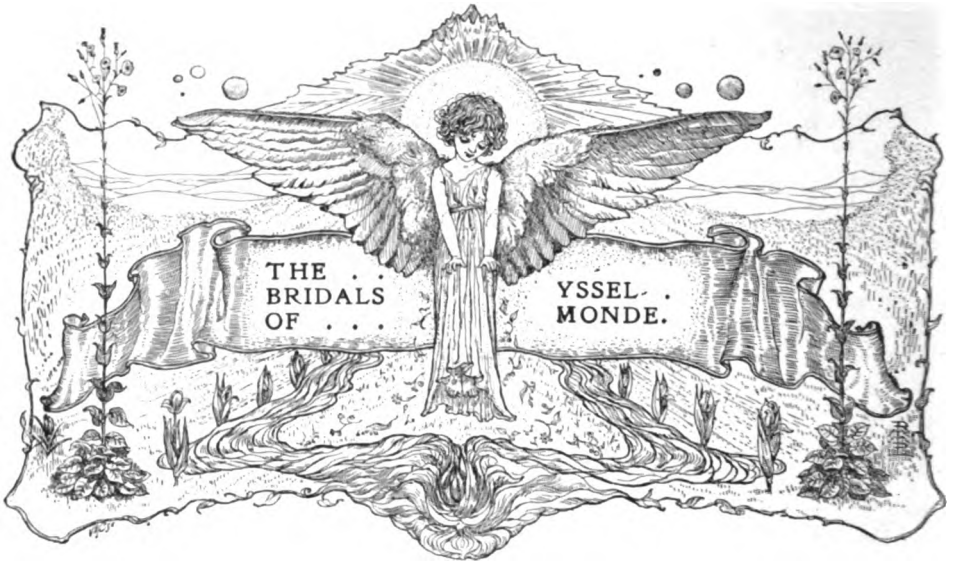


BY A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

WHEN the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Carinthia travelled in state to wed the Princess Sophia of Ysselmonde, he did so by land, and for two reasons; the first being that this was the shortest way, and the second that he possessed no ships. These, at any rate, were the reasons alleged by his Chancellor, to whom he left all arrangements. For himself he took very little interest in the marriage beyond inquiring the age of his bride. "Six years," was the answer, and this seemed to him very young, for he had already passed his tenth birthday.

The Pope, however, had contrived and blessed the match; so Ferdinand raised no serious objection, but in due course came to Ysselmonde with his body-guard of the famous Green Carinthian archers, and two hundred halberdiers and twelve waggons, four to carry his wardrobe and the remaining six piled with wedding presents. On the way, while Ferdinand looked for birds' nests, the Chancellor sang the praises of the Princess Sophia, who (he declared) was more beautiful than the day.

"But you have never seen her," objected Ferdinand.

"No, your Highness, but I have seen the day"—and the Chancellor, who practised *finesse* even in his odd moments, changed the subject and began to talk of the sea, the sight of which awaited them at Ysselmonde.

"And what is the sea like?"

"Well, your Highness, the sea is somewhat difficult to describe, for in fact there is nothing to compare with it."

"You have seen it, I suppose?"

"Sire, I have done more; for once, while serving as ambassador at Venice, I had the honour to be upset in it."

With such talk they beguiled the road until they reached Ysselmonde, and found the sea completely hidden by flags and triumphal arches. And there, after three days' feasting, the little Grand Duke and the still smaller Princess were married in the Cathedral by the Cardinal Archbishop, and the Pope's legate handed them his master's blessing in a morocco-covered case; and as they drove back to the palace the Dutchmen waved their hats and shouted "Hip-boum!" but the

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Carinthian archers cried "Talassio!"—which not only sounded better, but proved (when they obligingly explained what it meant) that the ancestors of the Grand Duke of Carinthia had lived in Rome long before any Pope.

On reaching the Palace the bride and bridegroom were taken to a gilded drawing-room and there left to talk together, while the guests filled up the time before the banquet by admiring the presents and tasting the wedding-cake.

Ferdinand said, "Well, *that's* over:" and the Princess said, "Yes"—for this was their first opportunity of conversing alone.

"You're a great deal better than I expected," said Ferdinand reassuringly. Indeed, in her straight dress sewn with seed-pearls and her coif of Dutch lace surmounted with a little crown of diamonds, the Princess looked quite beautiful; and he in his white satin suit, crossed with the blue ribbon of St. John Nepomuc, was the handsomest boy she had ever seen. "Besides," he added, "my Chancellor says you are hereditary High Admiral of the Ocean—it's in the marriage settlement; and that would make up for a lot. Where is it?"

"The Ocean?" She felt very shy still. "I have never seen it, but I believe it's somewhere at the bottom of the garden."

"Suppose we go and have a look at it?"

She was about to say that she must ask leave of her governess; but he looked so masterful and independent that she hadn't the courage, and allowed him to take her hand and lead her out through the low window to the great stone terrace. They passed down the terrace steps into a garden ablaze with tulip beds in geometrical patterns: at the foot ran a yew hedge, and beyond it, in a side walk, they came upon a scullion boy chasing a sulphur-yellow butterfly. The Grand Duke forgot his fine manners, and dropped his bride's hand to join in the chase; but the boy no sooner caught sight of him than he fled with a cry of dismay and popped into an arbour. There, a minute later, the bride and bridegroom found him stooping over a churn and stirring with might and main.

"What are you stirring, boy?" asked Ferdinand.

"Praised be the Virgin!" said the boy, "I *believe* it's an ice pudding for the banquet. But they shouldn't have put the ice-puddings in the same arbour as the fireworks, for, if your Highness will allow me to say so, you can't expect old heads on young shoulders."

"Are the fireworks in our honour too?"

"Why, to be sure," the scullion answered. "Everything is in your honour to-day."

This simplified matters wonderfully. The children passed on through a gate in the garden wall, and came upon a clearing beside a woodstack; and there stood a caravan with its shafts in the air. A woman sat on the tilt at the back, reading, and every now and then glancing towards two men engaged in deadly combat in the middle of the clearing, who shouted as they thrust at one another with long swords.

The little Princess, who, except when driven in her state coach to the Cathedral, had never before strayed outside the garden, turned very pale and caught at her husband's hand. But he stepped forward boldly.

"Now yield thee, caitiff, or thine hour has come!" shouted one of the fighters, and flourished his blade.

"Sooner I'll die than tum-te-tum-te-tum!" the other answered, quite as fiercely.

"'Slave of thine become,'" said the woman from the caravan.

"Thank you. 'Sooner I'll die than slave of thine become!'" He laid about him with fresh vigour.

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"Put down your swords," commanded Ferdinand. "And now tell me who you are."

"We are Valentine and Orson," they answered.

"Indeed?" Ferdinand had heard of them, and shook hands affably. "Then I'm very glad to make your acquaintance."

"And," said they, "we are rehearsing for the performance at the Palace to-night in your Highnesses' honour."

"Oh, so this is in our honour too?"

"To be sure," said the woman; "and I am to dress up as Hymen, and speak the Epilogue in a saffron robe. It has some good lines: for instance—

> "'Ye Loves and Genial Hours conspire to gratify this Royal Pair
> With Sons impetuous as their Sire, and Daughters as their Mother fair!'"

"Thank you," said Ferdinand. "But we are very busy to-day, and must take one thing at a time. Can you tell us the way to the sea, please?"

The woman pointed along a path which led to a moss-covered gate and an orchard where the apple-blossom piled itself in pink clouds against the blue sky. As they followed the path they heard her laughing; and looked back to see her still staring after them and laughing merrily, while Valentine and Orson leaned on their swords and laughed too.

The orchard was the prettiest in the whole world. Blackbirds played hide-and-seek beneath the boughs, blue and white violets hid in the tall grass around the boles, and the spaces between were carpeted with daisies to the edge of the streamlet. Over the streamlet sang thrushes and goldfinches and bullfinches innumerable, and their voices shook down the blossom like a fall of pink snow, which threatened to cover even the daisies. The Grand Duke and the Princess believed that all this beauty was in their honour, no less than the chorus of the bells floating across the tree-tops from the city.

"This is the best of all," said Ferdinand, as they seated themselves by the stream. "I had no idea marriage was such fun. And they haven't even forgotten the trout!" he cried, peering over the brink.

"Can you make daisy-chains?" asked the Princess timidly.

He could not; so she taught him, feeling secretly proud that there was something he could learn of her. When the chain was finished he flung it over her neck, and kissed her. "I believe that's the proper thing: though I don't like kissing as a rule," he explained.

"And this shall be my wedding present," said she.

"Why, I brought you six waggon-loads!—beauties—all chosen by my Chancellor."

"But he didn't make this one," said Sophia, "and I like this one best." They sat silent for a moment. "Dear me!" she sighed, "what a lot we have to learn of each other's ways!"

"Hullo!" Ferdinand was staring down the glade. "What's that line at the end there, across the sky?"

Sophia turned. "I think that's the sea,—yes, there is a ship upon it."

"But why have they hung a blue cloth in front of it?"

"I expect that's in our honour too."

They took hands and trotted to the end of the orchard, and there, beyond the hedge, ran a canal, and beyond the canal a wide flat country stretched away to the sea—a land dotted with windmills and cattle and red-and-white houses with weathercocks—a land, too, criss-crossed with canals, whereon dozens of boats and even some large ships threaded their way like dancers in and out of the

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groups of cattle, or sailed past a house so closely as almost to poke a bowsprit through the front door. The weathercocks spun and glittered, the windmills waved their arms, the boats bowed and curtsied to the children. Never was such a salutation. Even the blue cloth in the distance twinkled, and Ferdinand saw at a glance that it was embroidered with silver.

But the finest flash of all came from a barge moored in the canal just below them, where a middle-aged woman sat scouring a copper pan.

"Good-day!" cried Ferdinand across the hedge. "Why are you doing that?"

"Why, in honour of the wedding, to be sure! Must show one's best at such times, if only for one's own satisfaction."

Then, as he climbed into view and helped Sophia over the hedge, she recognised them, and, dropping her pan with a clatter, called on the saints to bless them and keep them always. The bridal pair clambered down to the towpath, and from the towpath to her cabin, where she fed them (for they were hungry by this time) with bread and honey from a marvellous cupboard, painted all over with tulips. In short, they enjoyed themselves immensely.

"Only," said Ferdinand, "I wish they hadn't covered up the sea, for I wanted a good look at it."

"The sea?" said the bargewoman, all of a shiver; then she explained that her two sons had been drowned in it: "though, to be sure," said she, "they died for your Majesty's honour, and, if God should give them back to me, would do so again."

"For me?" exclaimed Sophia, opening her eyes very wide.

"Ay, to be sure, my dear. So it's no wonder—eh?—that I should love you."

By the time they had said good-bye to her, and hurried back through the orchard, a dew was gathering on the grass, and a young moon had poised herself above the apple-boughs. The birds here were silent, but high on the stone terrace, when they reached it, a solitary one began to sing. From the bright windows facing the terrace came the clatter of plates and glasses, with loud outbursts of laughter. But this bird had chosen his station beneath a window at the corner, and sang there unseen. It was the nightingale.

They could not understand what he sang. "It is my window," whispered Sophia, and began to weep in the darkness, without knowing why: for she was not miserable in the least, but on the contrary, very, very happy. They listened, hand in hand, by a fountain on the terrace. Through the windows they could see the Papal legate chatting at table with the King, Sophia's father, and the Chancellor hobnobbing with the Cardinal Archbishop. Only the Queen of Ysselmonde sat at the table with her wrists on the arms of her throne and her eyes looking out into the darkness, as though she caught some whisper of the bird's song. But the children knew that he sang for them, not for her; for he told of all the adventures of the day, and he told, not as I am telling them, but so beautifully that the heart ached to hear. Yet his song was of two words only. "Young—young—young! Love—love—love!"—the same words over and over.

A courtier came staggering out from the banqueting-hall, and the bird flew away. The children standing by the fountain watched him as he found the water and dipped his face in it with a groan. He was exceedingly drunk; but as he lifted his head he caught sight of them in the moonlight, and excused himself.

"In your Highnesses' honour," he assured them; "'been doing my best."

"Poor man!" said Sophia. "But this indeed is devotion!"

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*North front.*

# STOWE.

## *ONE OF THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.*

By JOHN ORLANDO HARTES.

WITHIN three miles of the sleepy little town of Buckingham stands the historic palace of Stowe, once the stately home of the Dukes of Buckingham, for a few years the residence of the exiled Comte de Paris, and now the property of the last Duke's widowed daughter, Baroness Kinloss, who lives at Biddlesden, not far from the seat of her ancestors.

"Sic transit gloria mundi." These are the words which naturally occur to one's mind whilst wandering in those beautiful gardens, dominated by the statue of their designer (Lord Cobham), or in the galleries of this stately palace—once the favoured resort of the most distinguished poets and literati of a bygone century. Here, with lavish hospitality, "brave Cobham entertained the witty Chesterfield, the harmonious Pope, the plaintive Hammond, the eloquent Lyttleton, the ingenious Pitt, and the acute West."

Christian VII. of Denmark visited Stowe in 1760, and here in 1809 the Marquis of Buckingham received as honoured guests Louis XVIII. and all the French royal family. This visit is commemorated by the trees planted around the Bourbon Tower. The King of Sweden, two Emperors of Russia, the King of Navarre, the Prince of Prussia, as well as many English royalties, honoured Stowe with their presence. And here in 1845, with princely prodigality, the great Duke entertained the Queen.

Stowe *then* was the home of one of England's wealthiest Dukes, a great landowner giving employment to hundreds on his vast estates—and the head of the Conservative landed interest in Parliament;—Stowe *now* is shut up, its gardens desolate, its park deserted, save during the Yeomanry Week, when the Prince of Wales held the annual May inspection amid the sylvan shades of the Park.

The earliest mention of Stowe (derived from a local word meaning rising ground or eminence) is found in the Domesday Book. It had been held in the reign of Edward the Confessor by one Turgisius, then by Robert D'Oyley and Roger Ivory, of the Bishop of Bayeux at a rental of 60*s*. But in 1088, when the Bishop was

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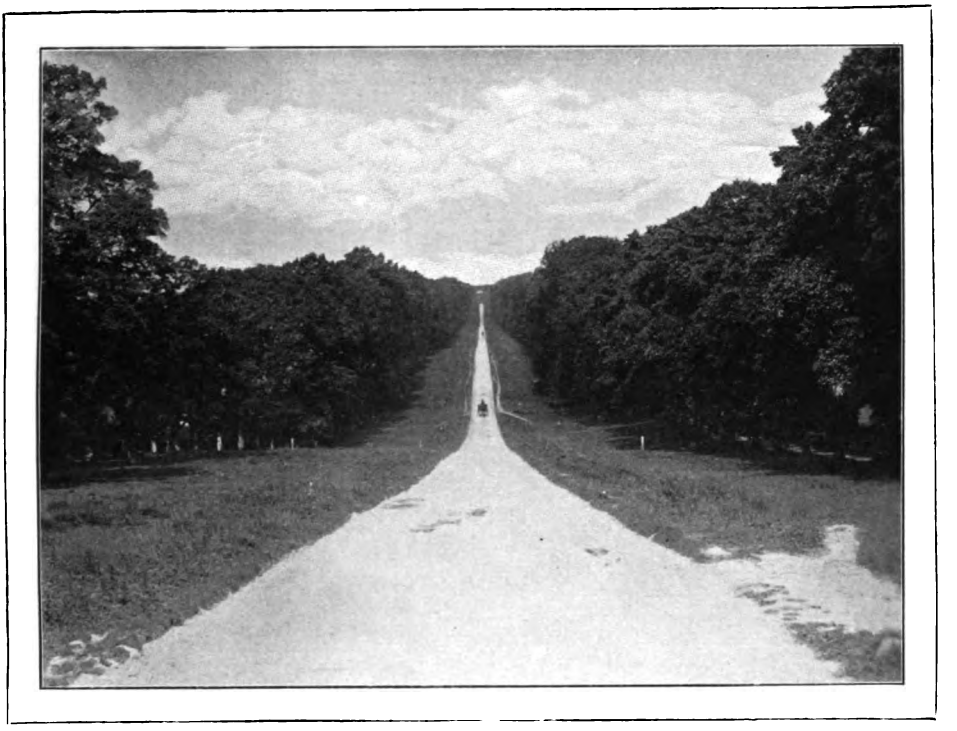

*Avenue, Stowe.*

dispossessed of his lands, it became D'Oyly's property. Founding a church in his castle at Oxford, he endowed it with Stowe, and later bestowed this domain on the canons of Oseney Abbey. At the dissolution of the monasteries it was granted by Henry VIII. to King, the first Bishop of Oxford (formerly Abbot of Oseney), and his successors in the see. The estate was purchased in 1560 by Peter Temple, who erected the original mansion. The Temples trace their descent from Leofric, Earl of Mercia, the husband of the Lady Godiva, renowned for her famous ride through Coventry town in 1040. Subsequently, a descendant, Sir Peter Temple, enclosed two hundred acres of ground for a park, and stocked it with deer from Wicken in Northamptonshire.

Sir Richard Temple built the present house, and on his death in 1697 was succeeded by his son, Sir Richard Temple, who, distinguishing himself in the wars under Marlborough, was rewarded, on George I.'s accession, with the title of Baron Cobham.

*Oxford Lodge*

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Four years later he was raised to the viscountcy. He rebuilt the front of the house in the Grecian style, and added two wings, making the total length 916 feet. On his death, in 1749, Stowe passed by special remainder to his second sister, Hester wife of Richard Grenville of Wotton, while the baronetcy of Temple went to a younger branch of the family.

The Grenvilles derive from Richard de Granville, Lord of Granville in Normandy, who became possessor of Wotton through his wife in 1097—the year of the First Crusade. From him Wotton has descended through four-and-twenty generations to the present Earl Temple of Stowe.

Hester, Lady Cobham, was subsequently created Countess Temple. Her eldest son, Richard, first Earl Temple, dying without issue, was succeeded by his nephew George Grenville, twice Viceroy of Ireland, who in 1784 was created Marquess of Buckingham. In 1822, his successor having married the only daughter and heiress

*Gardens, Palladian Bridge.*

of James Brydges (the last Duke of Chandos), was made Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. This lady was the sole representative of Henry VIII.'s sister, Mary, Queen Dowager of France, who married secondly Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and was the grandmother of the unfortunate ten days' Queen, Lady Jane Grey. The crown of England was settled by the "royal Bluebeard" on her sister and her descendants under certain contingencies which have never occurred.

The second Duke, who as Marquess of Chandos had been the leader of the great Conservative landed interests in the House of Commons, succeeded to the vast estates in 1839. Six years later he had the honour of receiving the Queen at his princely mansion of Stowe. In those days the railroad had not yet reached Buckingham, and (according to the chronicles of the time) it was from Wolverton, eleven miles distant, that "the party set out under an escort of Yeomanry for Stowe, passing through triumphal arches of evergreens and crowds of rustic gazers, elated and loyal in their holiday best. Approaching Stowe, the scenery

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becomes more polished, with undulating ground, lawns, old trees, parks, deer, and the mansion in the vista seen through a handsome arch at the entrance to the grounds and between two large porticoes that flank the carriage road. Within the arch were troops of horsemen, many of them tenants of the Duke, who joined the procession; in the park also were stationed labourers in waggons and on foot, some hundreds in number. A grand dinner followed, and at night the mansion was illuminated. The Prince Consort's shooting the next day was very successful. In the afternoon the whole party of guests, to the number of twenty, walked in the grounds, the weather being beautifully mild and clear. Friday was almost a repetition of Thursday, except that among the incidents was the planting of an oak and a cedar each by the Queen and

*Grenville Column.*

*South front.*

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her Consort, and that at night there was a reception, at which many of the neighbouring gentry were presented." This Royal visit is still the theme on which the aged lacemakers of Buckinghamshire villages wax eloquent as the bobbins fly under their nimble fingers. One ancient dame of seventy-seven informed the writer in the broadest dialect, which will not be given here, "how she minded the royal visit to Stowe; how an ox was roasted whole in the Market Square at Buckingham; how she never went to bed at all on the night of the illuminations; and how Her Majesty on that bright January day was wearing a tight little bonnet, which made her look so young, more like a girl of sixteen. Also how she minded Her Majesty when she walked in front of the house, dressed in a gown of damson-coloured silk with a white silk slip over, and the sun shone out, and the Queen looked beautiful."

But alas! we learn that "scarcely had this distinguished honour been conferred than it began to be rumoured that the Duke was a ruined man; that notwith-

*North Hall.*

standing his great palaces, his sumptuous furniture, his gallery of pictures, and his unrivalled collection of china—notwithstanding his princely state within the county, his regiments of Yeomanry and Artillery—and notwithstanding that he had recently added estate after estate to his domains," the great Duke of Buckingham was utterly insolvent These rumours proved too true; the ruin had been staved off by costly expedients, but the crash came at last.

"All the treasures that the prodigal expenditure of immense wealth had collected in the treasure-house at Stowe, all that had descended from numerous lines of ancestors, renowned for taste and opportunities, all passed away under the hammer. All the priceless heirlooms of an illustrious family were scattered over the world to be sold in shops, to glitter in the public rooms of hotels, or decorate the mansions of self-made men. Estates larger than many a German principality, producing a revenue larger than the revenues of many German principalities added together, passed into the hands of men whose wealth was but of yesterday.

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*State Dining-room.*

"The palace at Stowe, denuded of the furniture, pictures and ornaments which had made it the pride of the midland counties, stood empty and desolate; its porticoes and colonnades soiled with dirt and decayed leaves; its temples moss-grown; its fishponds choking up; its lawns unshorn; its walks unkept."

*State Drawing-room.*

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*The Library.*

The Duke, whose splendour and ruin had been the theme of many, died in a London hotel on July 29th, 1861. It is just fifty years since the sale at Stowe. It began on August 14th and lasted until October. A volume might be written on the treasures which then changed hands; but in the brief limits of a magazine

*Marble Saloon.*

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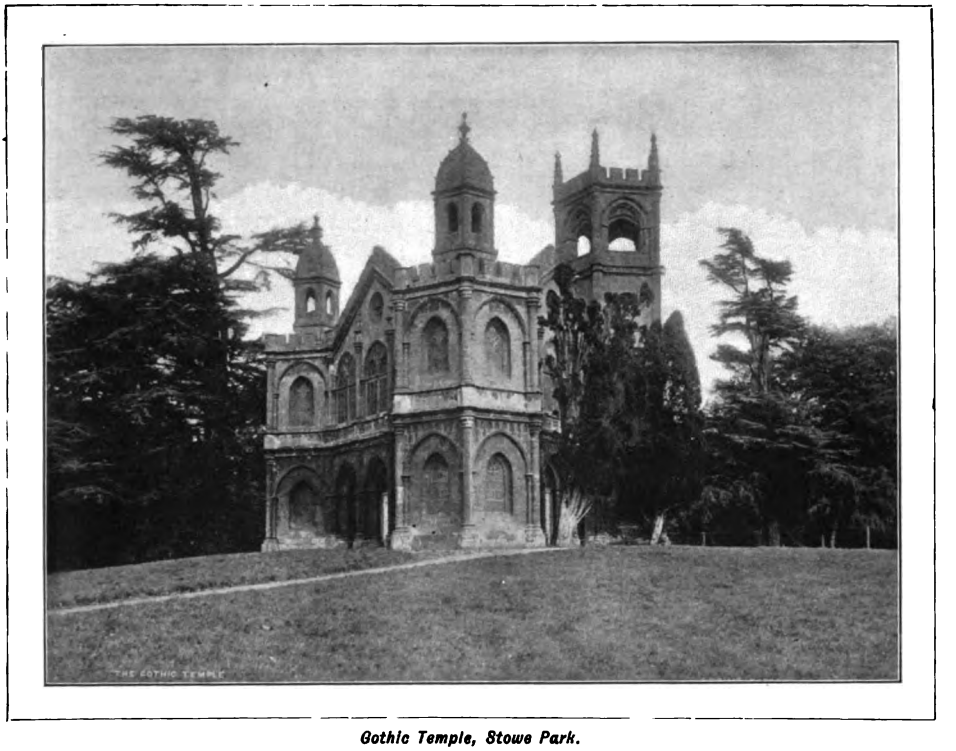

*Gothic Temple, Stowe Park.*

article we can only notice the value of some pictures then as compared with present prices.

Portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Lely, now almost priceless, then were sold for a mere hundred guineas. The famous Chandos portrait of Shakspere, supposed to be painted by the poet's contemporary, Burbage the actor, was bought by the Earl of Ellesmere for £375, and is now to be seen in the Bridgewater House collection.

When the late Duke succeeded to the estates, he endeavoured to restore Stowe to some of its former splendour, and with the help of his nephew (the present Earl Temple) bought back and reinstated many of the dispersed heirlooms. By devoting his life to this object, and by a steady fulfilment of the duties of the high offices to which he was successively appointed, the last Duke of Buckingham and Chandos earned the admiration of all and the gratitude of many.

By his first wife he left three daughters, of whom the eldest, Lady Mary Morgan Grenville, succeeded to Stowe and the title of Baroness Kinloss, while the Earldom of Temple passed to his nephew, Mr. W. Stephen Gore Langton. The dukedom became extinct. After the Duke's death his widowed Duchess and second wife (Countess Temple's sister) made a voyage round the world, and was well known to Americans during the Columbus Fêtes at Chicago.

An account of the beauties of Stowe would fill volumes, but here only the salient features can be described. A perfectly straight avenue—two miles in length—leads from Buckingham to the principal entrance, the Corinthian arch, sixty feet high. From this arch is obtained a magnificent view of the south front of the house (a mile farther on), and of the park, with its stretches of grass land, its gentle undulations, and its masses of trees. Here and there giant beeches (from which Bucks, as some say, derives its name) stand alone like forest kings.

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A winding drive leads eastward from the arch, eventually joining an avenue four miles in length.

The Gardens—four hundred acres in extent—even in their neglected state are a marvel. Stowe Gardens from a distance look like "a vast grove adorned with obelisks, temples, and towers." Kent, "the father of modern gardening," was responsible for the earliest efforts of Lord Cobham, who discovered "Capability" Brown, that king of landscape gardeners. From a humble post at Stowe, Brown rose until he was head gardener at Windsor, and had discovered the "capabilities" of many of the old historic places. It was he who first planned the sunk fence which encloses Stowe Gardens, yet does not mar the view. Walpole conjectured it was from the surprise expressed by common people at this unexpected barrier that it derived its name of "ha-ha!"

The path westward from the Ionic pavilions, which form the Bell Gate entrance, leads to the Hermitage, the Temple of Venus, the Queen's Statue, and the Boycott Pavilions. These pavilions are on a height overlooking the Oxford Bridge, from whence the road leads to the Oxford Lodge, designed by Vanbrugh, the architect of Blenheim Palace, the home of Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough. On the east is a Doric arch leading to the "Elysian Fields," where, in quiet sequestered grove and by the placid waters of the stream, rise "storied urn and animated bust" in honour of the illustrious dead. Walpole says that "Stowe recalls the idolatrous and luxurious vales of Daphne and Tempe."

A little north of the house stands the "Temple of Concord and Victory," built in 1762 to celebrate the conclusion of the war, and designed by Kent and Barri after the celebrated "Maison Carrée" at Nismes. Close by is the Queen's Building, and farther on the Temples of Friendship, British Worthies, etc. But one of the most fascinating buildings is the Gothic Temple, which Walpole said he "heretically adored. By some unusual inspiration Gibbs had made it pure and venerable; the style had a propensity to the Venetian or Mosque-Gothic, and the great column near (Lord Cobham's Pillar) put one in mind of the Place of St. Mark." It is a triangular yellowish red building, picturesquely situated on a height overlooking the lake and the Palladian Bridge. It is surrounded by fine cedars, and from the highest tower (70 feet) can be seen views of three counties. The principal room is circular, and the dome is ornamented with the armorial bearings of

*"Temple of Concord and Victory," Stowe. Cedars planted by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in 1858.*

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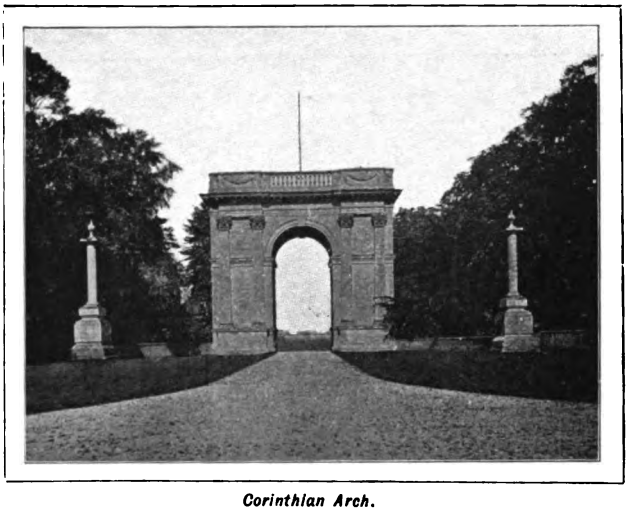
the Temple family from the Saxon Earls of Leicester down to Hester, Countess Temple.

Stowe House is entered by the North Hall, where we see the famous Reynolds on our right; then open doors lead us to the Marble Saloon, considered one of the finest specimens of such architecture in England: in shape oval, and sixty feet high, with a richly decorated dome, supported by sixteen scagliola columns, and, above the cornice of bacchantes and satyrs, a magnificent piece of alto-relievo, representing a Roman triumph and sacrifice, and containing three hundred figures four feet high.



*Corinthian Arch.*
(60 by 60 feet).

Through the beautiful Drawing-room, with its white marble mantelpiece, porphyry pilasters and painted ceiling, we pass to the State Dining-room, 72 feet in length, and hung with priceless tapestry.

Corresponding with it in size, we find the Library on the other side of the Marble Saloon. It is a beautiful gallery, and was a favourite sitting-room of the Comte de Paris' daughter, the Princess Hélène, now Duchesse d'Aosta. It was in this long gallery overlooking the lake that ninety years ago took place a scene (often described by the second Duke of Buckingham) between Louis Philippe, "the King of the Barricades," and Louis XVIII. "One day, while the royal family were seated together in the library, the conversation turned on events then enacting on the other side of the Channel, upon which Louis Philippe, recollecting his own position with the revolutionists, threw himself on his knees and begged pardon of his royal uncle for having ever worn the tri-coloured cockade."

The Chapel, with cedar wainscoting and some fine pieces of Grinling Gibbons' carving, the Music-room, copied from the Loggia of Raphael at Rome, the State Bedroom and Dressing-room, are also well worth a visit.

Since the tenancy of the Comtesse de Paris expired, Stowe has been shut up, tenantless and deserted. But in spite of desolation, the shadow of past grandeur lingers yet, and in all seasons the park and gardens are beautiful. Especially beautiful are they in spring, when the woods are carpeted with violets and primroses, with the delicate fronds of fern and wild flowers innumerable; but still more beautiful are they in autumn, when the great beeches glow in wealth of October colouring, and the breast-high bracken shines as burnished gold against the gnarled trunks and the tangle of bramble and hawthorn.

NOTE.—*Since this article was written Lady Kinloss with her children has taken up her residence in one wing of her beautiful inheritance.*

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Here is my Lady Butterfly,
And there is Baron Bee,
Sir Humming Bird is preening high,
Upon a cedar tree.
These royal folk are very gay,
For bush, and bud, and bloom,
All know Queen Rose at noon today,
Doth hold her drawing-room.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

S.H. SIME



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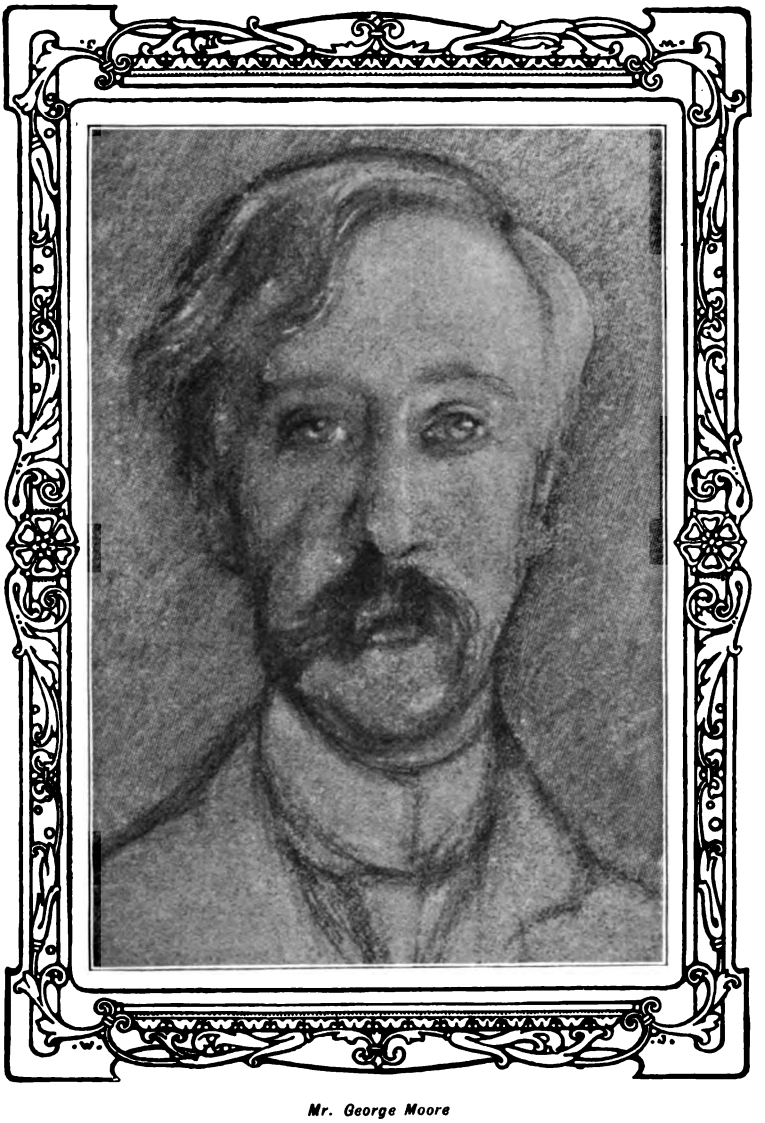

*Mr. George Moore*
*From a drawing by* WILL H. ROTHENSTEIN.

# REAL CONVERSATIONS.

## RECORDED BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

## *CONVERSATION V.—WITH MR. GEORGE MOORE.*

SCENE: *Mr. Moore's Study in Victoria Street.* TIME: *Evening.*

***Mr. Moore.*** At last! For years past you have promised to come and see me—you've come at last.

***W. A.*** You were more accessible in the Temple—to me at least. But what a pretty room you have here!

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***Mr. Moore.*** I like a low ceiling. You are just in time to see the rooms, for I am leaving my flat and going to Ireland in less than a month.

***W. A.*** What! You are really in earnest about that?

***Mr. Moore.*** I never was more in earnest. My duty takes me to Ireland. I shall miss Wood's concerts, and the opera, and the picture-galleries, and many friends. But when once you feel that a thing is wrong, you can't go on doing it.

***W. A.*** That is an exalted view of human nature. But where is the crime in living in London?

***Mr. Moore.*** I am an Irishman, and, to adapt Tourgueneff's saying, Ireland can do without any one of us, but none of us can do without Ireland. But even if I were not Irish, I could not live in London any longer.

***W. A.*** Why not?

***Mr. Moore.*** The moral atmosphere is unbearable—at least by me. Even so lately as Gladstone's day there were some remnants of moral sense in the national life. He represented all that is noble in the national character, just as the present Government represents all the inferior qualities. Why should I live in London to witness the destruction of beautiful buildings and the erection of "artistic" villa residences? Why should I live in London to read bad accounts of bad literature in the papers? Do you think the modern playhouse holds out any inducement to me to remain? But I know you agree with me about the theatre, so I won't enlarge on *that*.

***W. A.*** Agree with you! Why, I disagree with you so utterly that if we once start on that topic we shall never get off it again. And, in the meantime, I want to hear more of your reasons for shaking the dust of London off your feet.

***Mr. Moore.*** I must escape from the Brixton Empire.

***W. A.*** British Empire, you mean.

***Mr. Moore.*** I call it the Brixton Empire.

***W. A.*** Oh, I see! Thank you—the surgical operation is complete.

***Mr. Moore.*** This empire of vulgarity, and greed, and materialism and hypocrisy, that is crawling round the whole world, throttling other races and nationalities—all for their own good, of course!—and reducing everything to one machine-made Brixton pattern.

***W. A.*** So you expect to find in Ireland a green oasis in a wilderness of khaki?

***Mr. Moore.*** I am going to find a primitive people, in place of a sophisticated—I may say a decadent—people. I am going in search of air that I can breathe without choking. The first concern of every man is the moral atmosphere in which he lives. Some people are quite at their ease in an atmosphere of cruelty, lust of gold, and all the gratifications of the senses. Others desire an atmosphere in which tenderness, and pity for humanity, and the cultivation of ideas, count for more than so-called material advantages.

***W. A.*** And you are going——?

***Mr. Moore.*** Well, my duty is there: I am going at last to do my duty. I have been an absentee landlord—I have behaved wrongly in every way! It is only of late, when I have seen how insatiate Imperialism was degrading the English race, that I have recognised how all art, all morality, all spiritual life, is rooted in nationality. I am going, so far as in me lies, to help Ireland to recover her own language, and save her soul. Do you know that Ireland has the most beautiful legendary literature in the world? The sagas of Diarmuid and Grania, of Deirdre and the rest—to say nothing of more modern literature—are the birthright of every Irishman. But if the Anglification of Ireland goes on unchecked, the Irishman will

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soon have bartered his birthright for a mess of *Tit-bits*. The question now is whether Ireland is to retain her individuality, or to become like a repainted picture. For Ireland never can acquire the qualities of the English race, any more than a Dutch picture can acquire the quality of an Italian picture. Surely you can see that it would not be an advantage for the whole world to speak English—a language overworn by four hundred years of literature and by millions of newspapers.

***W. A.*** Stop a moment! Let us make sure where we are! You are mixing up two propositions which have no necessary interdependence: first, the benefit to Ireland of preserving her own literature in her own language; second, the exhaustion of English. It is clearly conceivable that Irish might be worth reviving even if English were not exhausted. I think, if you will allow me to say so, that you weaken your case by making the one proposition seem to depend on the other. Tell me first about the splendours of Irish, and then we will come back in due time to the miseries of English. Do you speak Irish?

***Mr. Moore.*** No. I was brought up in an Irish-speaking district, but it was thought a disgrace at that time to know anything of the language.

***W. A.*** Do you read Irish?

***Mr. Moore.*** No; but I have come to the conclusion that it is no use to preach unless I practise, and I have determined to learn Irish.

***W. A.*** Then, for the present, your knowledge of Irish literature is, like my own, acquired at second-hand, through the medium of English. Of course your knowledge is much wider than mine; but you cannot be more thoroughly convinced than I am of the surpassing beauty of Irish legend. There is a peculiar quality in the Irish imagination, in the Irish view of nature and of life, that has an extraordinary fascination for me. And the individuality of Irish legend, of the Irish imagination, seems to remain quite intact, even when it finds expression in English. Take W. B. Yeats, for instance—a man whose work you can't admire more than I do. He is Irish—is he not?—in a very different sense from that in which John Davidson, for example, is Scotch. No one writes purer or more delicate English than Yeats; yet if his *Wanderings of Oisin*, and *Countess Kathleen*, and *Land of Heart's Desire*, do not breathe the essential, most intimate spirit of Irish mythology and folklore, you may—call me a Dutchman.

***Mr. Moore.*** The question is not whether Irish legend can be adequately translated into English, but whether the Irish nation is to preserve the characteristics which it has inherited from immemorial time and from immemorial seas and mountains. Whether Yeats writes good English or bad is of very little importance compared to the continuance of the race—and a race in my opinion cannot continue, nor can it develop its special genius, if it have not a language. The language is the original soul.

***W. A.*** Yeats's poems are not "translations"; they are re-creations of Irish legend in English. And supposing that something is lost in the process of re-creation, is the leakage so great as to make it worth while for Ireland to stanch it by shutting herself off from the stream of world-culture?

***Mr. Moore.*** You must be parochial in the beginning to become ultramontane in the end. The first example that occurs to me is that of the Athenians. They thought of Attica and only of Attica; and Attica has proved sufficient for the whole world. It is only by writing for the few that you write, in the end, for many nations. Besides, you talk as if Erse were a dead language, that had to be exhumed. It is not. It is a living language, with an ancient, mediæval and modern literature. Then, again, no one proposes to make Erse the only language of Ireland. We shall be a bilingual people, like the Swiss and the Bretons, and

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the Welsh for that matter. English will remain the language of business, of intercourse with the Brixton Empire, no doubt of science as well——

***W. A.*** (*interrupting*) The Cinderella, in fact—the common drudge.

***Mr. Moore.*** (*continuing*) ——while Irish will be the language of poetry, of philosophy, of religion——

***W. A.*** And of politics, eh?

***Mr. Moore.*** Politics, belonging both to the ideal and to the practical life, will probably be bi-lingual.

***W. A.*** And how long do you think it will take for a noble popular literature in Erse to drive out *Tit-Bits* and Anglo-Saxon vulgarity in general?

***Mr. Moore.*** I do not stop to consider if it be possible to make Irish the national language of Ireland: even if I knew that that were impossible, I should continue to strive to save the Irish language from extinction. I can conceive no nobler task.

***W. A.*** Tell me, now: is there a standard, recognised modern Irish language, ready for use in literature?

***Mr. Moore.*** Well, there are two schools of writers in Irish——

***W. A.*** (*aside*) Already!

***Mr. Moore.*** ——who differ as to the treatment of local dialects. Some—like Dr. Douglas Hyde, for instance—would use no words that are not common to all dialects and understood over the length and breadth of Ireland. Others would give free scope to the vernacular of every district.

***W. A.*** Now as to spelling—is Erse as impracticable as its cousin, the Gaelic of the Scotch Highlands?

***Mr. Moore.*** Erse and Gaelic are not two languages, but one. And as for spelling, I have no knowledge on the subject, but it is difficult for me to believe that the spelling of Erse is less representative of the spoken word than the spelling of English.

***W. A.*** I hope your Irish Academy—for I suppose you will have an Academy—will not be tempted to follow that will-o'-the-wisp phonetic spelling. If you once let spelling attempt to follow the inevitable slovenlinesses of speech, you throw open the floodgates of degeneration. There must be an ideal language, not realised in the speech of any one district, or class, or even of any one man, which shall outlast, and, as it were, keep on absorbing and obliterating, all local and temporary divergences. It is only an ideal language that can resist degradation in the mouths of men. Once admit the right of any man, or set of men, to attempt the representation in literature of his or their actual utterance, and your language will presently lose its individuality in an endless ramification of dialects. In other words, dissolution will have set in. But by keeping an ideal—an object of constant aspiration—before people's eyes, you counteract the centrifugal by a centripetal force, and may indefinitely prolong the life of the language.

***Mr. Moore.*** Now, my dear fellow, what nonsense this is! Why should a language, of all things, be exempt from the universal law of change, development, transformation? Have we not the history of unnumbered languages in the past to teach us what is the inevitable process of development and decay?

***W. A.*** No doubt you will tell me that language is the garment of thought, and that every language must, in course of time, get worn out, like any other garment.

***Mr. Moore.*** It is much more than the garment of thought. It is the very seed from which thought springs.

***W. A.*** And perishes like a seed, I suppose, in producing its harvest? Is it

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on this marvellous metaphor that you found your theory (to come back to that point) of the exhaustion, the decrepitude of English?

***Mr. Moore.*** Not on any metaphor. On observation and manifest analogies in the history of language. Look at Latin, for instance: it grew obscurely for unnumbered years; then it flowered for about two centuries in a great literature; and then it dragged on for ten centuries, the literary language of every country in Europe, yet incapable of producing anything that survives as literature. At last there came a great man who had the insight to recognise that while Latin was all very well for theology, it was useless for literature. Dante began to write the *Divina Commedia* in Latin; but he presently gave that up, and, writing in the vulgar tongue, created a new literature. There have been two literatures in Italy, because there have been two languages. In Greece, on the other hand, there has been only one literature, because the language, though it has degenerated, has not renewed itself. Modern Greek is Ancient Greek, not rejuvenated, but senile.

***W. A.*** Now for the application of all this to the case of English?

***Mr. Moore.*** Is it not obvious? After obscurely preparing itself for ages, English put forth a great flower of literature in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Then every one wrote well, because the language was, in itself, beautiful. And—mark this!—no one troubled his head about style. The Elizabethans dreamt not of it. Style—that is to say, the necessary filtration of a language which has become corrupt—began with Milton.

***W. A.*** But surely some of the loveliest English that heart can desire was produced in the nineteenth century.

***Mr. Moore.*** Yes, men of individual genius, by taking elaborate thought and pains, have created a Silver Age. But no one in the nineteenth century could do as the translators of the Bible did—produce beautiful English by simply writing the popular speech of the time, which was beautiful in the early seventeenth century just as the architecture of the streets was beautiful. Walter Pater, whom I shall always regard as the last great writer of English, declared that his aim was to treat English as he would a dead language. And now—now that English has become a battered instrument of ten thousand journalists, from Mr. Kipling downwards, all the world over—who can hope to extract a single pure tone from it? Believe me, my dear Archer—literature will take refuge in the small languages, the virgin languages, and leave English to work out its destiny as the Volapuk of commerce and wholesale fiction.

***W. A.*** Where, oh where, can I buy an Irish grammar? It is not too late! I will learn Irish and produce literature as the sparks fly upward. But one thing troubles me: I thought Irish was an extremely ancient language, far older than English. How do I know that it, too, has not put forth its flower, and fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf?

***Mr. Moore.*** It has not, and the reason is plain. Its development was arrested centuries ago by English invasion and conquest. Its vital force has never been exhausted. It is like the handful of wheat in an Egyptian mummy-case—give it light, air, and soil, and it will bring forth its harvest an hundredfold.

***W. A.*** Well, more power to it, say I! Seriously, I think it would be worse than stupid on England's part to throw any obstacle in the way of the revival of Irish. If the movement is genuine, discouragement will not put it down. If it is factitious, it will die out of its own accord. Personally, I should be very sorry if English literature had in future to do without the contributions from Ireland, which have so greatly enriched it in the past. But never mind! I daresay

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English literature will survive even the death of Pater and the birth of the Gaelic League. For, to tell the truth, you have not convinced me of the hopeless decadence of English.

***Mr. Moore.*** If you don't feel it—as Pater did—of course mere argument will not bring it home to you.

***W. A.*** My view is that, by treating English as a dead language, Pater, for all his accomplishment, succeeded in missing greatness. As for your deductions from the fate of the classical languages, surely the decadence of Greek and Latin is to be traced to political causes rather than to any inherent law of linguistic decay. They declined, partly when they no longer had a healthy and inspiring national life behind them, partly because they came to be written in ever-increasing measure by men of alien birth, to whom they remained more or less recalcitrant, and who introduced all sorts of solecisms and patavinities. No fresh intellectual impulse came to put new life into the languages.

***Mr. Moore.*** What about the Alexandrian philosophy? What about Christianity?

***W. A.*** Well, I am given to understand that the Alexandrian philosophers found Greek no bad instrument for their purposes. As for Christianity—it is true in the main, I take it, that Christianity tended to degrade both Greek and Latin. And why? Because it was an alien cult; because its sacred writings were composed by ignorant barbarians; because it attracted to itself not, primarily, men of Hellenic or Latin stock, but all the heterogeneous peoples of the Mediterranean basin.

***Mr. Moore.*** Well, then, whatever the cause, you don't deny the effect?

***W. A.*** But it is precisely the cause or causes we are disputing about. You maintain that Greek and Latin perished from some inward principle of paralysis or corruption which must affect all literary languages, after approximately similar intervals of time. I am trying to suggest to you that the decay of both these languages was due to outward circumstances, political and social, which have no tendency to repeat themselves in the modern world.

***Mr. Moore.*** The decay of Latin set in the very moment the Roman Empire had spread over the known world, just as the Brix—I beg your pardon—the British Empire has spread during the past century.

***W. A.*** Don't be led astray by the word "Empire." Consider the difference of the cases. The Roman Empire imposed its official language, more or less imperfectly, upon the existing local populations, Gauls, Iberians, Numidians and the rest. Hence there arose an infinitude of local patois, which stood to classical Latin in the relation of Baboo English or Negro English to the language of Dr. Johnson. The British Empire and the American Republic, on the other hand——

***Mr. Moore.*** Yes, the Anglo-Saxon race has done its beneficent work more thoroughly than the Latin: it has not imposed its language on the Red Indians, the Australian blackfellows, the Tasmanians, the Maoris—it has adopted the simpler plan of exterminating them.

***W. A.*** A hit, I confess—a palpable hit! But it is a flank attack—not quite in the line of our present discussion. What is the result, then? That throughout North America and Australasia we have vast populations speaking English as their native language, unaffected, or inappreciably affected, by the indigenous tongues of the various regions, and without any greater difference of dialect than the difference between Yorkshire and Devonshire.

***M. Moore.*** Yes, as I said, English is now the vulgar Volapuk of journalism, commerce and "imperialist" politics, just as Latin became a Volapuk of law, statecraft, and theology.

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***W. A.*** But don't you see the world-wide difference? Latin became more and more the artificial language of a learned class, from which the living, natural dialects fell away into even wider divergence. Everywhere the learned class saw a perpetual disintegration of speech going on among the populace, and they inevitably made fixity, petrifaction, an ideal, in order to rescue one idiom from the general deliquescence. There was no healthy give-and-take between the learned tongue and the vernacular. Remember, too, that the learned class—mainly, as the years went on, composed of celibate churchmen—was not an hereditary caste. Very few people were born into it, while it was perpetually recruited from the patois-speaking populace. Thus no one wrote in his mother tongue. The vernacular language was not written at all, the learned language was not spoken from childhood by the people who wrote it. Think how difficult—how well-nigh impossible—it is for a man to produce fine literature in a language that is not his mother-tongue, whatever the inherent resources of that language may be! No, no, my dear Moore—the decadence of Latin came, not from within, but from without. It was due to political circumstances, and to political circumstances not in the remotest degree analogous to those of the English-speaking world at the present moment. It is possible, I admit, that Latin, as a synthetic language, may have been linguistically doomed to disintegration, even apart from political influences. But in that case its history does not help us to forecast the fate of an analytic language like English.

***Mr. Moore.*** That question I cannot go into. You will not understand my point—that a language is only capable of expressing a certain number of ideas, and that when these have been expressed the language is exhausted. Thought cannot live in a dead language, any more than you could live in the moon.

***W. A.*** I understand your contention well enough; only I doubt the truth of it. And when you point to the history of Latin in proof of your assertion, I say I read that history differently.

***Mr. Moore.*** Yes, you dream that civilisation will suppress the barbarian; whereas, on the contrary, it begets him. The scientific barbarian is worse than the shepherd, the villa-dweller is worse than the cave-dweller. (The cave-dweller drew better.) There will be plenty of barbarians in the Brixton Empire: the journalists will take the place of the Gauls and the Iberians, the Goths and the Huns; and they will prove greater destroyers of language. It is the primitive folk who invent languages; it is the journalists who destroy them. The Americans wonder what to do with the negro population. The negro in America is the seed of future literature; for when the journalists have killed the language, when it becomes incapable even of journalese, the negro will be inventing the new idiom. Singing at their work, the Hungarian peasants invent musical phrases, the gipsy develops them on his fiddle. Many musical phrases, and some of the most beautiful, have arisen in this way. The negro will invent the new language, the man of letters will apply it to literary purposes.

***W. A.*** Ah, you Irishmen! There's no suppressing your rollicking humour. Not even a stolid Scot like myself can keep you serious for many minutes together. I really *must* learn Erse. When I have mastered it, perhaps I shall no longer "jock wi deeficulty," but throw off brilliant things like your negro theory without thinking of it.

***Mr. Moore.*** But I assure you I am not joking.

***W. A.*** You seriously believe that in the America of the future the stream of English undefiled will be swallowed up in a *café-au-lait* dialect—the language of Uncle Remus, if not of Brudder Bones? No, no—you are burlesquing your own pessimism.

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***Mr. Moore.*** You are burlesquing my theory, which is neither optimistic nor pessimistic, but a plain forecast of probabilities. To return, however, to the destructive forces contained in the Brixton Empire—they far exceed those which destroyed the Latin language. Art was religion until the Renaissance—the verses of Catullus and Virgil were not written for money, nor did the writer think of any audience except his circle of friends. The Cathedral of Chartres was not built for money. Money did not come into Art until the Renaissance. Money has called out of the depths shoals of scribblers. They come like the herring, and they write anything they think the public will buy—domestic novels, military novels, theological novels. The literature of the present day is written to please the largest possible audience, just as the houses are built, and the furniture and the china designed, to suit every one. In the Roman Empire everything was made by hands. Now the hands of man are becoming useless. The future man will possibly retain some rudiments of hands, which will remind those who live in the ages that have outlived beauty that man was once an artist, just as his rudimentary tail now reminds us that he was once an ape.

***W. A.*** Perhaps you are right. Perhaps Art is only a passing phase in the childhood of humanity—like the mimetic stage in a child's development. After all, whether you like it or not, good art is the art that makes for knowledge, while bad art makes for ignorance, or rather, for what is worse, for knowledge falsely so called. Perhaps all our copying of the body and mind of man, the colours, lights and shadows of nature, has only been a means to the end of more thorough comprehension. Perhaps Art has, all the time, only held a candle to Science. Perhaps Science is the enemy of Art, as the sea may be called the enemy of the tributary river which is absorbed and lost in it.

***Mr. Moore.*** That is not only not what I meant, but it seems to me pure nonsense. Science is certainly the enemy of Art, if in no other sense, then in this, that it is destructive of mystery, of imagination. Art is impossible without mystery, and there is no mystery left in the world. No art is to be expected of the unhappy people born after the sources of the Nile had been discovered.

***W. A.*** There is still the North Pole—and after that the South Pole—and after that the other side of the moon—and then the planets—and then the stars—and behind them, God.

***Mr. Moore.*** Oh, what mystery is left about the planets and the stars? Haven't we weighed them, and photographed them, and spectrum-analysed them! Photography! There you have the art of to-day, and of the coming age of scientific barbarism. Steel engraving is dead. Wood engraving has just ended with Tenniel. The human eye, no less than the human hand, is falling into disuse. Instead of the picture, we have the photograph; instead of the engraving, the "process block."

***W. A.*** I see your pessimism is incorrigible. Are you taking the mantle of Ruskin to Ireland with you in your rug-strap? Ruskin was chanting the *Dies Iræ* to very much the same tune five-and-twenty years ago.

***Mr. Moore.*** It is a good thing I have never read Ruskin. If it be true, as people tell me, that he said the same things, no doubt he said them so incomparably that, after him, I should never dare to open my mouth. Of course he was quite right, even twenty-five years ago. But within the past ten years there has been a further departure on the road to ruin. Can't you see how, visibly and on every hand, artistic perceptions have declined—and moral perceptions along with them?

***W. A*** Are the artistic perceptions of the nation so much duller now than they were, say, at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign?

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***Mr. Moore.*** Duller? Duller than they were in the days of Constable, of Cotman, of Turner? I should think so indeed! Why, my dear friend, it is impossible—but absolutely impossible!—to produce anything beautiful in this England of yours. Look at that coffee-cup you have just put down: it isn't anything much—only a piece of Swansea china—but you could not for a thousand pounds get such a cup made to-day. Look at that clock—the simplest thing in the world—a quite ordinary piece of Louis Quinze workmanship: if you offered ten thousand pounds to-day for a design of equal simplicity and beauty, there isn't a man who could produce it. Look at that piano. It was made in 1810 or 1820, and it would be as impossible to produce as delicate a piece of marquetry to-day as it would be to build the Parthenon. All England to-day is incapable of producing so much as a beautiful chair.

***W. A.*** I can fancy a George Moore of 1950 pointing to his piano, and saying, "Look at that delightful old Steinway Concert Grand—a piece of early Edward VII. work—1900 or thereabouts: you couldn't get such an exquisite design to-day for love or money."

***Mr. Moore.*** It is possible that the Brixton Empire will succeed in producing a savage such as you describe—men who have so far outlived the age of beauty that they will think the nineteenth-century villa and chair beautiful.

***W. A.*** Then the poet was right, it seems, when he told us that "Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Joséphine"?

***Mr. Moore.*** My dear fellow, Art has been dying ever since the Renaissance.

***W. A.*** Dear me! I'm very sorry. What about that Manet, then? And the Degas over there in the corner?

***Mr. Moore.*** Oh, here and there individual men of talent have caught glimpses of beauty; but Art, as the beautiful expression of a beautiful life, has been becoming rarer and rarer all over the world, and is now absolutely impossible in England. The other day, here in Victoria Street, I met my landlord, who is an architect, looking at a thing he had just put up—a shop-front or something—a hideous conglomerate of polished granite and porcelain and gilding. He said, "What do you think of it?" I saw a policeman on the other side of the street, and beckoned him across. "Look at that," I said. "What do you think of it?" "Well, sir," he said, "if you ask me, I think it's very ugly." "There!" said I to my landlord, "I know it's ugly, and the policeman knows it's ugly, and you yourself know quite well that it's ugly—yet you go on putting it up—you can't help it: don't I tell you Art is bewitched!" And it is so, believe me, in England to-day. This Empire of yours is capable of nothing but the fiction of Kipling, the painting of Sargent, the drama of Pinero.

***W. A.*** I decline to be lured into a discussion of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. But tell me, have you seen *Twelfth Night* at Her Majesty's?

***Mr. Moore.*** Oh, my dear Archer, don't speak of it! The theatre is the most barbarous corner of the whole Brixton Empire, and you know it as well as I do. I went to see Mr. Tree's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and so far as I could understand, the interest of the audience was held by a tap that had been left running, and that drowned the voices of the actors. When I want to hear a tap running, I go to the scullery, not to the theatre. Yes, I saw *Twelfth Night* too—a small play enlarged, like a photograph, till it was out of all drawing, and every trace of composition had disappeared. The poor thing was like a man dragged out on the rack. It was played in a very verdant landscape, with rhododendrons. Now, red is the most difficult colour on the palette—hardly a painter can make use of it—and the scene-painter's employment of it

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reminded me of the emptying of a pot of red currant jam into a pail of green peas. For the greater part of the time I was forced to sit with my eyes closed. There was no shadow anywhere, for there were limelights shining on this horrible greenery from both sides. Mr. Tree once challenged the opinion I had expressed on scene-painting in general; and I asked him how long he could look at a fine Turner. Mr. Tree was somewhat perplexed; so I said, "Well, I suppose one could look at a Turner for about four or five minutes?" and he agreed. Then I said, "How long could you look at a Veronese?" He again paused, and I said, "Well, Veronese painted on a larger canvas: let us say six minutes." I then said, "Now, what about Tintoretto? He painted on an even larger canvas." Mr. Tree said, "Well, about seven minutes," and I acquiesced. "Now, Tree," I said, "you have agreed that only seven minutes can be spent at a time in contemplating a masterpiece, and yet you ask me to look at an abominable scene-painting, with two limelights upon it, for two hours. Now, is it reasonable?" I do not know if Mr. Tree has found an answer to my question yet. He certainly did not find one at the time.

***W. A.*** Why, he very properly held his peace, because your question was an insult to his intelligence, and the answer too childishly obvious. You might as well say to Wagner, "You can't expect me to listen to the sawing of half a dozen bass-fiddles for two hours on end," as though the orchestra consisted exclusively of bass-fiddles. Mr. Tree does not ask you to look at any scene for two hours—no, nor for two minutes. He asks you to listen to the poetry and look at the acting for which the scene-painter has provided an appropriate and beautiful background.

***Mr. Moore.*** But that is just what the scene-painter does not do. If you think he does, then you are incapable of liking Turner, Constable, and Cotman. You will admit that the man who delights in the wax models in a hairdresser's shop is incapable of appreciating Michael Angelo and Donatello. Well, his case and yours are parallel, and any artist will tell you I am right—even an Academician. I assure you, in such performances of Shakespeare as we have seen of late, we have a clear view of what the world will be when all John Bull's ideals have come to pass—when Jericho is rebuilt on exactly the model of Brixton, when the North Pole has been discovered, when the telephone is everywhere, even at Lhassa, when the language of John Bull is spoken everywhere and written everywhere, when people are giving up foreign travel because even in the Sahara hot and cold water are laid on in the bedrooms. Oh, my dear Archer, the future is as terrible to contemplate as the fabled head of Medusa—it turns our hearts to stone.

***W. A.*** And all this you see in Mr. Tree's revival of *Twelfth Night*! I had no idea it was so apocalyptic. But, at worst, there will always be Ireland where a man with a soul can escape from scene-painting, hot and cold water, and the other horrors of John Bullism. I suppose in the Irish Theatre you will return to the bare stage of the Elizabethans——

***Mr. Moore.*** Not at all.

***W. A.*** Then what sort of scenery will you have?

***Mr. Moore.*** Faded scenery, that doesn't distract and torture the eye. That is what we will have in Dublin when the Irish Literary Theatre produces *Diarmuid and Grania* by Yeats and myself, with Dr. Hyde's *Casad na Sugan* in front of it.

***W. A.*** What! a play in Irish!

***Mr. Moore.*** Yes, of course. What is an Irish theatre for if not for the fostering of drama in Irish?

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***W. A.*** I should like to be present on the first night, if only to hear the Dublin gallery-boy shouting, as the Edinburgh gallery-boy did when Home's *Douglas* was produced, "Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?" Only of course he will say it in Irish.

***Mr. Moore.*** Well, if you come, we will show you how scenery ought to be treated in an artistic theatre.

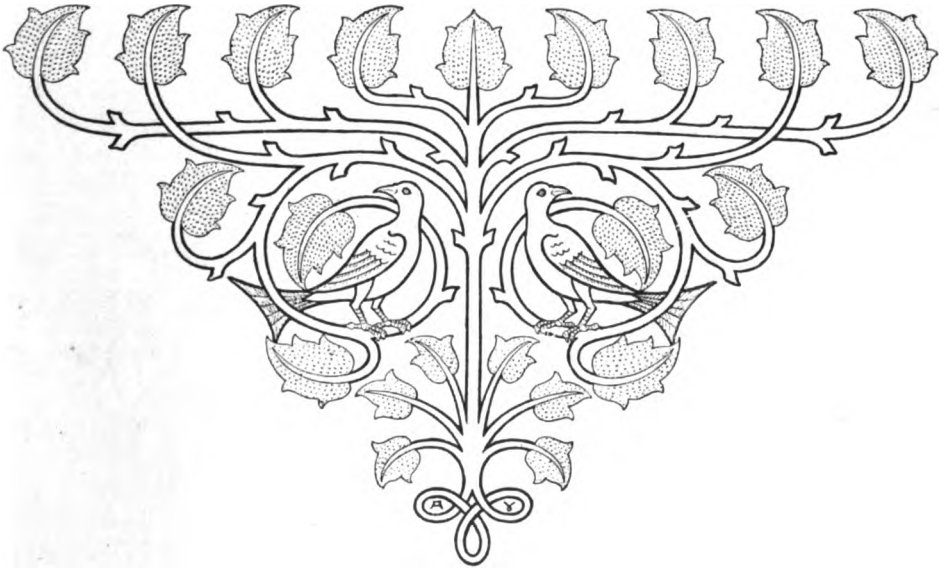
***W. A.*** I scarcely dare confess it, but I have this very day published an article eulogising the green-pea and red-currant-jam scene that caused you such agony. I suppose when I go—and I must presently—you will put your head over the banisters and shout after me, as Carlyle did in dismissing Anthony Trollope, "Let me tell you, sir, that you're gangin' straight to hell—and gangin' the vulgarest way, too!"

***Mr. Moore.*** That is what I say of the Brixton Empire. As for you, my dear Archer, you are really a fellow of some insight, though you do your best to conceal it.

***W. A.*** Thank you so much! Good-night.

***Mr. Moore.*** Stop a moment—I will walk with you to Victoria.

[*Exeunt.*



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Photo] [R. Tamme, Dresden.

*The Royal Opera-house, Dresden*

# OPERA IN GERMANY AND IN ENGLAND.

## *COVENT GARDEN* v. *THE DRESDEN OPERA-HOUSE.*

BY KATHLEEN SCHLESINGER.

OPERA in England and Opera in Germany are so widely different in their aims and ideals as almost to defy comparison.

In England Opera has hitherto been a purely commercial enterprise, whose only chance of success has been the support of a certain number of influential subscribers: it was, in fact, Opera for the privileged few.

In Germany, on the other hand, with very few exceptions, the aim and end of Opera is Art as a factor of education for the people. But as Art is rarely self-supporting, the State or the reigning Sovereign makes a pecuniary grant to enable Opera to strive unfettered towards the ideal and to render it accessible to the people. There the Opera is a permanent institution, with an organisation which represents the accumulated experience of centuries, and which, although resting on a basis of glorious traditions, nevertheless marches with the times.

For a considerable number of years London opera-goers have been fancying they loved their Opera, and that it was the best in the world; whereas in reality they cared nothing for Opera, but only loved phenomenal voices and artistic singing, and so long as the best vocal stars in the universe could be got together on the stage at Covent Garden the opera-goers rested content, unmindful of the fact that the exorbitant cost of providing such banquets entailed the sacrifice of much they are only now beginning to miss.



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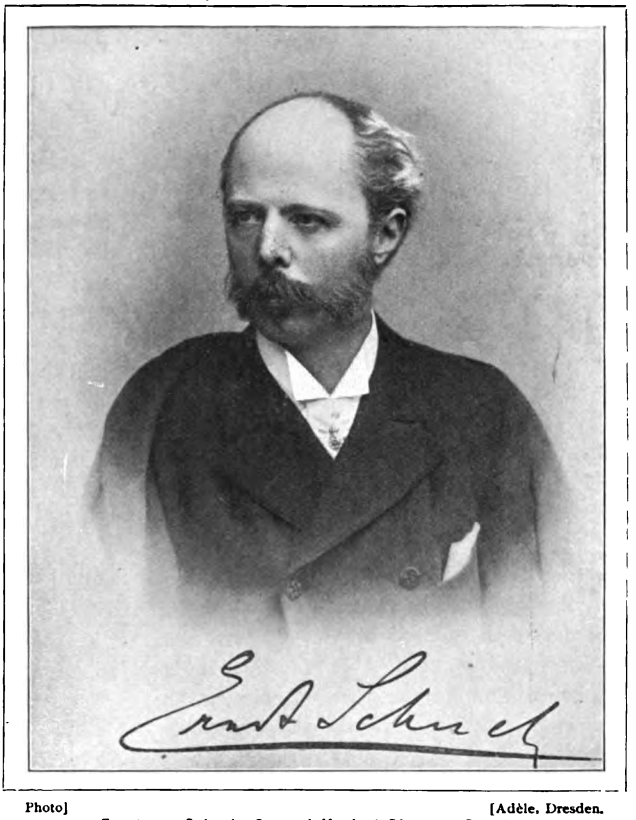
## Opera at Covent Garden.

Signs are not wanting that the present syndicate has inaugurated a new and better order of things at Covent Garden, which must work itself out by degrees. What is mainly wanting is a definite artistic ideal, and one man at the helm capable of carrying it out. At present the mounting of Opera suffers from an absolute lack of organisation, with the consequence that authority and responsibility in proper quarters are so trammelled as to be practically null.



Photo] [Adèle. Dresden.

*Ernst von Schuch, General Musical Director, Dresden.*

### The Evil of the "Star" System.

The cause of much of the evil is undoubtedly the paramount importance of the stars, which has been fostered by audience and critics. The remedy is in their own hands. Once let the musical drama become dear to the people for its own sake, and the artificial conception of Opera which has usurped the place of Art in England will crumble and die a natural death.

A glance at the play-bills at Covent Garden during the past ten years reveals a steady increase of what we fondly term German Opera—a very different thing, we must bear in mind, from Opera in Germany. By this we mean that a number of singers drawn from various German and other opera-houses, a German conductor, and latterly even a German chorus, have been let loose at Covent Garden, and left to find their bearings in what seems to them like chaos. Through their united efforts, performances of Opera are given in the German tongue, which most critics persist in judging from the only standpoint they apparently understand, that of the *bel-canto* of the Italian School. Few of them know enough German to follow the text in the original when sung, therefore they never gain a true insight into the thing they are there to criticise.

### A "Star" out of its Orbit.

I will give an instance from last season. *Die Götterdämmerung* was probably one of the worst performances given. Many inky shafts were levelled at it in both dailies and weeklies; all the hitches in the action or in the working of

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Photo] [Höffert, Dresden.
*Therese Malten as "Elizabeth" in* Tannhäuser.

in that scene, and he ran to and fro, catching glimpses of Gunther and Gutrune, but unable to reach them. There was nothing strange about this, for the singer had never taken the part of Hagen on any stage, and there had been no scenic rehearsal of *Die Götterdämmerung*: it was found impossible to obtain one; the sequel will perhaps show how this can be. Try to realise what that means, not only to singers, most of whom know their parts in "the Ring," but to the orchestra, and most of all to the stage-management—for there is no opera which presents greater difficulties or requires more intimate knowledge.

Most of the operatic shortcomings at Covent Garden, which have passed unnoticed until latterly, can be traced back either to the antiquated stage machinery or to the impossibility of obtaining sufficient rehearsals, and the roots of the evil lie imbedded in the very foundations of the historic house, and involve its organisation.

Perhaps the best way of helping the the scenery, which were perfectly obvious to any intelligent member of the audience, were duly, or rather unduly, commented upon, but of the deviations from both text and music, which were many and often glaring, not a word; nor was much said concerning the artistic merits of the various readings except in generalisations which savour more of impressions than criticism.

Hagen was not in his place when the curtain rose on the second act, and when he did appear he was minus helmet and spear: this, of course, was put down to careless stage-management, whereas it was nothing of the kind. This is what happened; I was behind the scenes and saw it. Hagen duly received his call, but delayed just a moment too long, and when he endeavoured to enter the Hall of the Gibichung he could not find his way in, for entrances are few

Photo] [Höffert, Dresden,
*George Anthes as "Lohengrin."*

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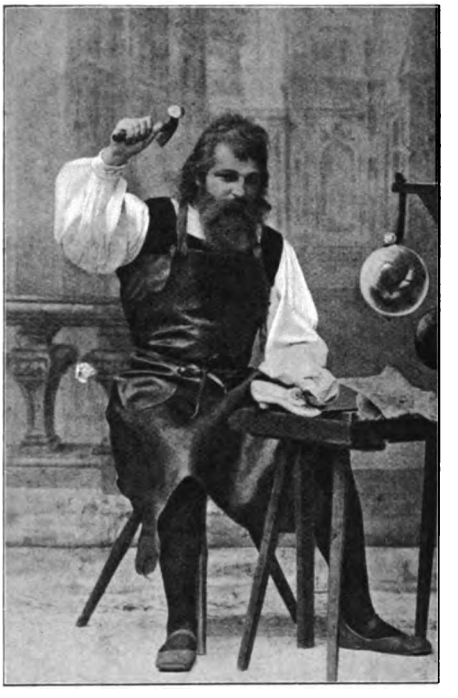
readers of this Magazine to judge of the practical value of the reforms carried out at Covent Garden since the curtain fell on the last performance of 1900, will be to describe the building and organisation of a typical German subsidised opera-house, and by way of a contrast to show that of Covent Garden in the past and present.

### The Opera in Dresden.

For my purpose, I have chosen the Royal Opera, Dresden, for several reasons: its standard of artistic excellence is high; its traditions are more glorious than those of any other opera-house in Germany; finally, I shall be able to speak from personal knowledge, having at different times witnessed some hundred performances there, and having besides, through the courtesy of Graf von Seebach, the General Director, and of Dr. Meyer, the Dramatic Director, been allowed to acquaint myself with the machinery behind the scenes.

Photo] [Höffert, Dresden.
*Erica Wedekind as "Gretel" in Hansel and Gretel.*



Photo] [Höffert, Dresden.
*Karl Scheidemantel as "Hans Sachs."*

The ideal conception of opera in Germany is that singers, orchestra and stage should so unite in expressing the meaning of the drama as to carry the audience out of the theatrical atmosphere into the world created by composer and dramatist. Some people are, of course, never thus carried away, for the simple reason that they cannot understand the language, and only listen to the music. This ideal is often very nearly approached in Dresden.

Dresden was the first city in Germany to have an opera-house. It was built in 1664 by order of the Elector Johann Georg of Saxony, of stone, with marble pillars and staircases, and was capable of seating two thousand persons. The present building, erected between 1871 and 1878, is the fifth opera-house given by the Princes of Saxony to the nation.

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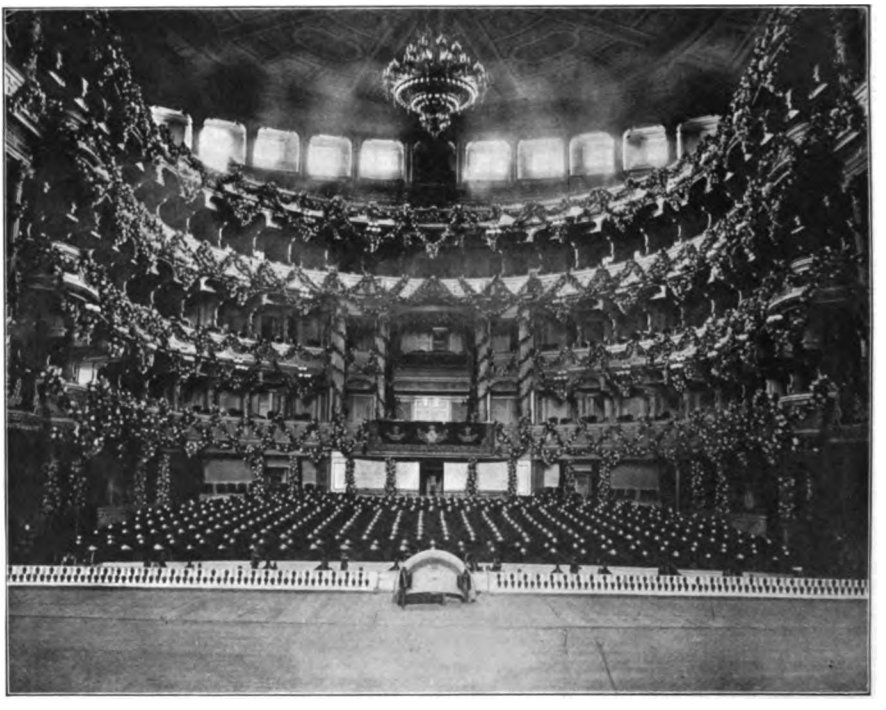
It is unnecessary to describe here its beauty, some idea of which may be gained from the photographs given in illustration.

The Dresden Opera-house and the Court Theatre are both subsidised by the King of Saxony, to the extent of some £24,000 each year between the two houses, and he places besides at the disposal of the Opera-house his Royal orchestra, whose members receive their salaries and pensions directly from the hands of his Chamberlain. This Royal patronage alone makes it possible for the Dresden Opera to balance its accounts. The house on ordinary nights yields when quite full but £200, without counting the booking-fee of sixpence charged on each ticket purchased the day before the performance, or on the day itself before 11 a.m.; and on Wagner nights this sum rises to £270. This would not go far at Covent Garden towards paying expenses.



Photo] [Schumann, Dresden.

*The Auditorium of the Royal Opera-house, Dresden, decorated for the King's Jubilee, 1898.*

## The Price of the Seats.

The prices of the seats, which are numbered and reserved, range from sixpence to five shillings for ordinary opera, and from ninepence to seven shillings on Wagner nights. The staff required to give nightly performances such as are enjoyed in Dresden, and with a constantly changing play-bill, numbers some four hundred and seventy men and women, including the orchestra. (At Covent Garden the staff consists of about five hundred persons.) The burden of managing and controlling this large body rests on the General Director, Graf Nikolaus von Seebach, a highly cultured enthusiast in matters musical, endowed with indomitable energy and withal a shrewd man of business, who devotes his whole time and thoughts to his work. He is assisted by the dramatist, Dr. W. A. Meyer, and by other efficient directors who

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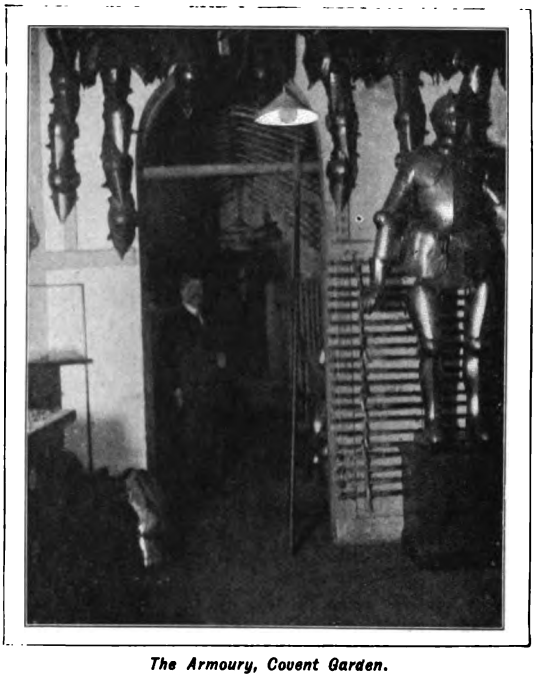
manage the technical, economic and financial departments.



*The Armoury, Covent Garden.*

### Military Discipline.

The organisation is almost military in its discipline and precision, and nothing is left to chance or to the ingenious initiative born of sudden necessity. From the greatest singer to the obscurest scene-shifter absolute punctuality and reliability are exacted, and it is understood by all the members of the staff that rules are made to be kept and not broken. Each department is in the hands of a man whose whole training has been brought to bear on this special branch, and who is thoroughly proficient. In order to secure that perfection of detail which distinguishes the Dresden performances, all the departments are rehearsed individually as well as collectively. If this were made possible at Covent Garden, for every opera that appears on the play-bill, in the same degree and with the same intelligence as it was obtained for *La Tosca* last season, the artistic standard of the performances would leave little to be desired from the point of view of English opera-goers. Last year the stage at Drury Lane happened to be at liberty during the season, and was pressed into service for rehearsals. We shall see now how Dresden manages in this respect.

### Rehearsals.—Dresden and Covent Garden.

The first consideration is adequate accommodation for conducting simultaneously the rehearsals of the various soloists and bodies, so that they neither interfere with each other nor with the necessary preparations for the evening performance. In Dresden each of the four conductors, one of whom is also chorus-master, and the two *correpetitors* or rehearsal coaches, has his own room for solo rehearsals; and there are besides large chorus and ballet rehearsal-rooms, and a general rehearsal-room with a small stage for working up detached scenes.

Until now the whole of this organisation has been wanting at Covent Garden; solo rehearsals had to be conducted just wherever it happened to be convenient at the moment, and the only available space for concerted rehearsals was the stage itself, which could only be at the disposal of the conductor for a limited time. The antiquated machinery and the want of proper storage for scenery sometimes made it a matter of some three or four hours to find the cloths required for the evening, without taking into account the lengthy setting of the stage itself. The old opera-house has been rudely awakened from its slumbers, the spirit of reform is at work and has shaken it to its very foundations; breaches have been made in its historic walls, the useless lumber and dust of ages have been cleared, and of the old stage not a vestige remains. Stage-managers have come and gone,



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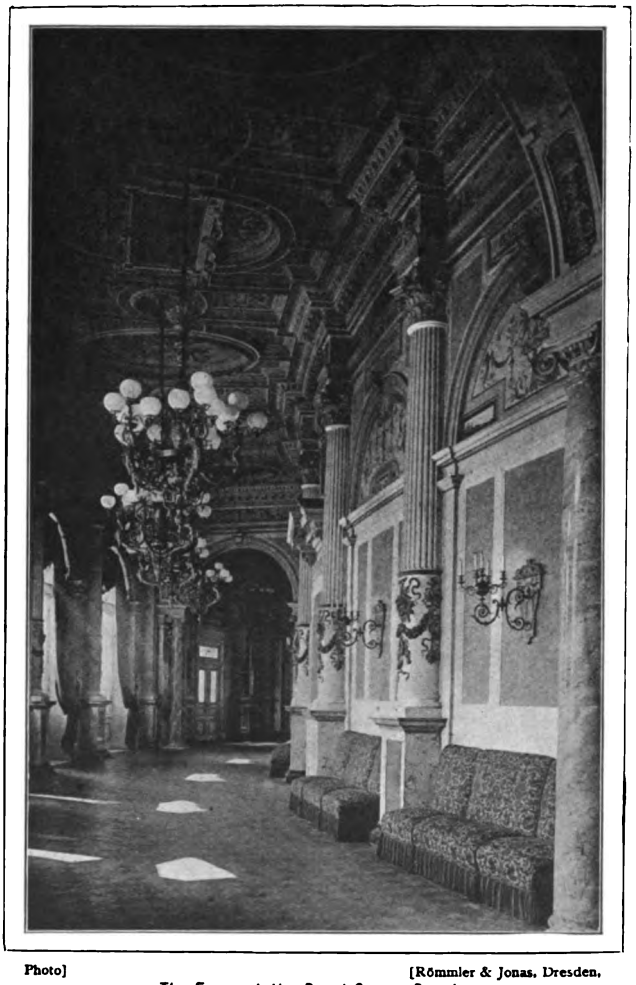
shaking their heads despairingly at the chaos, and feeling powerless to do more than endure it. Last season, however, a man of indomitable will, resource and initiative was placed at the helm; his eye at once took in all the defects, but at the same time the possibilities also; before the end of the season the root of the mischief had been located and remedies planned. The result is a sweeping reform in many departments, which will be touched upon in turn. There will now be at Covent Garden, as in Dresden and elsewhere in Germany, a large rehearsal-room for the chorus, one for the ballet, and at least three for soloists.

The next consideration is to secure the attendance of the singers at the rehearsals. Of course in Germany unpunctuality is an offence which would not long be tolerated, and the services of the greatest star would be dispensed with did he presume to absent himself without leave from rehearsal. There are higher motives, however, such as duty and the love of Art, which govern this question.

### Want of System.

At Covent Garden there has been until now no organisation, no supreme director, and an absolute dependence for the financial success of the season on stars, many of whom presumably care little for the artistic success of the Opera, who have no *esprit de corps*, and take no pride in Covent Garden, but rather despise it. The full rehearsals are more or less perfunctory—when there are any—so far as singers are concerned. Fairness compels me to add that these remarks seldom apply to German stars. Let us suppose a great tenor does not attend the only scenic rehearsal of *Siegfried*: his absence throws everything out of gear; the first and last act and most of the second are impossible without him, and must be abandoned, or else the conductor supplies part of the missing link and the rehearsal proceeds with an imaginary *Siegfried*—a state of things which does not tend to inspire the rest of the singers, or to secure a harmonious *ensemble*; the



Photo] [Römmler & Jonas, Dresden.

*The Foyer at the Royal Opera, Dresden.*

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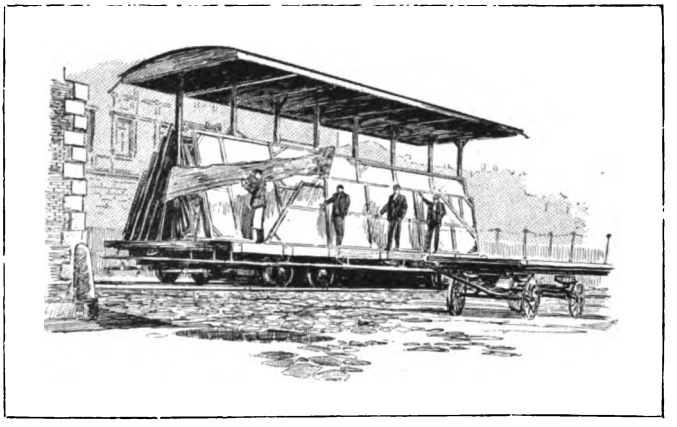
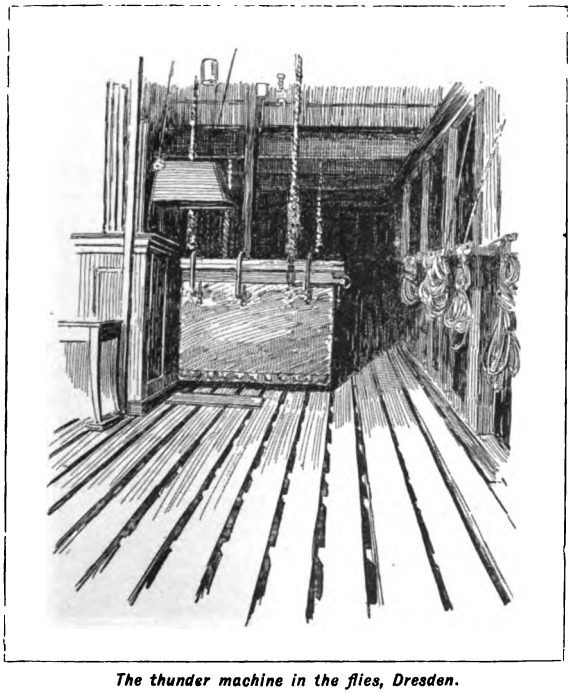
scene-shifters, besides, lose their cues, which means that the stage-manager will have during the performance to give personal directions for every detail of change. In no opera-house is the shirking of rehearsals more obviously unfair than at Covent Garden, where the natural difficulties of the rehearsal question are so great.



*A Scenery Cart which plies between the Magazine and the Opera-house at Dresden.*

## The Orchestra.

The third condition is that the orchestra be not too severely taxed. Of course, where Opera is a permanent institution, the members of the orchestra are continually rehearsing together; they read perfectly at sight, and know their répertoire very thoroughly. At Covent Garden it is impossible for one orchestra to keep pace with all the work there is to be done, and yet to be fresh enough to throw heart and soul into the work. In Dresden the opera is over in most cases by 10 p.m., and the members do not live miles away, as in London; yet rehearsals begin at the same time in both houses—between 9 and 10 a.m.



*The thunder machine in the flies, Dresden.*

## The Scenery.

Finally, the stage must be at liberty for scenic or *ensemble* rehearsals when required. In Dresden this is admirably managed. No scenery or costumes are stored within the building; there are five large magazines at various distances which are used for the purpose. In one of these, situated at a few hundred yards in the rear of the Opera-house, and connected with it by a line of rails, are kept all the cloths, sets, and flats in general use. The cloths lie on racks, the others stand in grooved partitions, all catalogued and numbered; it is a wonderful sight to see how easily the men manipulate the unwieldy monsters by means of pulleys with counterweights and hooks. I was

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amazed to find that after the performance fifteen minutes suffice to clear the stage and put everything in readiness to be carried away the next morning at seven to the magazines. For heavy properties a horse and cart can be brought up an inclined way under the roomy back stage to the level of the floor, which can be raised at this point. The cloths are generally hung in their places at once. The whole of this transfer takes place before 10 a.m., by which time all the scenery and accessories are at hand within the building, and the staff is available for rehearsal. Two hours suffice in the evening to get the stage ready for the performance.

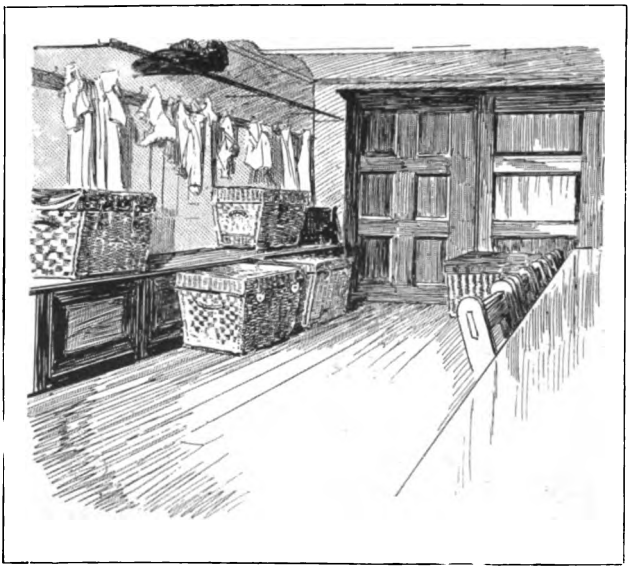
At Covent Garden much precious time has hitherto been wasted in preparing the stage for the evening; and a scenic rehearsal in the morning has always meant herculean labours for the scene-shifters and carpenters, who frequently had to do both day and night shift, with the result that, for instance, in *Die Götterdämmerung*, after a week of double duty, they were so exhausted as to be quite unfit for their work, most of which fell in consequence on to the shoulders of the stage-manager.

All the scenery, properties, and costumes are stored within the building at Covent Garden. Hitherto there had been no arrangement or order whatever; it was a case of fishing for a cloth, until by some lucky chance you got hold of the right one, which might mean one hour or it might mean four; the flats were equally unget-at-able.

This state of things is now at an end. The new stage includes a set of racks, on the cellar level, on which each cloth will have its appointed place, and a large grooved storeroom has been built under the back stage for the flats, which can be run in and out with ease, and passed up through a large "cut" in the back stage and carried away on trolleys to their places.

### The Artists' Wardrobes.

The question of the wardrobes is an important one. In Dresden a whole block of buildings is devoted to this department under the care of an inspector. One floor is given up to tailoring, dressmaking, and stores, and three others contain the numbered presses, in which costumes are arranged chronologically in centuries. Inside the presses are revolving stands with arms outstretched, each marked with a distinctive letter, and on which the clothes hang on pegs; the press-mark of each garment is entered in a register, so that it can be found at a moment's notice. Three rooms are devoted entirely to footgear.



*Dressing-room of the ladies of the ballet—Dresden.*

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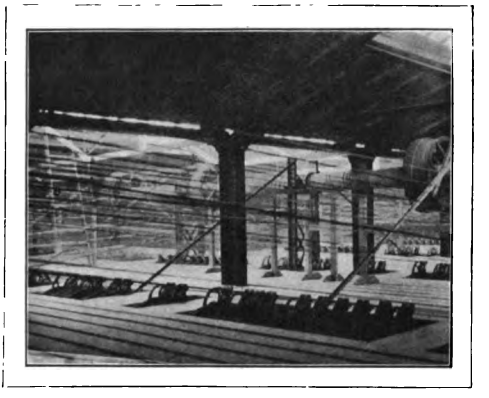

*The new gridiron at Covent Garden.*

At Covent Garden the dressmaking department was in an outbuilding in Floral Street, the wardrobe and fitting-rooms on an upper floor over the back stage, while the dressing-rooms of the chorus and ballet were below the stage level, and women had to carry everything up and down in baskets. A whole side of the building has now been given up to this important department, which includes the same sections as in Dresden, but on a smaller scale; the presses having shelves on which the costumes are kept folded between sheets of paper; the whole arranged according to the operas for which they are required. It is not perhaps generally known that the armoury at Covent Garden is one of the richest and best in the world: it consists of six rooms, in which are tastefully arranged a vast collection of helmets, shields, breastplates, swords, etc., of various periods and styles, numbering some twelve thousand, all kept as only a hand whose pride is in the work can keep them.

*The Inspicient's Station—Dresden—whence he signals all scenic changes.*

## The Ballet.

Through the great courtesy of the General Director in Dresden, and of Herr Balletmeister Berger, I have been enabled to show how a ballet practice is carried on in the Ballet School. At the back of the room is a staircase leading to the dressing-rooms. There are five solo dancers—three ladies and two men; the *corps de ballet* consists of nine men and thirty-three ladies, some of whom are seen practising. All the girls belong to good families, many enter the school as children; and the life seems to agree with them, for a more healthy, rosy set of girls one could hardly find in a village. They practise from nine to one every day, and often again in the afternoon,

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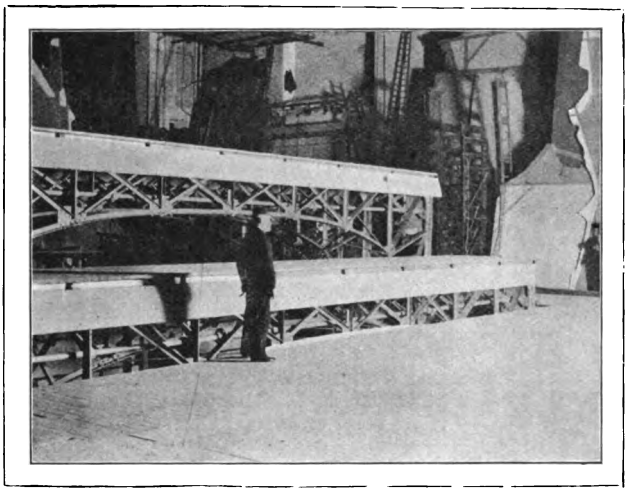


*The new electric bridges at Covent Garden.*

and they are allowed to bring bottles of milk for refreshment. Everything was conducted in the most orderly manner, and there was not the slightest suspicion of frivolity or vulgarity.

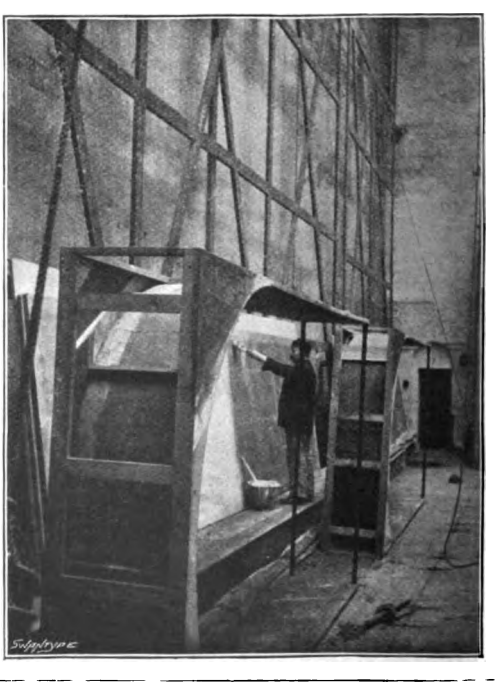
### The Stage.

The Dresden Opera-house was built in the early seventies, and therefore the stage, although improved since then, is merely one of the best wooden stages, and not by any means a modern one; but it is kept in perfect order, and is manipulated by men who understand how to make the most of the contrivances at their disposal. This, I imagine, is the true secret of success.

The arrangement of the series of traps of different widths composing a stage floor gives scope for the greatest ingenuity, and its practical value is measured by the facility it affords for manipulating the scenery. Either manual labour, hydraulic power, or electricity is pressed into service to work these traps, the first of these being used in Dresden, and the last at Covent Garden.

Covent Garden now possesses the newest trap bridges, capable of being raised to about nine feet above the stage, as in the Asphaleia system; this will prove a great saving of time in building up rostrums. In Dresden the building up is rehearsed under the supervision of the chief engineer [who is virtually stage-manager on all but first nights], until every man could perform his part with his eyes shut. The result is admirable: during a change of scene hardly any orders need be given, everything goes as if by clockwork.

The topmost floor, eighty-two feet above the stage in Dresden, is called the Gridiron (or *Schnürboden*); here are situated the wheels for raising and lowering the iron curtain, and here all the ropes pass over the beams and are directed to their respective



*In the paint room Covent Garden.*

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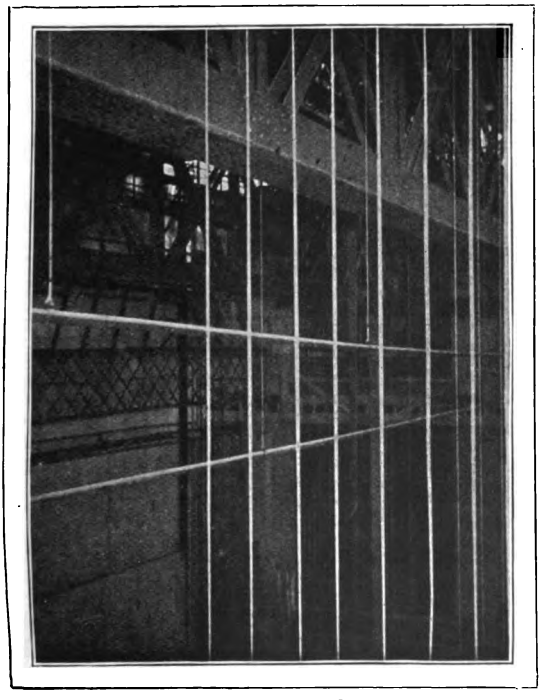
pulleys for working the cloths. During my peregrinations through this vast opera-house with camera and flashlight paraphernalia, I was accompanied for safety by two firemen and the chief engineer, whose great courtesy and kindness I acknowledge with gratitude. The new gridiron at Covent Garden, of the most up-to-date pattern, is shown on p. 373.

*The rope stores at Dresden.*

The annexed illustration shows the rope store, of which a mass lies in the foreground ready to be cut into proper lengths, numbered and suspended on hooks round the room, where a complete set for the whole stage is always in readiness, and in case of breakage the duplicate can be fetched in a few seconds. Each theatre has its thunder device: in Dresden there are two machines, one for crashing and the other for rolling thunder; the former could not be photographed, as it consists of a wooden shaft running in zigzags right down from the flies; small cannon-balls are sent crashing and reverberating as they go, the length of the crash being regulated by the "Inspicient." Another machine consists of an immense square copper drum, with a head of shagreen, suspended from the rafters; a set of hammers on levers played with the fist enables the artist to produce the rolling thunder; he has a copy of the score before him, and an electric lamp above him flashes a warning signal a few bars in advance, then comes a second flash, which means "play." One of our illustrations shows where this signal comes from. On the prompt side of the stage (to the right of the audience) is the Inspicient's desk, on which lies the score; above are various light plates, switchboards and electric bells. It is the duty of this functionary to signal all scenic changes, thunder and lightning, trapwork, etc., to their respective departments.



*In the flies at Covent Garden*

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One ingenious device is an electrical time-beater, shown at the left under a lamp; there are five of these on the stage, one of them over the thunder machine. These are worked by the conductor, who places his left hand on an electrical register while he beats time with his right: instantly these time-beaters start working, moving like pendulums in unison with him; by this means any stage music can be conducted with absolute accuracy from any part of the stage. A somewhat similar system of flashes will be tried at Covent Garden this year. The new stage here is what is known as an iron stage, with a wooden floor only, of the most up-to-date pattern; the under-machinery is worked by electro-motors in the cellars, and regulated from a room on the prompt side of the under-stage. The whole of the upper machinery has been put in by the stage-engineer

*A solo dancer and the Dresden* corps de ballet *rehearsing.*

to the Prussian Court, according to his system introduced in the Berlin Court theatres, and at the Opera, Wiesbaden.

The property-room at the top of the house has been connected by a large lift with the back of the stage, so that properties can be transported easily and rapidly. The comfort of the ladies has at length received consideration, and six entirely new and elegant dressing-rooms, heated by hot-air pipes, and having large windows looking into Floral Street, have been built at the back of the stage; now a few steps along their own carpeted passage and down a short flight of stairs will bring the singers right on to the stage on the prompt side, without passing through draughty stone passages in the lower regions.

It is impossible in an article of this kind not to be obliged to omit much one would like to touch upon,—the subject is too vast. What has been said may perhaps give the readers an added interest in their Opera-house, and enable them to form an independent opinion of the merits of the work accomplished therein.

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# THE TREASURE CHAMBER.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK CRAIG.

SIR EDWARD HEYWOOD'S house-party included some notable people. Sir Edward—grey, stout, and widowed—was famous for a good cellar, an excellent cook, and a great collection of jewels. Two of these qualifications, together with his wide acquaintance and his own amiable properties, enabled him to keep his house-parties choice and interesting. For example, on this fine week of spring he entertained an ex-Cabinet Minister, a celebrated actor, several people of title, and Lord Francis Charmian, in addition to one or two handsome young women. Lord Francis, as a matter of fact, drifted to Lowbottom not because of cook or wine or jewels, but merely because Town had grown very dull, and the weather abroad was reported to be abominable. Pretty women were amusing, but pretty women at Lowbottom were usually too much of one type. Yet in the first hour of his visit he thought he detected possibilities. It was Miss Rayne who provoked him to curiosity, and upon Miss Rayne he concentrated his attentions. She had come with her aunt, the well-known Lady Quilton, an amiable, smiling person, of impoverished means, beautiful manners, and no intellect.

It was a bright and green spring afternoon when Charmian reached Lowbottom, and not ten minutes later he was on the bowling-green, watching the ladies at play, and chattering to some friends. The ex-Minister, Lord Howsham, who distrusted him, eyed him gloomily through his eyeglass, and made heavy remarks on the condition of the country; and one or two dowagers made arch appeals to him as an umpire. At a little distance, through the avenues of box and waving under the zephyrs, as it seemed, of the flower garden, grew a great green-gold daffodil. It drew Lord Francis, and he was quickly across the sward and picking his way at his customary pace towards it.

"You, Miss Rayne!" he cried in surprise, and offered his hand in delight. "I had never hoped, never dared to wonder. I took you for a product of the garden, the Queen of all spring-blowing bulbs." He smiled in a pleasant way, and cocked his eyes admiringly at the spreading hat with its green and yellow, then at the long, swaying, grey-green raiment.

Miss Rayne was charged abruptly with a slight colour. "Did you notice that? I—I was afraid it was too striking," she said; "but I had an idea, and—and——"

"Striking!" echoed Charmian,—"of course it's striking. Most women seem to want to dress so as to appear like some one else. You, my dear Miss Rayne, I am glad to see, dress like yourself and to suit yourself—and me, if you will permit the association."

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Miss Rayne glanced at him doubtfully, as if not quite certain of his meaning. She was tall and English-fair, was five-and-twenty, had quiet, capable eyes, and a carriage which was individual and graceful at once. Moreover, she was amazingly handsome.

"You're here, Lord Francis——" she began, with an intonation of inquiry.

"My dear lady, I was going to-morrow; but now I stay. At least—forgive me, how long are you?"

"Oh, I'm with my aunt," explained Miss Rayne, again suffusing. "I suppose we shall stay the week."

"So shall I——so shall I," breathed Charmian eagerly.

The girl smiled with more composure. "Do you know, Lord Francis," she said, speaking rather primly, "do you know that I think you're rather rude, sometimes?"

"Not to you," he assured her—"never to you. I may be to others, the stupid unlovely others of the world . . . not to you."

"This elaboration of compliment," pursued Miss Rayne, unheeding, "and all these audacious overtures, have the effect of rudeness at times."

Lord Francis was exceedingly quick at a point. He abandoned his defences, surrendered the outworks, and smilingly came to terms.

"It is perfectly true, Miss Rayne," he confessed; "but do you know, the world is so utterly full of silly people that one gets into a habit. You don't suppose I like the inanities of conventional conversation, or the insincerities of social intercourse."

"Well, but conventional——" protested Miss Rayne, who would not have so classified her companion's conversation.

"I dislike it as much as you do, and am glad we can dispense with it," declared Lord Francis with emphasis; from which it was evident that his negotiations were only a trick, and that he had merely altered the style of his operations.

Some suspicions of him still smouldered in Miss Rayne's mind. But for him the episode was closed; he looked about the beds, praised some flowers, abused others, and scattered information about the guests.

"The Right Honourable is here, I perceive. You know him? He will make his way to you after dinner, and talk of eyes raining influence. It is his pet phrase with women just now. His eyes rained influence on me—and I fled. I may tell you in confidence, Miss Rayne, since we have done with silly, insincere compliments, that I came here not to talk to you, but to escape him."

"Oh!" said Miss Rayne weakly; adding (since silence might be open to misinterpretation), "I suppose he *is* dull."

"Dull!" cried Charmian. "He's as dull—why, he's as dull as . . . as Mrs. Battersby is beautiful."

Miss Rayne's glance went down the walk to where the lady, thus precipitately hurried into the conversation, was moving with a companion.

"Yes . . . she is handsome, isn't she?" she acquiesced.

"Handsome!" echoed Charmian, with a scornful laugh. "I don't quite know the precise value of words. But handsome is not quite the word I should use in describing Mrs. Battersby."

"No! Of course, she's very handsome," agreed Miss Rayne hastily.

"Handsome!" repeated he, frowning. "It's handsome I demur to. There is a difference, you must remember, between handsome and beautiful. One is a comparative only. There are many people who are *handsome*, even here," he added, with a reflective and critical look at Miss Rayne; "but Mrs. Battersby surely is more than that."

"Oh, certainly," said Miss Rayne, shortly. "She's a very beautiful woman,"

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*"'Don't let that fellow get hold of you,' he adjured earnestly."*

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and began to walk with decision towards the group of players. Lord Francis followed, lightly humming an air under his breath.

"Is that from the music-halls?" asked Miss Rayne scornfully.

"I beg your pardon: do you object?" he asked airily.—"No, it's only the nearest approach I can get to *La Donna Immobile*. I'm aware it's some distance off."

Miss Rayne, lifting her fine head, frowned coldly at the landscape, and her magnificent figure moved majestically away. But Charmian was not discouraged. Eleanor Rayne, whom he had always admired, interested him by reason of her character as well as her looks. He would have found amusement in the dullest company somehow; but he would find more than amusement here. He pitted himself in conflict against that beautiful woman, with her large ways and grave independence; and he rejoiced in anticipations of the battle. It might go against him (though he thought not), but it would be ravishing and engrossing . . . and . . . and he had no idea whither it would lead. There, of course, lay the delight.

After dinner the Right Honourable, according to Charmian's prediction, pursued the beauty with elaborate civilities. His courtly compliments were heavy-handed, "gross, and thick-cut, and sodden," said Lord Francis to some one. He broached the subject to Miss Rayne, also, when the chance fell.

"Don't let that fellow get hold of you," he adjured earnestly. "He'll only bore you with fulsome compliments"; and to Miss Rayne's haughty stare—"I know how you hate them."

He was admirably humble and unobtrusive, but Eleanor Rayne more than once found herself wishing that she had not made any comment regarding compliments. For it was annoying to have this amiable young man, charming and witty as he was, assuming that they had some secret understanding together. He would elevate his eyebrows at a remark by this person or that, and look to her for sympathy, as if, indeed, he were sure of it, and almost demanded it as a right. Then it was irksome, also, to feel that he thought himself entitled to speak with great frankness.

"My dear Miss Rayne," said he, "it's a pleasure to talk to you. One feels that one needn't adopt those silly artifices which are the common property of society. It's a comfort and a privilege to be natural, and to speak as human being to human being."

No young woman has a highly developed sense of humour, and Eleanor Rayne scrutinised carefully his earnest face.

"Yes," she agreed feebly.

"Now, if I were you," said Lord Francis cheerfully, and confidentially, "I wouldn't give too much encouragement to Sir Percy."

Miss Rayne's face hardened. "Indeed!" she said coldly.

"Yes," pursued Lord Francis; "you see, although you are not . . . . although, of course, there is the Venus of Milo and the Aphrodite of Praxiteles, and so forth, still you are certainly an attractive woman——"

"It is good of you to say so," said Miss Rayne, with restrained fury, and crimson of cheek.

"Not at all," said Charmian airily. "It's certainly a great privilege to be able to speak the truth. And the fact is, if poor Sir Percy should be misled by your graciousness——"

But Miss Rayne was already three paces away, and the young man was left to gaze after her thoughtfully. Her carriage was beautiful; like the Queen of Love, her dignity lay naked in her gait and bearing.

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But that was the end of this unwelcome intimacy for two days—until, indeed, Sir Edward Heywood consented to exhibit the treasures of his house. It was after dinner, over very stimulating wine, that their host agreed to open his museum. In fact, it was his own proposal; and he beamed the news on the ladies a little later. His red face shining, and his slow voice rolling with satisfaction, he made a little speech, in which he averred that it had been represented to him that it was the general desire of the party to inspect his collection of jewels, and if he were correct in supposing so, he would at once proceed to bare those treasures to an appreciative company. He added, with mock humility, and as if in apology for his tardiness, that he had not realised that any one would be interested in a mere collection of curious stones. It was at this point that Lord Francis's eye met Miss Rayne's, and both twinkled. The enormous importance of Sir Edward's manner seemed to tickle both of them. Nothing would suit the owner of the collection but that the jewels must be exhibited forthwith, and the company, in a gentle state of excitement, trooped down the gallery into the jewel-room. Swinging lamps were lit, and illumined the large chamber brightly. The walls were filled with wooden cupboards or cases, and these were screened by steel curtains, which acted under a patent lock and key, and now rolled away and offered to the interested view of the company rows of shelves, on which sparkled the curios of the connoisseur. The jewels drew the eyes of the women, and notably one,—"A celebrated ruby once in possession of the King of Burmah," explained the complacent voice of Sir Edward. It was an admirable collection, but it bored Lord Francis, who was next to Miss Rayne when the screen rolled back into its place. When she turned round and saw him, her eyes sparkled and her breath sounded audible between her lips.

"Wasn't it lovely?" she cried.

Charmian admitted it, and wondered, as so many men have wondered since the twilight of unconscious Time, why stones should have this peculiar effect on women. The problem remains a problem still—insoluble. The throng ebbed out of the museum and left them.

"That ruby," said Lord Francis, "must be worth at least five thousand pounds."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Lady Quilton, who had remained with her niece. "Dear me! How wonderful! Five thousand pounds!"

"If it were only mine!" said Lord Francis earnestly.

Lady Quilton looked at him inquiringly, so did Miss Rayne.

"If it were only mine!" sighed the latter with a smile.

"What would you do with it?" asked Charmian.

"I? Oh, I—I'm sure I don't know," said Eleanor in confusion. "I wouldn't keep it shut up—that's all."

"Nor would I," said Lord Francis softly, and meditatively. "I'd sell it, and pay some of my debts."

"I think we must go now, Eleanor dear," suggested Lady Quilton hastily, eyeing this shameless young man. "It will seem odd our staying here."

Eleanor seemed in no mood to obey, but indeed Lady Quilton perhaps was right, for there was a servant stolidly waiting to put out the lamps. Almost he might be said to be watching them, as Charmian pleasantly suggested.

"Indeed, I trust not," exclaimed Lady Quilton, reddening. "I'm sure Sir Edward wouldn't——"

"You never know these collectors," said Charmian gloriously. "They're not only suspicious of every one else, but they're not even honest themselves. That's why they give no one credit for honesty. I shouldn't be surprised . . . well, I

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don't want to say anything, Lady Quilton, but I should like to know the *real* history of some of these." He waved a hand at the wall.

"Good heavens, Lord Francis! you don't surely insinuate——" began Lady Quilton in alarm.

"I insinuate nothing, my dear lady," said Charmian promptly; "but I should like to know. How, for example, did that ruby get here?"

He looked significantly from one to the other, and a smile flickered in Miss Rayne's face. But Lady Quilton was disturbed and agitated by these dark possibilities, as she confessed later to her niece.

"You don't really believe that there's anything in Lord Francis's hint, dear?" she asked. "Do you think Sir Edward *could* have got the ruby dishonestly?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Miss Rayne, with a merry little laugh. "It really doesn't matter, does it?"

Lady Quilton seemed to think it did, "because it wouldn't belong to him, you see, if he stole it," she explained gravely.

It was in the dusk of the next evening that Charmian had occasion to pass the door of the museum. It was slightly ajar, but he would have passed by if his eyes had not lighted on a figure which was decipherable even in the gloom. Before the rolling screen which covered the curios stood Miss Rayne. He paused, and would have entered, but something in her aspect forbade, and he went on, whistling gently. Within three minutes of his departure Miss Rayne appeared in the corridor, and waited in her turn. A second form separated itself from the twilight soon afterwards and emerged.

"Is. that you, auntie?" asked Miss Rayne.

Lady Quilton started, and gave a tiny cry.

"My dear, how you frightened me! Yes—I—it is me."

Miss Rayne was silent, and they went down the corridor together.

"It's very dark," said Lady Quilton awkwardly, and even apologetically.

Eleanor Rayne looked at her aunt, when they were in the region of lights, and noted the discomposure of her face. She experienced a feeling of wonder—even a momentary fear.

In their passage to the western gardens next morning Lord Francis and Miss Rayne went through the treasure chamber. The former pulled up before the case.

"How about that ruby?" he asked facetiously. It seemed to him that a slight colour flowed into her face. "Now's our time," he went on, jocularly grave, and seizing the steel screen in one hand pulled at it. The curtain rose noiselessly and vanished into the oak.

"Good Lord!" cried Lord Francis; and Miss Rayne's face had lost its change of colour. He looked at her in mock distress. "Where are we now?" he said. "Fate is surely with us!" He leaned over the drawers and uttered an exclamation. "By Jove! the ruby's gone!"

Eleanor Rayne had gone slowly pale, and her lips were tremulous as she met his look.

"Could . . . No one could have opened it, could they?" she asked appealingly.

"Dear Miss Rayne, it's open," he said seriously for the first time; and then, these facts coming home to his whimsical brain, he laughed. "Good gracious! What are we to do? We can't say we went to steal and found it gone; and we can't . . . Hang it, if I am to be a burglar, I shall let them find it out for themselves."

Miss Rayne, still pale, regarded him helplessly. "Won't—won't you tell?" she stammered.

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"Not I!" said Charmian gaily. "We can't afford to rest under suspicion, you see, Miss Rayne. Our characters won't stand it. My advice to you is to let the law do its own dirty work, and don't put your neck in a halter."

Miss Rayne did not respond to this, but showed a desire to get away. Charmian rolled back the screen, which caught with a click. "As a matter of fact, Heywood did not shut it down far enough to catch," he explained. "But we will let him find out. I've no sympathy with these collectors."

Sir Edward did find out, as Lord Francis was witness; for, entering the library in the afternoon, Charmian came upon his host frowning over his papers.

"What's the matter, Sir Edward?" said he.

"Well . . . it's rather a serious matter," explained Sir Edward, with a troubled face. "The fact is, Charmian, my big ruby's gone."

"Gone!" echoed Charmian.

"Stolen," nodded the collector.

"Oh, but stolen, Come now!" protested. Charmian.

"I repeat it—stolen?" said the collector placidly enough, but with emphasis. "You don't know what these people will do to secure a first-rate specimen like that. They're all a pack of thieves."

"Well, but who?" began Charmian.

Sir Edward's broad countenance was lit up with intelligence, and he looked about the room for eavesdroppers. "Some one in the house, my dear Charmian."

"In the house!"

"Yes. I'd swear to it. I've my suspicions; but of course I won't take any steps. Only I should like to find out . . . because I wouldn't invite him again, you know."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Lord Francis, remembering a happy episode in his career, "I'll run him to earth for you."

"You!" said Sir Edward doubtfully.

"Yes; you can't employ a detective, and I'm your man. I've had some experience of this sort before."

"Really!" said Sir Edward, still doubtfully; and added, with a sigh, "All right—if you can. I *should* like to know. It's not a nice thing to happen," from which mild condemnation Charmian drew inferences as to the scale of morals affected by collectors. But he was very eager in his new *rôle*, and naturally sought Miss Rayne as what he called "the associate and partner of my guilt."

Miss Rayne heard him out, and was silent a little; then, without turning her glance to him, she asked: "And are you really going to try and discover the thief?"

"Of course," he answered. "Don't you see, my professional reputation is at stake? Besides, it will draw off suspicion from you and me."

But Miss Rayne looked serious and pallid, and replied absently to his remarks.

"My own idea," said he, sitting comfortably down on the garden seat—"my own idea is that it's Lord Howsham."

She started. "You mean the ex-minister of——"

"Yes, the Right Honourable."

"But," began Miss Rayne, "it isn't possible; it couldn't . . . it . . ."

"My dear lady, some one has done it, so it's possible," he replied; and Miss Rayne was silent. He persuaded her to visit the spot with him before dinner, and though she agreed, it was with reluctance.

"I don't think it's quite worthy of you to play detective," she said presently, as if with an effort.

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"Ah," said he, shaking his head, "but then that's because you have such a high ideal of me, Miss Rayne. It's mistaken—it's mistaken."

Eleanor bit her lip. "It might be some unfortunate person who was tempted out of poverty . . . or . . . some other reason, and who will be ruined."

"Yes, Heywood won't ask him again," assented Charmian.

An exclamation of annoyance escaped her, and a chain about her wrist snapped, under her fretting fingers, but dropped unheeded by her to the floor in her anger at his flippancy. She left him.

It was not until two in the morning of that mild spring weather that Charmian, having smoked his last cigarette, and read his last chapter, put out his light, and turned over to sleep. As he did so, he thought he heard the soft sound of feet go along the corridor, and he listened. Something lured him out of bed. He thrust on his dressing-gown, and, opening the door, looked forth. The gallery rambled away into utter darkness; but grey now, and vanishing against that distant blackness, went a figure he recognised. Without the hesitation of two seconds, he stepped out and followed.

*"Something lured him out of bed. He thrust on his dressing-gown."*

Silence had reigned long at Lowbottom, and the moon was out in the west, floating aslant of the huge pile. The shafts struck through the long windows in the western gallery, and lighted both Miss Rayne and her follower on their way. The tide of brightness flowed over the balustrade, and down the staircase into the corridor beneath. They passed, the one unconscious, and the other, now for the first time beginning to have qualms of con-

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science, through a sequence of rooms to the threshold of the treasure chamber. In his new mood of doubt, Charmian did not recognise this. He had for some time realised that he was engaged in a piece of meanness, which he had not understood at the time or anticipated. Suddenly, as Miss Rayne passed into the museum, the light of the moon went out, as the satellite of the earth plunged under a bank of clouds. Heavy darkness prevailed.

Charmian went through the doorway on his impulse. In his body something was tingling, which dominated his sense of shame. The window rattled gently under his stretched arm, and from somewhere in the surrounding darkness issued a small cry. He stood quiet as a statue, though his first instinct had been to answer the cry with reassuring words. Had she walked as a ghost in her sleep, and was she now awake and terrified in the night? Yet he was held dumb by that sentiment of shame which had been growing in him. He would not call her by name and reveal himself, but would creep softly away, and leave her to suppose she had heard some mouse racing in the wainscot. He drew stealthily back into the doorway, without the slightest noise, rested there an instant to listen for news of her, and the next moment felt a figure at his side. Involuntarily he stretched out his arms, and in that immediate confusion of time and act, lips met lips or ever Lord Francis was aware. There was a cry, loud and frightened now; and the capricious moon, drifting clear of her banks for a second, shone wan upon the man and the woman. Miss Rayne fell back, and out of the renewed darkness came her voice, between terror, shame, and fury.

"Lord Francis!"

"I—I—beg your pardon. It was an accident," he stammered. "I happened to be in the doorway, and——"

"How dared you! oh, how dared you!" The voice was close on tears.

"I—I really humbly beg your pardon," said Charmian. "It was one of those accidents which——"

"It was *not* an accident," said Miss Rayne angrily; "it was an insult—deliberate and intentional."

"I—I thought it was one of the housemaids," said Charmian weakly.

Fury now prevailed over the other emotions in Miss Rayne's bosom. "That is well. Insult me still further," she cried scornfully.

"But," began Charmian, now resuming control of himself,—"but if I didn't know it was you, I couldn't be insulting you," he protested.

"Will you kindly stand aside, that I may pass?" demanded Miss Rayne, from the safety of her darkness.

"Certainly," said Lord Francis, amiably, "if you will only tell me which side you are."

He moved away and waited, and was aware that some softly moving feet went by; a flowing robe touched him.

"I beg your pardon," said he: "that wasn't me. I kept quite still."

"Would you be good enough to direct me to the door?" came in haughty yet embarrassed tones from Miss Rayne.

Charmian hastened forward, but fell over a chair. He blundered about, and when his voice sounded next it came from far away. "I'm afraid I've got somewhat mixed up," he said cheerfully; "but never mind—I've got some matches in my pocket, I know."

"Indeed you mustn't!" cried Miss Rayne, in agitation. "You mustn't light one."

"Oh," said Lord Francis feebly, "you mean——?"

"It doesn't matter what I mean," said Miss Rayne's voice hastily.



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Lord Francis was silent, and then, after consideration: "It's not merely a question of finding a way out of this room," he said,—"that can be managed with a little skill. But there's afterwards, you know. This house is a regular trap for passages. I suppose you know your way about in it?" he asked hopefully.

"N—no, I don't think so—not in the dark," said Miss Rayne despondently.

"It's a regular death-trap in the dark," said Lord Francis, with emphasis. "Why, even in the daylight I nearly fell down a steep stairway the other day." He could have sworn that she shuddered in the darkness. "I—I think I'd better strike a light," he ventured.

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Miss Rayne promptly.

"Of course we can wait till the light comes," said Charmian, with resignation. "It's not a cold night, you see; and I hope you're sufficiently——"

Miss Rayne interrupted him with an exclamation of impatience.

"I'll tell you what," said Charmian brightly: "I have an idea. I will strike a light and walk in front."

Miss Rayne hesitated before replying, and then her words were bitterly resigned. "Good heavens, what objects we should look!"

But simultaneously the moon struck out of her dolorous clouds and flooded the chamber with glory. Miss Rayne uttered a cry and fled, snow-white and magnificent in the golden glamour. It was only when he had regained his room that Lord Francis realised that the scene of this thrilling adventure had been Sir Edward's treasure chamber. He remained awake, wondering, and was down very late next morning to breakfast.

The party had disappeared, and Miss Rayne with the rest. He spent an hour in further consideration, turning his new thoughts over in the light of day. They were of two kinds, the one eminently charming, and the other amazing and confounding in its possibilities. It was just before lunch that he met Sir Edward, who beckoned him aside.

"I'm much troubled about that ruby, Charmian," he said. "You're the only person who knows. I've decided, after all, to have a detective in, and he's coming to-night. You see," he spoke apologetically, "I don't *know* it was a guest, and, after all, by Jove, if it was, I think I ought to know who."

Charmian was forced to agree with him reluctantly, and ate his meal in bad spirits. Shortly afterwards he forced his way into Miss Rayne's presence. She was with Mrs. Battersby, the handsome, and stared at him coldly—almost, indeed, as if she had never seen him before. His aspect was submissive, and his expression serious; and for these reasons, and no other, Miss Rayne allowed him to separate her from her companion. He told her his news, and saw Miss Rayne start.

"I really don't mind if she is a thief," he said to himself. "She's stolen a good deal more than jewels from—many men," he finished his thought.

Miss Rayne thanked him, but in icy terms failed to understand why the information was brought to her.

"Oh!" said Charmian, taken aback. "I thought you would be interested to know that it's taken out of my hands."

Eleanor Rayne looked at him swiftly. Was it possible that he suspected? "Indeed!" she said, still bravely cold, and turned away.

She went straight to Lady Quilton. "Aunt," she said, with resolution, "I want you to tell me, please, what you were doing that evening when I met you coming out of the museum."

Lady Quilton coloured. "What do you mean, my dear? What evening?" she said feebly.

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"You remember quite well, aunt," insisted Eleanor impatiently.

"You needn't fly out at me, Eleanor," said the old lady, with some accession of dignity. "I went to have another look at the jewels, that's all."

"Ah!" said Miss Rayne.

"You see, I found the shutter was unlocked," pursued Lady Quilton, now garrulous; "but when I looked, the ruby was gone! I couldn't see it anywhere," she added, lowering her voice mysteriously.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Rayne, and made no more relevant answer. A little later she sought an interview with Sir Edward, who was the spirit of lumbering graciousness, and beamed, moreover, as at the receipt of good news.

"My dear Miss Rayne, how good of you to lighten my dulness! My deadly papers——" He indicated a pile of letters and documents.

"Sir Edward, I understand you have lost a ruby in your collection," she began, almost unceremoniously.

"Well," began Sir Edward, "it is true that——"

"And you are thinking of having a detective here to discover the thief?" she asked, interrupting him.

"My dear Miss Rayne, I do not understand how you know; but it's a fact that a detective is on his way here," said Sir Edward, once again beaming, as if he found pleasure in a jest. "But I must ask you to keep the fact a private——"

"Sir Edward, let me beg of you not to have him," broke in the girl.

Sir Edward stared. "I don't think I understand," he said. Miss Rayne's beautiful face glowed, and she spoke fast. "I have more than a suspicion who the—the person is," she said, "and I think I can promise the jewel shall be restored. But it will be terrible if the—the crime is brought home to some one, who may be more sinned against—I mean may not be so guilty as—they seem."

Sir Edward's stare was harder and his bewilderment was broader on his face than ever. Then a grin dawned on his features, and he opened his mouth to speak. But ere he could reply, the door of the library was thrown open, and Lord Francis entered abruptly. As he did so Miss Rayne instinctively retreated, so that she was hidden by a bay of the room. Lord Francis was pale with reflection.

"Sir Edward, I particularly want to speak with you," he began at once.

"You want——" said Sir Edward, unable to follow these abrupt changes.

"You have sent for that detective?" said Lord Francis quickly. "Well, he won't be needed. I took the ruby."

Sir Edward gasped, rubbed his eyeglasses, and then broke out laughing.

"You took it!" he said; and from the bay a wondering face looked forth.

"Yes, *I* took it. Now strike me off your list, or do what you will. Here's the thief *in propriâ personâ*."

Sir Edward rolled back in his chair as if he had not heard so excellent a joke for years.

"I fail to see the ludicrous character of the scene when a man confesses to a crime," said Lord Francis tartly.

Sir Edward rubbed the moisture from his glasses. "Quite so, quite so," he said. "Forgive me. Then it must be for you that this young lady is pleading."

At his words Charmian turned sharply, and saw Miss Rayne. Distress and amazement and doubt were large upon her face. He stood confused.

"I have had another confession, of a sort," said Sir Edward.

"You don't mean to say that you believe Miss Rayne, even if she says she——" began Lord Francis hotly.

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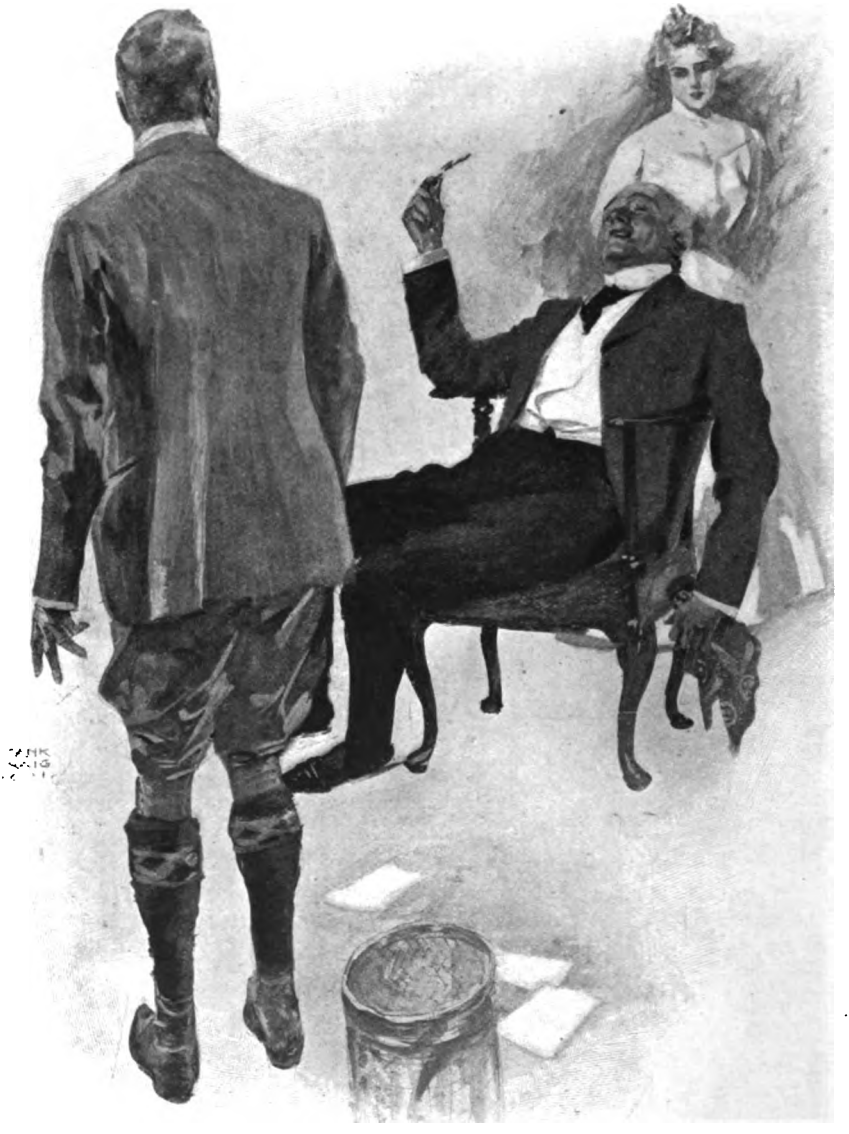

*"Sir Edward rolled back as if he had not heard so excellent a joke for years."*

"No, it's not her," said Sir Edward ungrammatically. "It's you she was pleading for."

"No," said Miss Rayne with a gulp.

"Indeed, then, I don't know what the mischief it all means," declared the old gentleman hopelessly; "more especially as the ruby wasn't stolen after all, but was found behind the drawer, where it had fallen down, this very afternoon."

Lord Francis stared. "Found!" he said.

"Found, my dear Charmian," said Sir Edward; and added, somewhat testily,

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"and if this is an elaborate joke, I think it's about time it came to an end, for I don't see much point in it."

"Of course it's a joke," said Charmian cheerfully; "but now I come to think of it, I don't see much point in it either. Do you, Miss Rayne?"

"N—no," said Miss Rayne, weakly staring at him.

They walked along the gallery in silence.

"Would you mind telling me why you accused yourself?" asked Miss Rayne at last.

"Would you mind telling me why you accused some one else?" he asked in turn.

Eleanor pondered. "No, I can't do that," she said, thinking of Lady Quilton and certain winter sales. "You seemed to think that I had confessed," she added thoughtfully.

"Did I?" said Charmian lightly. "How stupid of me!"

"Why did you think that?" she persisted.

"It was a wild joke," he said desperately.

She turned on him. "How could you have dared to think I did it!"

"My dear Miss Rayne," he floundered, "I—I don't—I'm not very particular about those things."

"It was that visit to the museum in the night," she went on, glowing handsome with her just wrath. "How you could have dared! But if you must have an explanation," she went on scornfully, and held up a hand, "here it is. I had dropped my locket there."

"I—I knew it—of course," he stumbled in his humiliation.

So much like a crushed and routed foe did he look that even Miss Rayne relented. She came back to her first question.

"And what on earth made you make up that silly story about yourself?"

His glance met hers half way, whimsical, beseeching, and not a little tender. "You would never understand," he said low.

Miss Rayne started when they had paused at the entrance to the picture gallery. "Oh," she said, very warm and red, and "I never thought . . . ." and that was all. The rise and fall of her bosom quickened, but the colour now faded, leaving her but delicately charged with pink. "You should never have done such a thing, even if you had thought . . . ." she began, tremulously playful.

But Charmian fastened his bright eyes on her. "You don't understand," he said.

Her eyes dropped. He laid a hand very gently on her arm, and there it rested.

"Perhaps I do," she murmured faintly.

"Then," said he softly, "I anticipated—that—only by——"

Miss Rayne's glance dropped again.

"Let us go and look at the pictures," said Lord Francis with enthusiasm

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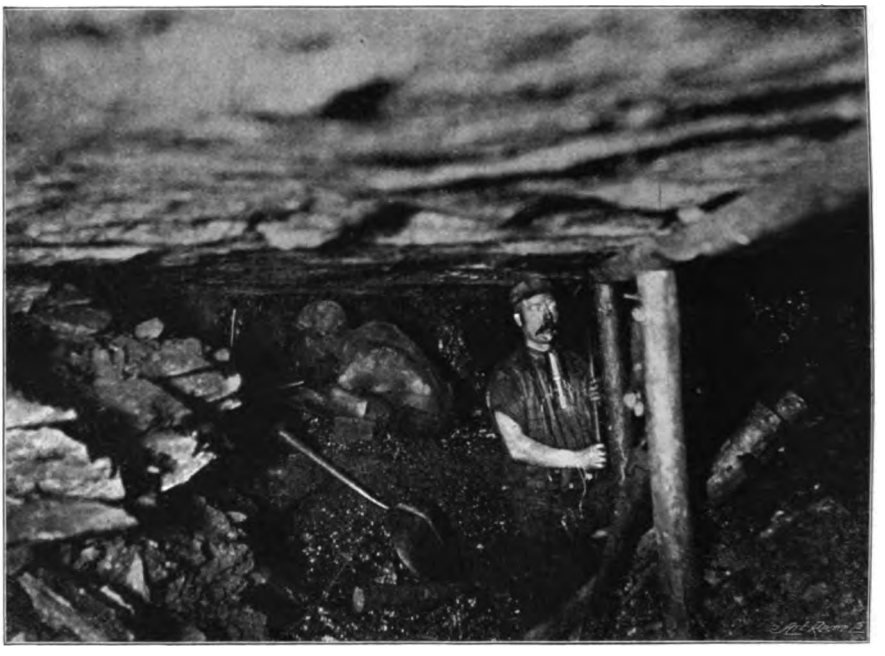

Photo by] *The pitman at work.* [R. E. Ruddock, Ltd., Newcastle.

# HOW LONG WILL OUR COAL LAST?

## *AN ANXIOUS QUESTION FOR THE FUTURE.*

BY JAMES GEIKIE, F.R.S.,
*Professor of Geology in the University of Edinburgh.*

THE new tax to be levied on coal for export, and the lively discussions to which it has given rise, have again roused the attention of the nation to the question of the duration of its coal supply. From time to time a note of warning has been sounded by geologists and others as to the exhaustion of our fossil fuel at no very distant date. But the general public having somehow adopted the comfortable belief that our supplies are "practically inexhaustible," paid little attention at first to the Cassandra-like predictions of our wise men. Some thirty-five years ago, however, the late Professor Jevons did succeed in disturbing British equanimity, by stating, on what seemed good grounds, that at the rapidly increasing rate of production our coal would be nearly exhausted in a hundred years. Every one knows that the value of an estimate depends on the accuracy of the data employed. Some pointed out that the records of our annual coal consumption had been accurately kept for too short a period to allow of any reliable forecast being made. Admitting that the output had been increasing by leaps and bounds, it was argued that this was mainly due to the equally rapid and abnormal development of our commercial activity which had followed the introduction of steam power. The effect of this initial increase in the annual output of coal was still perceptible, just as it was, in a minor degree, in the then rate of increase of the population. From this it was concluded that the rate of increase of coal used *per head* of the

**The Battle of the Experts.**



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population would follow a diminishing ratio analogous to that shown by the curve of population. Others, again, doubted whether the statements as to the amount of coal were quite reliable. Many, ignorant of the geological conditions of our coal-fields, thought the estimates made by scientific experts might after all be mere guesses, and that the available coal supply might be much greater than was supposed. Now, it must at once be admitted that a complete and accurate estimate of the amount of coal at our disposal is an impossibility. So many allowances have to be made for one contingency and another that no two experts, equally well informed, are likely to come to precisely the same conclusion. But, admitting this, it may yet be confidently asserted that enough is known of our coal-fields to make it absolutely certain that our coal supply is not "practically inexhaustible." Nor can the question of the duration of that supply be considered merely of academic interest. No thoughtful statesman, no patriotic citizen, can contemplate the enormous annual output of our coal-fields without serious misgivings as to the fate of our commerce in the immediate future.

**Coal-fields "Visible" and "Concealed."**

But let us first try to take stock of our assets. The coal-fields of our islands occur under two conditions—some are "visible," others are "concealed." In the case of the former the coal-bearing strata appear at the actual surface: we can traverse them in all directions, and their actual extent and thickness can be readily measured. They occur mainly in the form of basins, more or less irregular in shape—the strata being arranged like a series of saucers, one within another. The accompanying illustration gives a diagrammatic representation of the principal features in the structure or build of such a coal-field. To the left, it will be observed that the coal-bearing beds crop out at the surface, while to the right they do not, but are cut off in that direction by a "fault" or dislocation, *f*. Not a few of our coal-basins are in this way bounded on one or more sides by great dislocations. At first sight it seems unfortunate that this should be the case. One is apt to suppose that, but for these interrupting "faults," the coal-bearing strata must

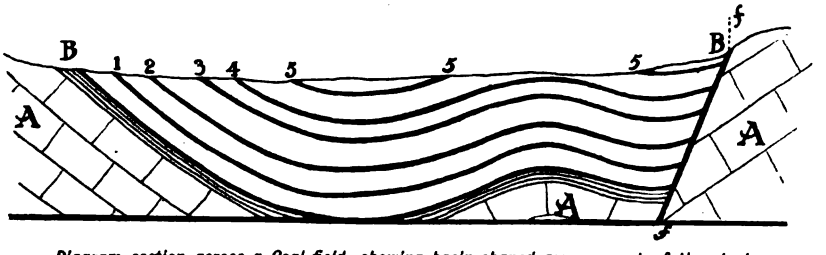


*Diagram section across a Coal-field, showing basin-shaped arrangement of the strata.*

A A, Strata underlying the coal bearing deposits. B B, Coal-bearing strata—coal-seams marked 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. *f f*, Fault or dislocation, throwing down the coal-bearing deposits against the older strata A.

have extended over wider areas. Nor, indeed, can it be doubted that our coal-fields did at one time spread over enormous tracts from which they have since vanished. We have good reason to believe that all or nearly all our now detached areas of coal-bearing beds were formerly continuous. In that stage of their existence the deposits occupied approximately horizontal positions. Eventually, owing to movements of the earth's crust, the strata were subjected to compression, with the result that they were thrown into a series of broad undulations; while in many places "faults" or dislocations appeared, by which the continuity of the strata was interrupted. It can be shown that since the time of those earth-

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movements our land has been subjected to the protracted process of "denudation," whereby a thickness of many thousands of feet of rock of all kinds has been gradually removed from the surface of the country. Had it not been for the earth-movements referred to, it is quite certain that our coal-fields would have been much less extensive than they are—if indeed any portion of them could have survived. But, owing to the folding of the crust, they have been preserved in the deep hollows and basins thus formed, or dropped down by "faults" amongst rocks older than themselves—while from the tops of the undulations or broad ridges the strata, with which they were formerly continuous, have been swept away.

The extent and structure of those basins are now well known, and the number of workable coal-seams has long been ascertained. Experience has shown that coal-seams are usually very persistent—occurring often enough throughout the whole extent of a coal-field. There are of course many exceptions, but persistency is the rule, and it is this circumstance that makes coal-mining a more reliable investment than lode-mining. In the case of our British coal-fields the depth to which a shaft must be sunk in order to strike a particular seam can generally be estimated with accuracy, and the amount of coal available can be calculated with considerable confidence. But lode-mining is always more or less uncertain—only a little more reliable in many cases than a lottery. No one can say for certain whether a newly-opened lode is going to fill or to empty the pockets of its exploiters. So far, then, as regards our "visible" coal-fields, it need not be doubted that an approximately accurate estimate of their contents is possible. In 1860 Professor Hull, with such data as were at that time available, had come to the conclusion that the amount of workable coal occurring at all depths down to 4000 feet was probably 79,843,000,000 tons—a supply which he thought might keep us going for a thousand years. This result only confirmed most people in their comfortable belief in the existence of a "practically inexhaustible" coal supply. No doubt a thousand years would come to an end, but much might have happened before that — perhaps even a substitute for coal might have been discovered! But on the appearance of Professor Jevons' remarkable work the public passed at once from a state of placid unconcern to one of panic, under the influence of which a Royal Commission was appointed in 1866 to inquire into the whole question of the amount of our coal supply and its probable duration. After laborious investigations extended to every coal-producing district in our islands, the Commissioners reported in 1871 that the probable quantity of available coal (down to a depth of 4000 feet) in our "visible" coal-fields was 90,207,000,000 tons, while that which probably existed at workable depths in "concealed" coal-fields was estimated at 56,273,000,000 tons—making an aggregate quantity of 146,480,000,000 tons which might be reasonably expected to be available for use.

**The Jevons Panic.**

Naturally one was inclined to place most confidence in the estimated supply to be obtained from our "visible" coal-fields. The quantity said to be available in our "concealed" coal-fields was admittedly more or less conjectural, and might be either greatly under or over the amount stated by the Commissioners. Nevertheless their report soothed the apprehensions of the public, for it showed that we had probably much larger assets at our credit than had been supposed. The Commissioners considered the question of the probable duration of the supply, but were very guarded in their remarks on that subject. They gave a table compiled for them by Mr. Price Williams, in which it is shown that the large total of 146,480,000,000 tons would be consumed in 360 years, by which time the population of these

**Some Amazing Figures.**

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islands (which increases at a diminishing rate) would be over 131,000,000, and the annual consumption of coal would be some 612,000,000 tons. This calculation is founded upon a geometrical increase in the rate of consumption of coal; but, as the Commissioners point out, the increase in the rate of output may be arithmetical. They then give a calculation founded upon this assumption. That is to say, they discard the principle of an increase in the nature of a percentage on the previous quantity, and simply add a constant quantity equal to the average annual increase of the fourteen years preceding the date of their report, which they take at 3,000,000 tons. Upon this basis they arrive at the following results, namely, that at the end of a hundred years the consumption would be 415,000,000 tons per annum, and their grand total of 146,480,000,000 would represent a consumption of 276 years. But they do not commit themselves to this or to any other conclusion. They obviously felt, what many still feel, that in all such calculations there are many elements of uncertainty, and that in the very nature of things a definite answer to the question How long will our coal supply last? is impossible. But whether the estimate be founded on the principle of geometrical or arithmetical increase, it remains true that our coal supplies, even if they be so great as the Commissioners supposed, cannot at an increasing rate of consumption last for more than two or three hundred years.

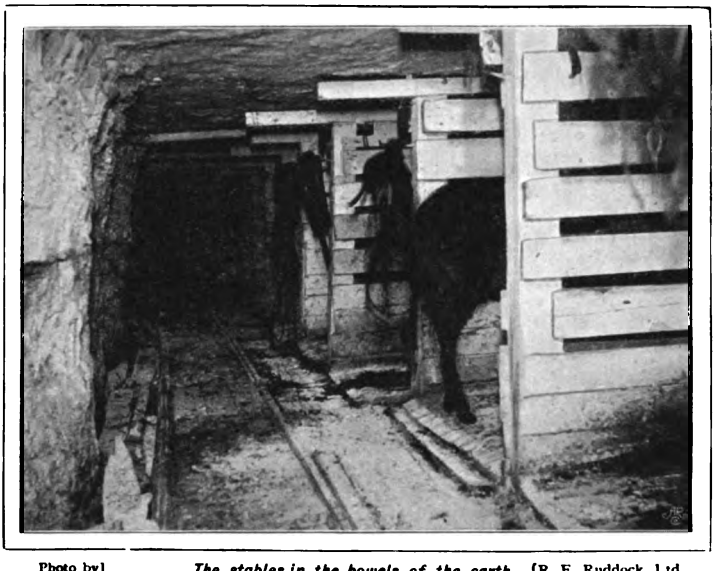

Photo by] *The stables in the bowels of the earth.* [R. E. Ruddock, Ltd., Newcastle.

It is now doubted whether the view taken of our coal resources in the Commissioners' Report is not much too sanguine. Professor Hull, a well-known authority on the coal question, has always objected to the inclusion in their estimate of coal-seams between one and two feet in thickness, on the ground that such thin coals cannot as a rule be profitably worked. It may be remarked, however, that coals eighteen inches in thickness, and even thinner, have been won. Many thin seams are at present disregarded simply because thicker seams are available in their neighbourhood. But in times to come, when those thicker seams are approaching exhaustion, we may be sure that the hitherto neglected thinner seams will have their turn. In a recent work dealing with our coal resources at the close of the nineteenth century, Professor Hull has subjected the Commissioners' estimate to a kind of wholesale revision, and comes to the conclusion that the available coal in our "visible" coal-fields does not probably exceed 58,000,000,000 tons,

**Professor Hull's Objections.**

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The Commissioners, it will be remembered, reported to the effect that the stock of coal in our "visible" coal-fields, in 1870, amounted to some 90,000,000,000 tons; and deducting from that the output of coal between 1870 and 1900, we should still have, according to their estimate, a stock of 85,000,000,000 tons. From this sum Professor Hull would now subtract no less than 27,000,000,000 tons. While duly recognising his authority, the present writer is not prepared to follow him in all his statements and arguments. The results obtained by the Commissioners were based on the carefully prepared reports of a large number of competent experts, each of whom had special and local knowledge of the districts which he was requested to report upon. Under these circumstances, the public, we feel sure, will not be inclined to set the Commissioners' estimate aside, until it is replaced by one based on as wide a range of carefully sifted data.

**Unexplored Ground.**

But while we need not agree with Mr. Hull in deducting so much from the amount of fossil fuel in our "visible" coal-fields, it must be admitted that the Commissioners took too rosy a view of the extent and capacity of our "concealed" coal-fields, and that their estimate of the amount of available coal in such regions is probably much too favourable. They put it at 56,273,000,000 tons—an amount which Professor Hull would reduce to 23,253,000,000. Perhaps this latter estimate is nearer the truth; but it must be confessed that the grounds for a thoroughly reliable estimate are as yet wanting. We know, from observations made within the last thirty years, that the extension of our "visible" coal-fields in the Midlands, under overlying Permian and Triassic strata, is not so great as was formerly believed, and Mr. Hull's estimate is probably just as reliable as any other that might be made at present. But we may shortly be in possession of more abundant data for forming an opinion, Government having promised to issue a report on the subject, which is at present being prepared by the Geological Survey.

It is still a moot question whether any concealed coal-bearing strata occur within the wide regions occupied by the Cretaceous and Tertiary deposits of eastern England. But several bore-holes which have been put down here and there in the regions referred to, after passing through the Chalk, have struck strata older than our Coal-measures. Geologists, therefore, hold out very little hope of discovering new stores of coal in that quarter. It may just be pointed out, however, that the bore-holes referred to are few in number, and often far apart, and it is therefore too soon to declare positively that no such discoveries are possible. "In the unexplored ground," as Professor Galloway remarks, "there is room for more than one large coal-field, and until actual boring has been done to prove the existence or non-existence of such a coal-field or coal-fields, the matter must obviously remain in its present state of uncertainty." As regards south-east England, coal, we all know, has been discovered in Kent; and it would appear that from Dover to Bath there in all probability extends a narrow trough of Coal-measures, from which supplies of fuel will yet be obtained. But until the actual extent and richness of the coal-field of south-east England has been determined, it would be idle to attempt any estimate of its available supplies.

**How Deep can the Miner Go?**

The depth of 4000 feet was adopted by the Commission as the limit at which coal could be worked, and the same limit is assumed by Professor Hull in his estimates. Some less sanguine writers, however, think it will hardly be possible to work coal at such a depth, and they would therefore make very large deductions from even Mr. Hull's reduced estimate of the amount of available coal. The progressive increment of heat, they suppose, will effectually prevent the winning of our deeper coals. The

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rate at which underground temperature increases is somewhat irregular; it is a progressive but not a uniform increase. The average rate has usually been taken as 1° Fahr. for every 55 or 60 feet of descent below the "invariable stratum,"—that is, the level to which the influence of the changes of the seasons extends. In England that stratum occurs at a depth of 50 feet or so, and has a temperature of 52° Fahr. or thereabout. Of late years the methods of measuring the downward increment of heat have been greatly improved, and recent observations lead to the conclusion that the average rate of increase may be taken as 1° Fahr. for every 60 feet of descent. In a notable boring put down by the Prussian Government at Paruschowitz, near Rybnik, in Silesia, to a depth of 6570 feet (the greatest depth to which inquisitive man has yet penetrated) the rise of temperature was 1° Fahr. for every 62·1 feet. As the most improved

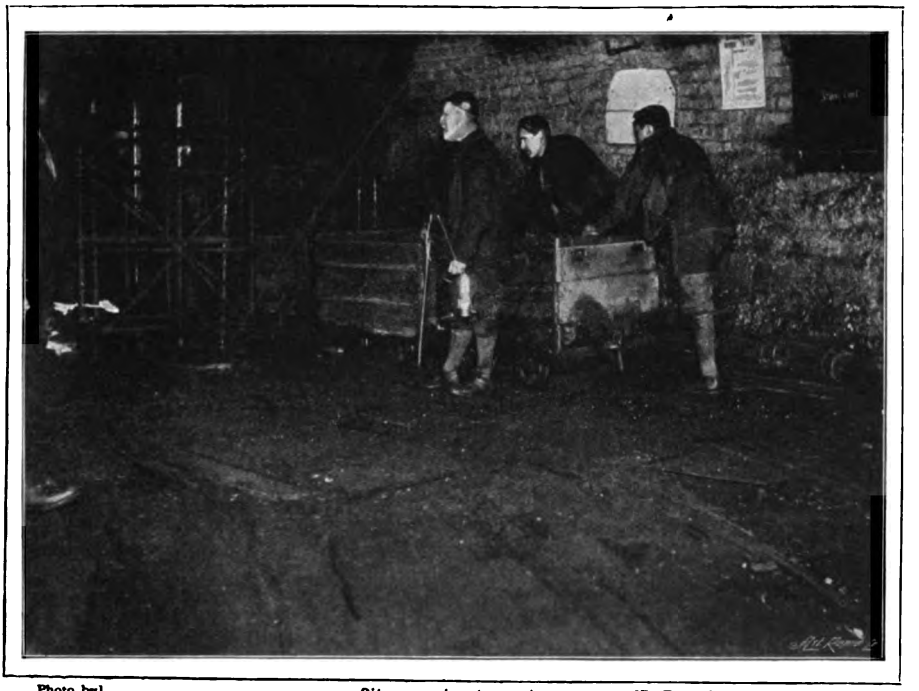

Photo by] *Pitman going to work.* [R. E. Ruddock, Ltd., Newcastle.

methods of measurement were employed in this case, the results obtained are more reliable than many of the older observations on which the average rate of increase has hitherto been based. If, therefore, we take the results of this great boring to be a close approximation to the truth, we may infer that the temperature at a depth of 4000 feet in the British coal-fields will reach 115° Fahr. That, no doubt, is a high temperature; but experience has shown that an adequate system of ventilation effectually reduces the heat at great depths, and work is carried on vigorously in mines where the temperature of the rock rises considerably above 115° According to Professor Church, men work in galleries of the Comstock lode in which the temperature of the air is 116° and that of the rock 130° Fahr. So long as the air is dry man can work in even a hotter atmosphere; but it is otherwise if the air be saturated with water-vapour. In the moist atmosphere of the St. Gothard tunnel, a temperature of 90° was considered to constitute the limit for men. Referring to the case of the Comstock lode, Professor Galloway

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remarks that, "as work can be carried on in the presence of rock at a temperature of 130°, *without any special means of cooling the air*, it is obvious that, if special means are resorted to, a still higher temperature can be grappled with when the inducement to do so arises." And he does not hesitate to express the opinion that a depth of 8,000 feet at least may yet be reached in localities where the rate of increase is 1° in 60 feet. It does not appear to him at all improbable that, when there is any real scarcity of coal, and consequently a substantial rise of prices (say, for example, 10 or 20 shillings per ton), air-compressing engines of ever-increasing magnitude will be employed for the purpose of cooling the workings as the depths of the mines increase sufficiently to require them. The engineers of a future generation, he believes, will be able to cope successfully with rock temperatures far exceeding those encountered in the Comstock mines.

As regards the depth at which coal may yet be worked, it is interesting to note that even in our own day fossil fuel is being obtained at very considerable depths.

**"Concealed" Coal-fields.**

At Pendleton Colliery, near Manchester, it is won at a depth of nearly 3000 feet. Again, at Mons, in Belgium, one of the collieries is over 3900 feet deep. These are remarkable depths, but they have been exceeded elsewhere by the shafts sunk for the exploitation of ores. Thus the Tamarack shaft, and that of the Calumet and Hecla mine, both in the Lake Superior district, reach the depths of 4450 feet and 4900 feet respectively; the latter, indeed, is to be carried down for yet another hundred feet.

From what has now been advanced we may conclude that mining operations in our coal-fields need not be limited to a depth of 4000 feet. We are, therefore, justly entitled to include amongst our assets no inconsiderable proportion of the amount of coal which lies below that level. The Commissioners estimated the total quantity occurring within our "visible" coal-fields, at greater depths than 4000 feet, at 7,320,000,000 tons. Of that amount very nearly 6,000,000,000 were believed to occur between the levels of 4000 feet and 6000 feet—the remainder being distributed between 6000 feet and 10,000 feet. In their report we are likewise presented with an estimate of the probable amount of coal lying below the level of 4000 feet in our "concealed" coal-fields, but as subsequent researches have demonstrated that these are less extensive than was formerly supposed, the estimate in question has ceased to be of value. The actual amount can only be conjectured, and probably amounts to several thousand million tons. We may take it to be 8,000,000,000, which is probably much under the truth.

From this *résumé* the reader will gather that there is still much uncertainty as to the actual extent of our coal resources, and it is much to be desired that the

**Another Inquiry Wanted.**

whole question should again be put into the hands of a Royal Commission. It is only under such auspices that it will be possible to form a reliable estimate of the stock of fuel in our possession. For reasons already indicated, we need not trust implicitly in Professor Hull's revision of the results obtained by the late Commission, so far as regards our "visible" coal-fields. But, as his revised estimates are much lower than those of the Commissioners, we may accept them provisionally, since it is well to consider our assets from the least favourable point of view. In the following statement, therefore, we have in round numbers the sum of our available coal supply:—

| | |
|---|---|
| In our "visible" coalfields down to a depth of 4000 feet . | 58,000,000,000 tons. |
| In same coalfields, between 4000 feet and 6000 feet . . | 6,000,000,000 ,, |
| In our "concealed" coalfields down to a depth of 4000 feet . | 24,000,000,000 ,, |
| In same coalfields, between 4000 feet and 6000 feet, probably much more than . . . . . | 8,000,000,000 ,, |
| Total . | 96,000,000,000 ,, |

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It must be confessed that any calculations as to the duration of these supplies can only be conjectural. Taking the annual output of coal at the commencement of this century at 225,000,000 tons, and allowing an annual increase of 3,000,000 tons—the average increase for the last thirty years—our total supply of 96,000,000,000 tons would vanish in 189 years! It is idle, however, to suppose that production will go on increasing until complete exhaustion supervenes. The calculation serves only to show, therefore, that our supplies are very far from being "practically inexhaustible." Possibly the annual output may continue to increase for the next seventy or eighty years, but in a gradually diminishing ratio, after which decline will set in, and thus the actual life of our coal-fields may be greatly prolonged. But the calculations made some thirty years ago do not encourage us to venture upon another. Professor Jevons' estimates, which created so much apprehension in 1865, have not been sustained by our subsequent experience. He predicted an output of 166,000,000 tons for 1881—the actual production was 154,000,000; for 1898 the output, according to him, should have reached 298,000,000—it did not exceed 202,000,000.

**Not "Practically Inexhaustible."**

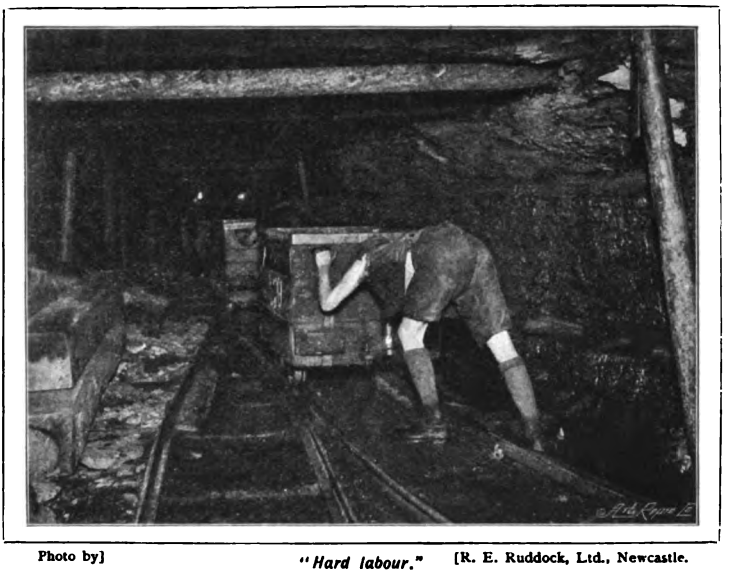

Photo by] "Hard labour." [R. E. Ruddock, Ltd., Newcastle.

If Jevons' estimate of the probable growth of production has proved to be excessive, experience has shown that Mr. Price Williams' estimate has erred in the opposite direction. He calculated that in 1891 the total consumption (exclusive of exports) would be 146,000,000 tons, but it actually reached 185,000,000 (including exports). In 1901, according to him, we should have consumed only 162,400,000, but in 1900 we actually consumed 225,170,000 tons, and the output of the present year will hardly be less. The curve of production must therefore lie somewhere between the curves assumed by Professor Jevons and Mr. Price Williams respectively.

It is probable that many of our cheaply-worked coals will be exhausted in fifty years, but coals are being economically worked now at depths much exceeding 2000 feet, and, with constantly improving mechanical appliances there is little reason to doubt that our engineers will be able to exploit our deeper seams at such a cost as will enable this country to compete successfully for many years to come with other countries rich in coal. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that we appear to be within measurable distance of the time when our resources will be strained to the utmost to maintain our commercial supremacy. For how long a period our output of coal will go on

**The Fight for Commercial Supremacy.**

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increasing no one can say. It cannot be supposed that production will continue to grow until we suddenly come to the end of our resources. The process will be much more gradual. The price of coals will undoubtedly begin to rise as the cost of mining increases. A substantial rise of prices will necessarily lower the rate of production, and affect unfavourably all our industries. We shall be passed by other nations in the race whenever their coal resources can be more economically exploited than our own. As a great industrial nation Britain will then be on the decline—a decline which will have commenced long before our coal-fields are depleted.

How long a time will elapse before declension begins, who can tell? In the opinion of competent authorities the pressure of the approaching struggle may be felt by the next if not even by the present generation. A nation like ours, however, will not readily succumb, and may retain its place of pride as a dominating commercial power for well over a hundred years.

Many a warning has been uttered over the reckless waste of our coal—not only by coal getters but by coal consumers. There is fortunately much less of that nowadays; but there is still wide room for improvement. The copious volumes of smoke issuing from the chimneys of private dwellings and great manufactories tell us of a larger consumption of fuel than is necessary. Professor Perry lately pointed out that the best steam-engines are utilising only one-twelfth of the energy available by the consumption of the fuel, while ordinary steam-engines utilise a much smaller proportion. In this and in many similar cases economies might be effected. Such economies are of the utmost importance, for, as Dr. Le Neve Foster, H.M. Inspector of Mines, has pointed out in his Report for 1899, if an economy of only 1 per cent. were effected in the consumption of coal this would mean an annual saving to the coal consumers of this country of nearly 1,666,000 tons, worth at the preceding year's prices about £625,000.

**A Vision of the Future.**

When the price of coal begins to increase to a serious degree it may be the means of effecting a revolution in the distribution of our factories. Already one has hints, as it were, of the changes which are likely to take place. Electricity generated by water-power will come largely into use. Probably by-and-by it may be transmitted to greater distances and with less leakage than at present; and the machinery of our manufacturing centres may thus come to be driven by power generated in distant parts of the country. Or it may be found more economical to transplant factories to regions where water-power can be most readily obtained. It seems not improbable, therefore, that in the present century the progressive depopulation of the country districts, which we all deplore, may not only be arrested but replaced by increasing migration from our cities.

The success which has attended the transmission of electric power from Niagara Falls to Buffalo—where every trolly-car and every arc-lamp in the streets, and many of the large factories, depend on that power alone for their operation—is suggestive enough. But these are questions which the present writer need not attempt to discuss. All he has tried to do in these pages is to place before the reader the grounds upon which it may be concluded that our coal supplies are not "practically inexhaustible." Unless our available supplies are very much greater than we have reason to believe, there cannot be a doubt that we really are within measurable distance of their approaching exhaustion, and we cannot agree with Professor Hull that the question of their duration is to this generation a matter only of academical interest.

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# "NEAREST THE POLE."

## COMMANDER CAGNI'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS HAZARDOUS JOURNEY.

*(The first and only authorised account which has been published in Great Britain.)*

WITH the beginning of the New Year the preparations for the sledge journey to the North were pushed on.*

The sledges were all ready—light, flexible and strong, constructed under the vigilant care of Dr. Nansen; also the kayaks, which had been freshly painted and dried by the heat of the stove in the forecastle of the ship. The harness of the dogs was also ready, and the hundred and ten animals which remained had been tested on the hard work of dragging the sledges.

On the days when the storm was worst we continued to exercise those dogs which were least willing; but the atavism of the race, the whip and our perseverance, continued each day to reduce the number of the malcontents.

We had found the sleeping-bags of reindeer skin obtained in Norway too short for us, so we took them to pieces and made them afresh for three instead of two persons, thereby gaining in the result an increased heat and almost two pounds weight per man.

We commenced putting up the rations. Taking as a basis what had been done on all previous expeditions, Dr. Cavalli had fixed a ration of 3¼ lb. exclusive of packing, considering that this

*Commander Cagni.*

* An account of the voyage of the *Polar Star* by H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi was published in the June number of the PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

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would supply abundant nourishment and leave room for a possible diminution.

These, with the pemmican for the dogs, were put into light wooden boxes, and were divided into three parts, each one being separately numbered and marked with different colours in order to make it easy to distinguish at a glance the three groups of persons for whom the material was intended, and who, taken together, formed the expedition. To each of these groups, consisting of three men, were allotted four sledges, capable of carrying altogether 180 rations per man, 1150 for the dogs, and the necessary requirements for the encampment of the group.

The first of these was intended to victual with their own provisions the remainder of the expedition for fifteen days from the date of departure from the island, and then to turn back. The second group had to supply provisions to the third for a further fifteen days and then return.

In this way the third group, intended to continue the advance, would only begin to use their own provisions after thirty days' journey from the point of departure, and would be able to proceed for a further fifteen days and still have sufficient to maintain them on the return journey of forty-five days.

Such was the programme, the result of long and careful study, by which means alone it appeared possible to effect the journey of four hundred miles north.

It certainly also appeared to us hazardous to calculate on an average daily advance of over ten miles; but the examples of Wrangell and Peary inspired more hope than the discouraging examples of Parry, Markham, and even Nansen; and on this basis we definitely arranged everything.

As preparations advanced the excitement of departure took possession of us, and gradually increased the new vitality which appeared to be awakened in us by the dim light—which was, however, every day increasing and becoming more distinct on the southern horizon. But these periods of light were too brief, and it was agreed with the Duke of the Abruzzi to arrange for my departure only when we could reckon on a duration of at least five hours' light.

On February 21st we started, but owing to the intense cold were compelled to return; and did not set off finally until half-past eight on March 8th, when, in splendid weather, the thirteen sledges, arranged in beautiful order in front of the camp, set out to cross the bay in a long string, which wound along the northern coast.

H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi had accompanied us thus far, and assisted at the first difficulties of the sledge train with the hummocks. The farewell was less enthusiastic than that given in February, but more moving, as both those who remained and those who left appeared to feel that this was really the last goodbye.

We continued our route up till half-past three, often having to use alpenstocks, but always advancing straight ahead; and in the evening we clearly saw Fligely Cape almost due east.

The temperature was between -30° and 33°, a little lower than what it usually is on this island; but we did not suffer at all from it, and the following day, when it rose to -28°, we thought it was warm.

On the morning of the 13th I sent back the reserve sledge, and our train continued to advance, generally with my group in front and with that of the doctor in the rear. Petigax and Fenouillet were detached from my group in order to ascertain the best road to follow. They prepared the way for the sledges in the more difficult places, assisted by the other guides when the work was heavier. In that case it was necessary to stop; and unfortunately these stoppages were too frequent, and caused a great loss of time, not only due to the stoppages but also to the disorder in which the dogs, immediately they were stopped, managed to put the traces and harness

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*"The last link in the chain which joined us with our country and the world."*

The thermometer indicated −40° C. in the hottest hours of the day, and descended in the morning and in the evening to −43° and 45° C., and during the night to below −50° C. The sufferings we had experienced in February recommenced.

The night of the 15th to 16th was especially trying. One of our best dogs had its leg frost-bitten, and we had to kill it; and on the 16th one of Ollier's heels was frozen. We were obliged to rub him for several hours in order to restore the circulation. Every kind of work, even the simplest, became complicated and difficult, and to live without



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being frozen was the sole thought and difficulty which we had to deal with minute by minute.

The only moment when existence appeared supportable was when we had a bowl of boiling soup between our hands. This was a pleasure which we lingered over as long as possible, but which, unfortunately, lasted only too short a period, because the last spoonfuls of the liquid froze at the bottom of the vessel. We then got into our frozen sleeping-bags, hard as wood, using in place of boots Jaeger stockings, and for three or four hours our teeth chattered. Little by little the ice thawed which had formed between our clothes and our faces, on our shoulders, knees, and waist; and wrapped in our damp but relatively warm coverings, we at last were able to fall asleep.

Sleep? I do not know how or when we slept, for every little noise was heard by all of us, and without a tremendous effort of will we should never have come out of that sleeping-bag, where we lay without comfort, but also without that mass of suffering which inevitably awaited us on issuing therefrom. Half an hour after we got up our underclothing had already become a cuirass of ice and our caps a helmet; our trousers had hardened, and the gauntlets appeared to be those of ancient cavaliers. We had wisely reduced the buttons to the lowest number possible, and selected them large and plain, nevertheless it was a trying business to get them to enter the buttonholes. We had to seek the assistance of our companions.

As the cold increased, the difficulties of harnessing the dogs and of setting up and taking down the tent increased. What with fixing and taking down the tents and repairing the sledges, which every day were in worse condition, we lost sometimes five and even six hours per day. And we advanced very slowly, not exceeding an average of even eight miles per day, a rate which was very far indeed from what we had hoped, and what was necessary in order to approach the ideal for which we had made so many sacrifices.

And not only was the route difficult, but the current also carried us very much to the south, and some observations we made to determine our latitude gave results positively discouraging. Still we did not despair. I thought and hoped that, as the train was reduced, its rate of speed would increase, and I was confident of finding farther north ice less difficult to travel over, which would permit of stages of eighteen miles being performed, as Nansen had on several occasions done under conditions certainly not better than ours.

I now decided to send back the first and second group two and four days respectively in advance of what we had previously arranged; in this way I should save thirty-six rations, which, added to the ten for the return journey, and reckoning the possible economy on the sum total of the provisions, would have enabled me to take with me one man more.

On March 22nd I announced for the following day the return of the first group, which consisted of Lieutenant Chevalier Querini, of the guide, Ollier, and the engine-driver, Stökken.

That day we advanced but little, and by a terrible hummock which blocked our passage we encamped at half-past two. Whilst the four guides were working to clear a passage for the following day we got ready the sledge which was to return: we allowed thirty rations of victuals for the men, seventy pounds of pemmican for the ten dogs, arms, instruments, clothing, and camping material, similar in quality and quantity to that of the other groups. Only, as had previously been arranged, I made each man give up from his own spare clothing a pair of stockings and a pair of garters, which would later on be given to those who were to advance farther.

We parted from our three companions with some emotion, and shaped our course over the ice-pack, following the tracks of

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the sledge which had left half an hour before with Petigax and Fenouillet. Shortly afterwards we saw Querini's sledge proceeding south : a last wave of our hats, and the men disappeared behind high blocks of ice. Poor companions of struggle and sacrifice, we might never perhaps see them again !

During the following days we proceeded but slowly : to the former difficulties was added that of having often but a very thin layer of soft snow, which terribly fatigued both ourselves and the dogs. The wind, too, veering suddenly to the S.W., then to the N.E. and the north, opened canals in the ice ; on the 25th we were surrounded in such a way that in spite of all our endeavours we had to encamp at less than a thousand yards from the spot where we had fixed our tent the previous evening.

*Lieutenant Querini.*

But very soon the canals froze up again, as the temperature still ranged under 40° C., and during the last days of the month we made very fair journeys. On the 28th we managed to do the famous 18-mile journey over a succession of level ice without any obstacles, which revived in us lively and vain hopes.

On March 31st we had to send back the second group. By ten o'clock the two groups were ready to start, mine composed of Petigax, Fenouillet and Canepa, the Doctor's of Savoye and Cardenti. The separation was very touching, because these three men, who left us to travel perhaps for a lengthy period at the mercy of the ice, represented for us the last link in the chain which joined us with our country and the world. Petigax and Fenouillet started northwards with one sledge, and shortly afterwards Canepa and I followed them with the other five.

This was one of the best days' journeys : plain followed plain covered with snow of sufficient resisting power and separated by few and easy obstacles, which we were able to overcome without having to use our ice-axes. By the evening we were a little less than eighteen miles farther north. But the wind had shifted to the S.E., and the snow-drift, though at first slight, was becoming continually thicker. During the night there was a change of wind and more snow, so that the tent, although fixed behind three large hummocks, could scarcely stand.

And during this day also we were confined to the tent, with the sole but great comfort of having the sleeping-bag thawed. The thermometer had suddenly jumped up to −25°, and then in the evening to 17° C. : outside, on account of the violent wind, we did not get the full advantage of this reduced temperature, as we had imagined we should, but still it was the first time since we had left Teplitz Bay that we had rested on anything soft. It was only towards midday on April 2nd that we could again start on our journey with fairly clear weather and light wind, which gave hope of ceasing altogether.

But the improved weather did not last long ; a light fog with snow and hail from the west enveloped us after about three hours' march. We continued to advance, continually using the compass, but towards five o'clock the westerly wind veered round to the north-west and blew with considerable violence ; we had not yet

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finished camping down when we were caught by a perfect hurricane. The tent was very soon full of snow, also our clothes, the kitchen utensils and the sleeping-bags were all covered with snow.

The temperature descended in proportion as the wind changed towards the north. It blew with great violence from west and north-west during the whole night, and tent, sledges and dogs were almost buried in the snow, which resembled a whirlwind roaring round the camp

We remained blockaded for two more days, tormented by the phantasy of non-success in the desperation of our impotence! And during these long anxious hours passed in the sleeping-bags, the thought occurred to us of prolonging our march beyond what had been arranged, of extending it to the extreme limit of what was reasonable, of pushing on till every hope was exhausted!

By reducing our rations by a third for the forty-five days' provisions we still had with us, it would yet be possible to advance fifteen days, that is to say a good week's journey forward beyond the limit fixed for the return. It is true that, assuming the duration of this to be equal to that of the forward journey, we should not reach the land until the second week in June, a period rather too far advanced for travelling over the pack; but returning with few sledges, and these lightly loaded, we could reckon on being able to march more rapidly and thus compensate for the greater difficulties of the way. The rations would be sufficient for the dogs. We still had forty-eight fairly good animals in excellent condition, and we had noticed that very few of them after a march refused the flesh of their fellows

And meanwhile we at once commenced to restrict our own and their allowance of victuals. In those two days when we were at a standstill we partook of only one meal, and gave the dogs only half a ration, and by this little sacrifice we thought we had deserved better weather, and hoped that we were still far from having to give up the game. But the wind continued to blow violently, and the sleet surrounded us like a cloud.

During the night of the 2nd to 3rd a large canal opened at fifteen yards from our tent. We were notified of it by the furious barking of the dogs, always ready to give the alarm as soon as the ice began to move; but if the canal had even opened a couple of yards from us, I think it would have been exceedingly difficult, with the horrible weather, to shift the camp, and we remained where we were.

Late on the evening of the 4th the force of the wind at last began to moderate. At 2 p.m. we began to dig out the sledges, and by 7 a.m. on the 5th the first of them, with Petigax and Fenouillet, again started on the journey which had been so long interrupted.

For some time I had adopted the system of starting this advance-guard half an hour before the bulk of the sledge-train, which of course proceeded more slowly: the two guides were often able to prepare a passage over a hummock and start again on their march before the other sledges had come up. In this way the bulk of the train was not obliged to make long stoppages: a source of serious delay, owing to the disorder caused among the dogs.

On that morning of April 5th, however, we encountered the inconveniences of this system of marching, which we had hitherto found to be better than any other.

A hummock through which the first sledge had had to force its passage sank suddenly before we were able to reach it. We were able to get one of our sledges through easily, and with some difficulty a second; but the third, in spite of the efforts of myself and Canepa, fell into the crack, which was gradually widening where a little previously the hummock had stood.

The dogs had fallen into the water, and struggled with the harness, which threatened to drown them. I cut the traces, and we pulled them on to the

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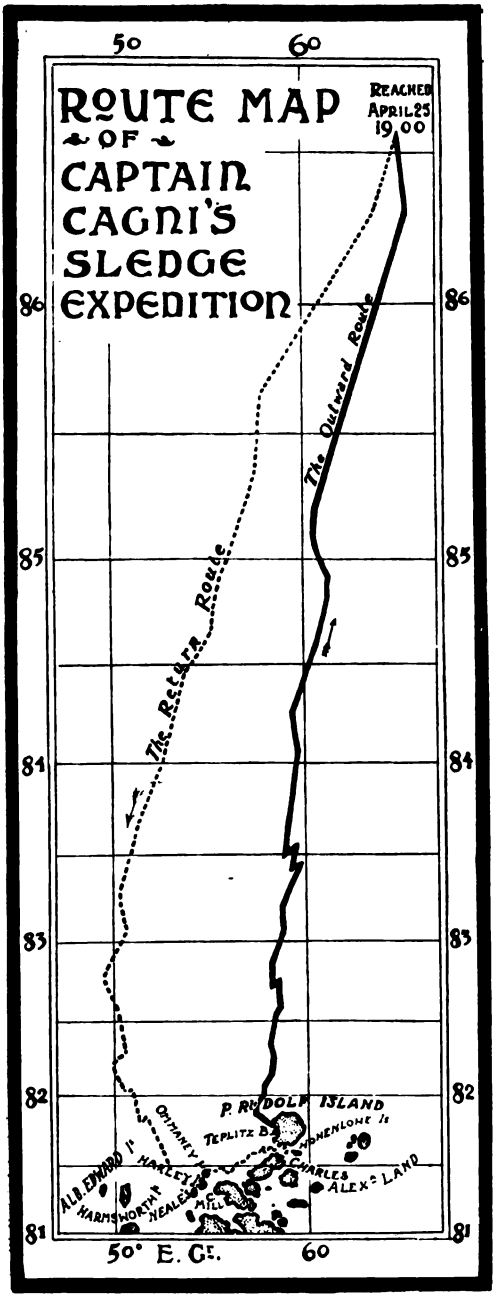
bank, where they lay trembling and dejected; it was, however, in vain that we united our efforts to pull out the sledge, which continued to sink, only held up by the ends which rested on the edges of the two walls of ice, which gradually continued to separate. We should certainly have lost it, but that, just when it was about to fall into the water, the movement of the two ice-fields stopped, and instead of receding they began to approach each other. The canal closed up and the sledge was almost miraculously squeezed out, and was in safety. A few minutes later scarcely a trace of this crack was visible, and our other sledges passed over it without any difficulty whatever.

Meanwhile Petigax and Fenouillet, noticing that we were a long time in coming up, had stopped, and Petigax returned, following his own tracks, in order to meet us. But another and impassable canal had opened between him and us. We followed its course for a considerable time, and only towards midday were we able to rejoin each other.




As soon as we were again together, we re-started, after a short rest, to march across the canals and moving hummocks, and for several hours we had to keep close on each other's heels in order to avoid being again separated. The south-west wind which was blowing raised rather fierce showers of snow; but it was on our backs, and we continued to keep the dogs travelling at a rapid rate over the broken and convulsed ice-pack, until late (towards half-past six), when we found a level stretch sufficiently solid to enable us to camp without fear of disagreeable surprises.

During the following days the wind continued variable, and in consequence the canals and hummocks increased. At times we met with stretches of ice so piled up and distorted that we had to give up the attempt to pass over them. One day in attempting to do this we were enclosed in one of them. We lost two hours, and

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eventually had to turn back and make a considerable détour in order to get round the obstacle.

On the evening of the 7th we had celebrated the passing of the 84th parallel. Continuing to advance in this way until April 25th, we should have passed the 86th parallel, but the general appearance of the pack appeared to improve as we advanced, and even in its then condition, if only the continual changing of the winds (which caused these numerous canals) had ceased, we should have easily been able to do stages of eighteen miles. We had still two weeks before us,—why should we therefore despair?

But on the 15th bad weather again overtook us, and stopped us for a further forty-eight hours: strong wind first from the north and then from the south-east, with heavy snow and fog, which did not permit us to see each other at a few yards distance.

Only after midday on the 17th were we able to start again; it had ceased to snow, and the mist had been dispersed by the north-west wind, which later on veered to the north.

Petigax and Fenouillet went on in front, roped together owing to the fear of losing each other in some canal hidden by snow. The sledges followed, running considerably better than we had feared would be the case, before leaving. We ourselves, on the other hand, sank to the knee, and had considerable difficulty in keeping up with the dogs; but as a compensation we had not to lend them help, because the irregularities of the ice were covered under the deep fall of snow. We made fair progress that day, and in the evening reckoned we had passed 85° latitude.

We had again several difficult days, owing to canals and soft snow; but afterwards the wind, now blowing steadily from the north, hardened the snow and caused the canals to freeze and close up, and extensive white plains which seemed to extend to the horizon, appeared before us as if by magic. It was on the 21st, at midday, when we reached latitude 85° 28′. At times we thought we saw on the horizon our great enemy—a hummock, which might be the forerunner of many others, but on approaching it we found to our agreeable surprise that it was simply an undulation, which we traversed without the least difficulty, and beyond it stretch after stretch of level ice met our eye. We calculated we had that day covered some twenty miles. That evening I explained to the men my proposal for continuing the forward march, which by rights ought to have stopped two or three days previously. I explained to them the state of the provisions, the risks and dangers, the great privations which we might meet with in this last effort; but a unanimous shout of "Forward! forward!" was their reply.

And we talked of trying to reach at least 87°, and if we accomplished it within a few days to attempt a further advance; but during the night the sweet dreams of this unapproachable ideal were cruelly disturbed by a serious consideration of the realities. And having again noted in my pocket-book the account of the provisions, and for the hundredth time that of the number of miles, and considering the immense risk of being caught by bad weather and by thaw at the enormous distance at which I should find myself from any land, I reluctantly reduced the limit of our march to 86° 30′.

We had still fifty miles to cover. Should we succeed?

On the morning of the 22nd we started, smiling to each other, but all of us were very agitated and nervous. The weather was beautiful, and the breeze from the north was still steady; the ice was slightly wavy, but presented no difficulty; the snow was in excellent condition. At midday I took an altitude of the sun, which was very bright, and I calculated our latitude roughly—we were in 85° 48′.

On coming up with the guides I shouted out to them the good news that the latitude observed corresponded very

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nearly with that we had estimated, and as we still had before us exceedingly easy ice we arranged with the men to make a brief halt at two o'clock, and then try to reach 86° by that evening.

The level stretch continued, but it was interspersed by blocks and isolated ridges one after the other, which appeared from a distance like closely packed hummocks, difficult to cross.

On the following day, April 23rd, the north wind again blew. We soon felt the effects of this change of wind: the pack became exceedingly irregular, and having arrived at an extensive stretch of fresh ice we were surrounded by exceedingly strong ice pressures. The rumbling ice broke and piled itself up into long and high hummocks, and opened winding canals, which soon closed again in order to make room for fresh hummocks. It was an imposing scene, but we had no time to admire it. We had anxiously to assist the sledges, to prevent them from disappearing in the more dangerous places, and had to keep close up to the frightened dogs, which stopped every instant and began to howl.

It was an hour's very exciting journey; then we reached a field of old ice, very thick, which like a rock withstood the shock of the neighbouring ice fields, and here we took breath.

Later on we experienced another great excitement. In traversing a canal we found ourselves prisoners on a small island between two fields of old ice, which were moving in opposite directions; there was water all round us, and strong ice pressures, which we thought would at any moment splinter our fragile support. We decided under the influence of fear to abandon it, and Petigax and Fenouillet with admirable presence of mind worked with the ice axes on the ice blocks, which were rising and falling, in order to open a passage, through which we succeeded in pushing the sledges and got into safety.

It was three o'clock, and men and dogs were very much exhausted; but the midday observation had indicated 86° 5′, and now in front of us was a level stretch extending without limit northward and to the east and west.

Another four hours' march; and by seven o'clock, or at any rate by half-past seven, by continuing to advance over this level desert without any obstacles, we should have reached Nansen's extreme latitude. The temptation was stronger than our weakness, and after half an hour's rest we again started on our journey.

The dogs now appeared to be quite refreshed, and drew the sledges willingly. One of the two guides in turn preceded (by a hundred yards) the sledge train, in order to determine our course, and we rapidly advanced, leaving behind us two straight furrows which disappeared in the distance. No one spoke, not even in the short stoppages, which succeeded each other at long intervals.

The remembrance of that march is like a dream to me: we did not feel the fatigue; it seemed that life on that endless white plain consisted in placing one foot before the other, and we seemed to find in this mechanical movement peace of mind and repose for the body.

So we went on for many hours. Seven o'clock passed, eight o'clock, and even nine o'clock, and we were marching still.

It was only shortly before ten o'clock that I got over this sort of mental drowsiness; it was clear to me that we should have to march on to-morrow too, and I therefore had the camp pitched.

The sledge train was in line, and we set up the tent without pronouncing a single word,—we were stupefied by success!

But suddenly I shook myself up, and excitedly drew our flag from the kayak, waved it and shouted out: "Long live the King! Long live Italy! Long live the Duke of the Abruzzi!" and a responsive shout smothered by the emotion of triumph came from the throats of my companions. That night we made merry under the tent, the brandy of the medicine chest furnished the wherewithal, and our conversation naturally turned to

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our far-off country, to our families, and to the satisfaction which the Prince and our companions would feel when we returned to the encampment in Teplitz Bay.

And we went to sleep very late.

On the following day we were only ready to start a little before midday. We waited, as I wanted to take the noonday observation. I found we were then in 86° 19′, and as soon as I had put away the sextant we started out again towards the north. Had we been able to proceed over the now very bad ice even for five or six hours the distance covered would have been but small, and for that little it was scarcely worth while to exhaust the men and dogs and risk some of the sledges. Besides, I was certain we had reached 86° 30′, and I ordered the camp to be fixed in a small amphitheatre of ridges of ice, which sheltered us from the north wind, and on the ridge farthest north we planted the flag.

Whilst we were setting up the tent I took the altitude of the sun, in order to determine our longitude: it was 64° 30′ east of Greenwich, subject to a few subsequent corrections.

That evening, although the thermometer marked −35°, we all remained outside a considerable time in a sort of enjoyment, which perhaps was due to the satisfaction of having done our duty, and to the thought that to-morrow the return journey would commence, and that we should make the first step towards our dear ones.

The air was limpid, the wind ranged between north-east and north-west, innumerable were the points—dark blue, white, sharp, and blunt, often of the most curious forms—of the great blocks of ice which the pressure had raised; and farther away on the clear horizon, in the form of a crown extending from east to west, was a bluish wall, which, seen from afar, appeared insurmountable. It was for us *Terræ ultima thule.*

But southwards, illuminated by the midnight sun, the whitish, dazzling plain extended.

We had decided to abandon one of the sledges. On the morning of the 25th we rearranged the loads on the other four, and found that there was an average of 350 lb. each; I had still thirty days' provisions for the men, 400 lb. of pemmican, and thirty-four dogs.

At midday I took the altitude of the sun: we were in 86° 33′ 49″ of latitude.

On three tin-plate cylinders, which I left upon the snow, I recorded a description of our position, and a few minutes later we started southward, following our tracks of the previous day.

The dogs appeared to understand that we were returning; they proceeded at a pace which it was impossible for us to keep up with. I told the men to get each on to his own sledge, and for the first time we allowed ourselves this luxury. Before five o'clock we had reached the spot where we had encamped on the evening of the 23rd.

Later, we had to urge the animals on; but we continued to march at a good pace, scarcely ever stopping until ten o'clock, at which hour we encamped, having completed a stage of not less than twenty-eight miles. And this was, let it be said, the best stage made on the expedition!

The temperature was between 30° and 32° below zero, and that evening we found our sleeping-bags more frozen than ever.

The following day, by a continuous march of seven hours, we managed to reach our camping-place of the evening of the 22nd; we then noted the enormous distance covered during the 22nd, under the nervous excitement which the hope of an immediate success had inspired in us.

On the 27th we again reached the spot where we had encamped on the 21st. Till now we had been able to travel over our old track, although this was at last obliterated by the wind and the snow-drift; we often lost it, but it was soon picked up again and followed by the dog which had always been in

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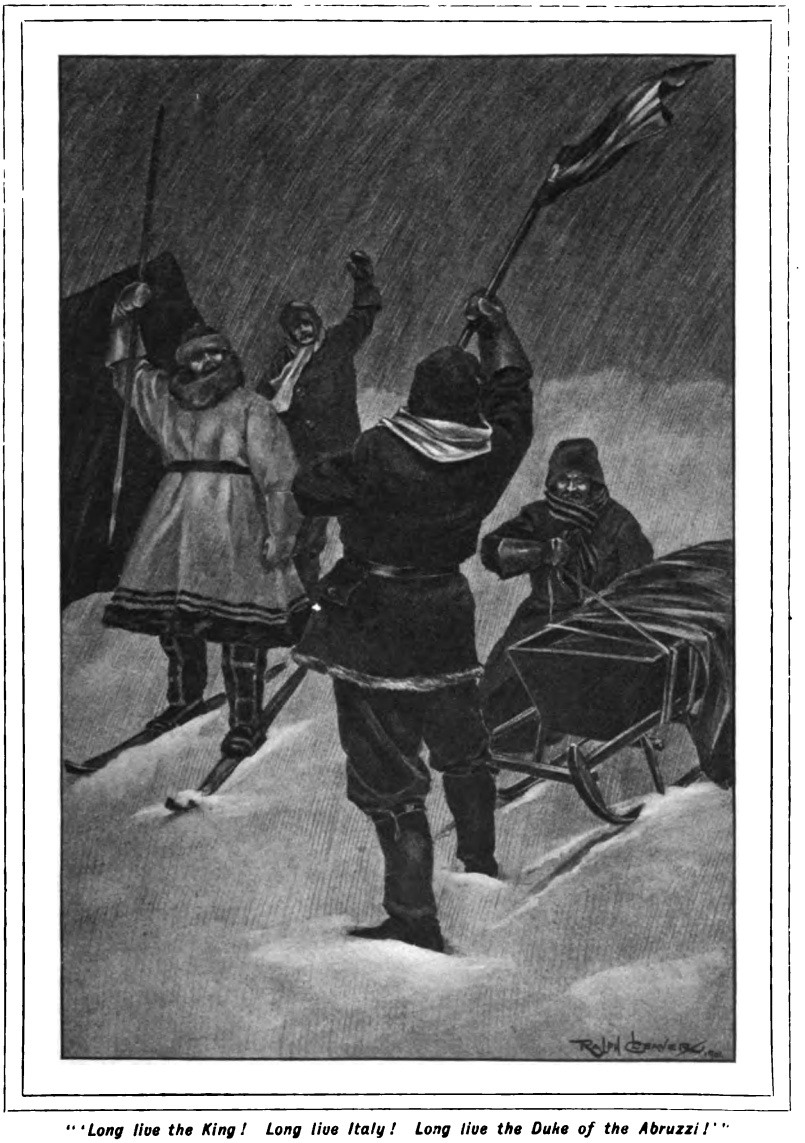
front since our departure from Teplitz — a small, white, long-haired, and most intelligent animal, to which we had given the name of "Mexican," owing to the abundance of hair which adorned his



*"'Long live the King! Long live Italy! Long live the Duke of the Abruzzi!'"*

legs in the form of a pair of trousers, and became wider as it approached the foot.

To be able to return on our track represented an enormous assistance to our progress, as by following this we were not compelled to study the ice immediately in front of us; the sledges ran better, and the dogs proceeded quicker, and never stopped even when tired, because the man who might be following immediately behind the sledge, or even on it, was able to urge them on by voice whenever necessary. But on the 28th April we had to leave the old track

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on account of a wide canal, which compelled us to shift our course a couple of kilometres farther east. Notwithstanding this, we continued to make excellent marches. One of the guides went in front; the other men followed on foot, or seated on the sledges when the ground was better; and in this way we were easily able to travel from ten to eleven hours at a stretch. The dogs were certainly a little wearied; they were losing flesh, and almost all had the diarrhœa, but I preferred to force them into a good pace, as I was of opinion that we could rest later on, when we had been overtaken by bad weather or had met with cracks, which we feared would soon happen.

Besides, the loads diminished daily, and as I did not kill any more of the dogs, the weight for each animal was very small indeed. It is true they consumed a larger quantity of pemmican, but I got a considerable advantage for it in increased velocity.

The weather was now heavy, the sky always covered; and the wind, which had previously blown a fresh breeze from the north, had on the 27th veered to the north-east and blew strongly. This had caused canals to open, which however did not as yet cause us great inconvenience; their direction was mostly N.N.W. to S.S.E., and when we could not cross them rapidly we followed their course, which took us but little out of the route. Since, after leaving the track we had directed our course between S. and S.S.E., by following that direction, taking into account the deviation on the forward journey, I reckoned upon arriving at 82° of latitude some ten miles east of Fligely Cape.

We continued the forced marches, camping only when men and dogs were exhausted by fatigue. On the evening of May 1st we calculated by our dead reckoning that we had passed 85° of latitude; we felt as though we were almost back at our camp.

But on the 2nd we were confined to the tent owing to bad weather; during the night the north-east wind had been blowing strongly, and in the morning had increased into a gale, accompanied by drifting snow and hail, which buried the camp; and every now and again the men had to go out and remove the snow from the top of the tent to prevent it from collapsing.

We did not regret this delay too much, as it gave a rest both to the men and the dogs. I especially had great need of it. On account of a long visceral disturbance, which had exhausted me for over twenty-five days, I felt completely done up. During the march to the North nervous excitement had sustained and urged me on, but as soon as the return journey began I felt the consequences: at times I had great difficulty in keeping up with the sledge train, and falling behind I had to make an effort to rejoin it, and for hours at a stretch I had to rest on the sledges; now, thanks to heavy doses of opium, the disturbance had decreased, and my forces were gradually returning, but, owing to my index finger being frost-bitten, my right arm was swollen and the axillary glands began to give me considerable pain. I took advantage of some days when we were resting in camp to unswathe the finger: it was tumefied, and I saw that it was necessary to open it; I carried out this operation by cutting away the frost-bitten part, and felt considerable relief, so that after two days I was again able to use my arm.

Up to May 15th we travelled fairly well; the variable winds from the north and west opened many canals and raised frequent hummocks, but extensive stretches of level ice were still to be met with, and on account of the lightness of the sledges and the considerable dexterity we had acquired, obstacles were soon and easily overcome.

On the other hand, we found the temperature, averaging about 10° below zero, very mild. To pitch the camp and to take it down was now an exceedingly

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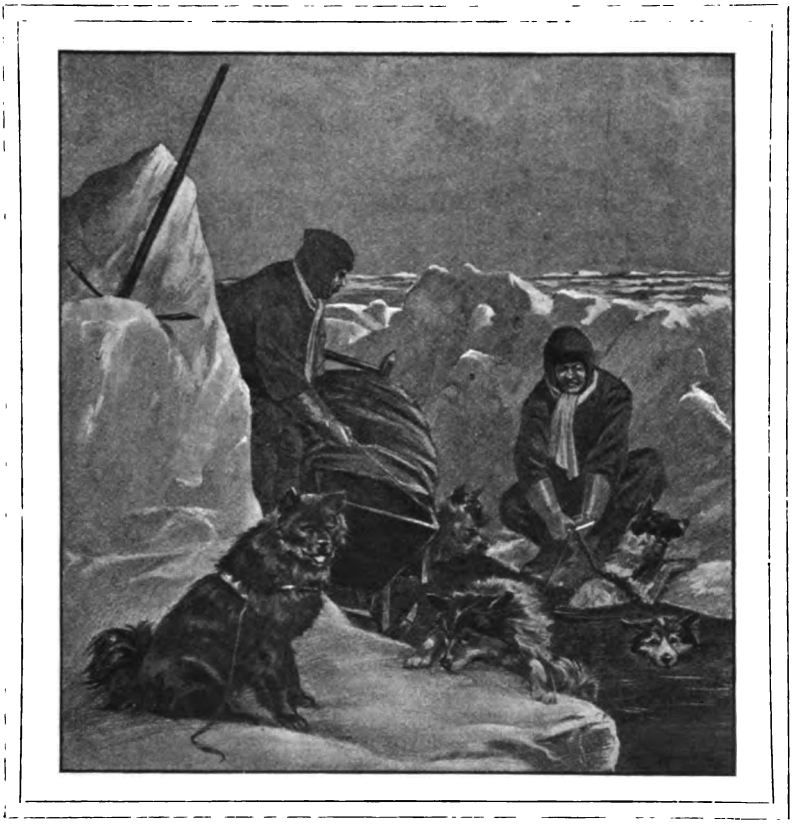
rapid operation, over which, one thing with another, we did not spend more than one hour a day; and we marched eleven or twelve hours continuously, with a short halt, during which we took the tea or coffee saved from the morning.

The desire to return had taken hold of us, and there was certainly no need for me to urge on the men; they would have continued to travel day and night until their forces were completely exhausted. I seconded them to the extreme limit which regard for the future suggested; and when, after a march, we ate our soup, we went to sleep with the spoon in our hand, through utter weariness.

We knew we were travelling rapidly, but it was nevertheless a great pleasure for us when on May 8th we were at last able to take noonday altitude, and fix our latitude at 83° 40′, a dozen miles south of where we had reckoned we were. We found ourselves still a little over a hundred miles from the island, and had covered a hundred and seventy in fourteen days.

Our joy, however, was disturbed the following day by the observation of longitude, the first we had been able to make since we began the return. The longitude was 50° 15′ east of Greenwich, and we were about fifty geographical miles out of our course, to the west of Teplitz Bay.

I made the calculation several times over, thinking I had made a mistake, but there was no longer any doubt. On the reappearance of the sun I was also able to test the variation of the compass, which was from 15° to 16° east, whilst



*In a tight place.*

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farther north, when I was above 85° N. latitude, I had found it almost zero. Perhaps the difference in the indication of the compass had thus led me to the west. The evil did not appear to me to be very great, and on the 10th I told Petigax to keep as close as possible to the S.E. But on the 13th I made the longitude 49°. We had therefore travelled seven geographical miles to the west in four days.

I was very anxious about two longitudes taken between the 9th and 13th—on which, however, I did not place much reliance, because the sun had not been very clear during observation; but after the last result obtained, the extreme gravity of our position was now clear to me unless we were able to get back into our course before the thaw set in. We had sixty-four complete rations left, which, reduced by one-third, would be sufficient for twenty-two days at most, and we had still 300 lb. of pemmican and twenty-four dogs.

I directed the course of the sledge train E.S.E. We gained a considerable distance towards the east for two days, but again the level ice was at an end, and difficult cracks rendered our progress slow and arduous.

On the 16th, after a strong wind from the east, we found we had again fallen to the west: we were now at 50° longitude, and this meridian appeared to be our Pillar of Hercules. It was true, however, that, though to a less extent, we were drifting southwards, and this encouraged the hope that we should be able to reach the archipelago of Franz Josef before we had drifted to the extreme west; but what would it cost us afterwards to rejoin our companions?

The thaw set in, and to the terrible difficulties of the cracks was added that of the soft snow, in which we at times sank up to our waists, and even up to our armpits; and then the canals, which appeared every day more numerous and more difficult to cross. Nor could we hope for another frost, since the temperature never now sank below 5° or 7° under zero. And meanwhile the provisions were decreasing, the dogs were becoming exhausted, and we ourselves were scarcely able to hold up for fatigue.

The battle for life made us overcome dangers which we should never have attempted a month previously; and we crossed canals on detached blocks of ice when a single movement of the person would have caused us to lose our balance; we risked ourselves on broken ice so thin as only to bear the weight of the sledges with great difficulty; and we surmounted hummocks during the strongest ice pressures. We ourselves often fell into the water, and the sledges sank; but the energy, courage, and presence of mind of the men always saved us from disaster. These adventures, instead of inducing us to be more prudent, made us more and more daring in the face of danger, and we proceeded with difficulty, but still we advanced.

The biscuit and the farinaceous paste were exhausted; we had still twelve rations of meat and sixty-four pounds of pemmican, including that for the dogs, which now served as nourishment for ourselves; we fed the latter only every forty-eight hours, with a portion of one of their slaughtered companions, which Canepa managed to divide into twenty or twenty-two parts. We had still a little coffee left, as we had used this with great economy, and had jealously preserved it as a stimulant in case of an extraordinary march, which every day we hoped to be able to make.

On May 25th a flock of seafowl appeared, the sight of which greatly excited our dogs. We also noticed the trail of bears, and we talked of nothing but the chase: one of these large animals would have kept us in food for two months, and we were inclined to think that if we could only get a square meal we should be able to get through double the work we were doing; still, even with our legs a trifle weak, we did not spare ourselves.

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At times we continued to march for twenty-four hours at a stretch; when we were stopped by the canals which we could not cross, we set up the tent, and without unharnessing the dogs, waited during several hours for a suitable moment to advance: one of us took it in turn to watch the movements of the ice, or study the drifting of some isolated block on which we might attempt a passage which very often proved heroic.

At times we remained penned up on an islet half a day at a time; then being wakened up all of a sudden, we packed up the tent in a few moments and made a dash for the passage which had formed.

June found us very depressed: we were caught by the thaw fifty miles from Teplitz Bay; our lives were in the hand of God.

*"We jumped on to the solid ice."*

On the 8th we tasted the dogs' flesh for the first time, and from that day the poor beasts only lived on picked bones and on the skins of those that we killed, of which nothing was left but the teeth and the intestines.

The winds, which during the last days of May had been blowing from the west, now veered round to the north, and after we had for some time remained at 81° 50′, we again directed our course towards the south. On the 8th we were at 81° 30′: about twenty miles from Harmsworth Island and from the islands which lie near Mill Cape, the latter south-east of us and the former south-west.

Twenty miles! With good ice we could in one forced march have reached the land, or the solid ice which was not drifting, where we should be able to rest in the certainty of not losing during our sleep the ground that with so much trouble we had gained to the east: this was a continual nightmare to us, and enough to overcome the thoughts of hunger; and one strip of land, no matter what it might be, would have relieved us of this nightmare, and it appeared to us that by reaching it all our difficulties would instantly cease. To be on land! The mere thought of it made our hearts beat faster. But in view of the strong drift, when, with stages which appeared to us quite extraordinary if they amounted during twenty-four hours to four or five miles altogether, how could we reach those islands?

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About two o'clock p.m. on the 9th, during a bright interval, two islands suddenly appeared on the horizon in front of us, and farther to the left a dark promontory with its summit covered with snow. I recognised the Neale and Harley Islands and Mill Cape, as I remembered them from having passed in front of them in the *Polar Star*.

Climbing up on a high block of ice, and holding on to each other, choking with emotion, we could not take our eyes off this moving sight. And when we recommenced the fight with the ice (which had now become exceedingly difficult), we no longer felt weary, and our forces seemed to have doubled.

Then everything disappeared in the fog; and shortly after three o'clock, on again ascending an eminence, whilst the sun was lighting up the horizon, we could see nothing to the west but ice walls and canals; we were utterly dejected at the sight. Had the Fata Morgana cruelly deceived us? Had an extraordinary effect of refraction caused the appearance above the horizon of that which still remained hidden beyond it? We were lost in a thousand suppositions; but the land was seen no more that day, and the spasm of uncertainty appeared to us a greater torment than all our former sufferings and those which yet remained in store for us.

That night for the first time we saw a seal in the middle of a flat sheet of ice; we tried to secure it, but before we were able to get within shooting distance it had disappeared through the hole near which it had been sleeping.

The following day was Sunday; after our customary Sabbath prayers we set out at half-past eight towards the east, in which direction the ice appeared more regular; at half-past ten Petigax called out to me from the top of a block of ice. And again the land appeared, clearer and more distinct than yesterday, and it now seemed to be very near us. We saw other capes—McClintock and those without any name which lie to the south-west of Charles Alexander Land. I took my bearings, and estimated that I was about fifteen miles from the islands. After a short rest, during which, with a few grains of coffee, we made three or four pints of liquid which we found to be excellent and very stimulating, we again continued our march.

From the 9th we had westerly winds and found fewer canals; but the hummocks were exceedingly difficult, and progress was very exhausting, and at times we had great difficulty in covering 500 yards an hour.

Thus, on the 10th and 11th, in spite of our best efforts and with great fatigue, we only covered six or seven miles altogether. I had abandoned another sledge, and now we had only two left, with the kayahs on which we had loaded the tent and the sleeping-bag; and, in order to lighten the cargo, we had thrown away a considerable part of the spare clothing and a good portion of the sleeping-bag itself, the pieces of which were gnawed with great avidity by our poor dogs, which had become every day more emaciated. We had now only eleven of them, and on them depended our life and our safety.

On June 13th, after a march of ten hours, fatiguing even under ordinary conditions, but absolutely exhausting considering the general debility in which we then were, we camped not far from Harley Island, which we could not quite reach owing to a wide canal, which had to be turned.

Immediately after we had finished our dog soup, which we thought quite delicious, we became aware that the south-easterly wind, which had been freshening up, was causing the ice-pack to move; and fearing that we should be carried farther away from this land which we were so anxious to reach, we again struck our tent and set out towards the land.

It was a most trying journey, which lasted six hours before we were able to get across the final canals, and then on the thin ice, which bore us better the

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nearer we approached the island: it was, however, almost as if we were in a swamp, and we were continually up to the knees in water. It was 4 p.m. on the 13th when we were able to camp down on ice which was firmly attached to the land: this ice was covered with a thin layer of water, but the sixteen hours' march compensated for the discomfort of our bed, and we slept long and deeply.

In the afternoon we directed our course towards Hommaney Island, and in the early hours of the 14th we encamped on the northern part of the land, the summit of which was free from snow.

And now again, after ninety-five days of life on the pack, our feet touched land,—rocks!

But up there a fresh disagreeable surprise awaited us. To the north-east towards Charles Alexander Island, and to the west towards Mill Cape, open canals appeared in all directions; to the north and north-west a succession of hummocks which appeared to be very difficult ones to cross, and beyond all these difficulties there appeared the ice-pack, which certainly looked easier. But how were we to reach it? We were separated by thirty miles from Prince Rudolf Island, of which we saw Broroh Cape, and farther off the small Germania Cape. What length of time should we require in order to cover these thirty miles? It was a question of life or death; there still remained ten dogs in a very emaciated condition, and these with a few pounds of pemmican represented, at the outside, two weeks' provisions.

In vain we tried to cross the canals and afterwards the hummocks. After two hours of indescribable fatigue, we had to return, and we spent more than four hours in regaining Hommaney Island.

On the 15th the ice appeared to close up through the movement of the tide, which kept it continually in motion; we did not lose an instant, but set out towards the north-east, and left the island behind us.

And now commenced a fight with the hummocks and canals without intermission and without rest. The dogs were no longer unharnessed; we ate when we could, we slept when it was impossible to advance, and as soon as the remotest probability appeared we were up and advancing yard by yard towards Charles Alexander Land and towards Broroh Cape, where best we could direct our course. We had broken the handles of the ice axes, and had only one left, in indifferent condition; we were forced to clamber over hummocks and ice walls by means of our arms without making a passage; nor did the broken up portions of the ice pack, however extensive, stop us. The dogs followed us now everywhere, and had become more courageous than we, and we became more daring as the obstacles increased and as we approached the land.

On the morning of the 20th, owing to the wind from the south-east suddenly falling, the ice canals widened and we remained prisoners on a mass of ice floating in a large basin of water which had formed along the coast of Charles Alexander Land. It was an almost circular mass, some sixty yards in diameter. We remained for nearly two days at the mercy of the current, which now carried us towards and now away from the northern coast of Charles Alexander Land, which had disappeared for some hours to again reappear still darker in the intervals when the fog lifted, which had hung about us for almost a week. And now it appeared to us, and we earnestly hoped it was true, that we were being carried towards Felter Cape.

In the meantime we started to repair the kayaks, in order to provide for the eventuality of having to use them in order to reach the land: these fragile barks were now in a very bad condition. By working all four of us for twelve hours we had scarcely managed to sew up the sides of one of them which was least damaged, when Fenouillet noticed that we were approaching the pack, which appeared to

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be fixed between Charles Alexander Land and Prince Rudolph Island.

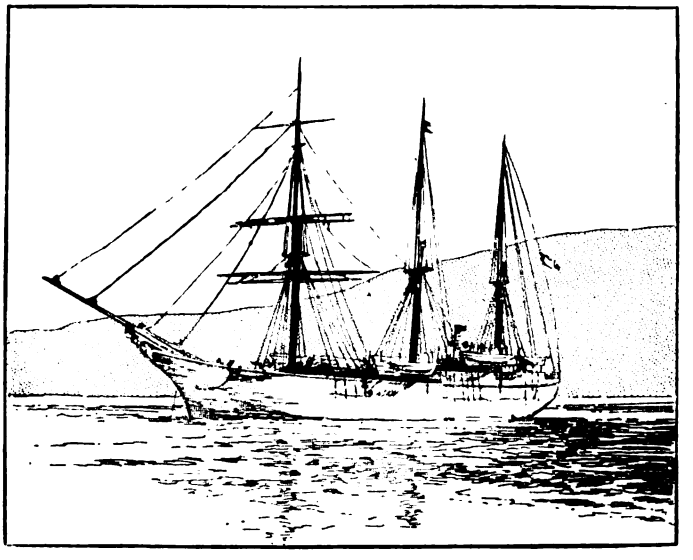
It was the evening of the 21st. In an instant we had got everything into position, and a few minutes afterwards we had left our little island. We ran towards the coast, which was quite near; we ran frantically, when in traversing a canal over thin ice we were again held prisoners on a very small piece of floating ice which was scarcely sufficient to bear us and the sledges; and the canal was widening, whilst the two old ice-fields which formed the banks were again moving rapidly towards the south. The south-west wind was blowing freshly; we joined the two sails of the kayaks, and with an improvised mast made out of the bamboo of the tent we managed to hold our own against the current which was carrying away the pack. Two hours of great anxiety passed: the land was but a few miles from us, and we ran the risk of being separated from it for ever!

Suddenly it appeared that the pack was approaching us with great velocity. We had scarcely time to pull down our sail and to call to the dogs, and whilst our little island was splintered into fragments under the violence of the shock, we jumped on to the solid ice and continued our course towards the land. Fortunately the ice-field on which we were, perhaps owing to resting on a promontory of the coast, was arrested in its course, and towards half-past ten p.m., panting for breath and utterly exhausted, we stood at the foot of the black peak which forms Felter Cape.

On the 22nd, setting out shortly before midday, we crossed the Sound and landed to the south of Prince Rudolph Island. Having, after great fatigue, ascended the glacier of Broroh Cape, we had to remain there two hours owing to fog, and then we continued our journey, which, with the exception of this brief halt, had lasted twenty-four hours.

Whilst we were descending the glacier towards Teplitz Bay, our companions had espied us, and about one o'clock we were in their arms.

The Duke, who was on the look-out at Cape Fligely, returned to the camp the following morning, and I handed to him our little tri-colour flag which had waved in the highest latitude yet reached.



*The "Polar Star."*

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# THE STORY OF "OLD JIMMY."

BY WILL HILL.

HIS name was Herbert Jameson. He was in the prime of life as far as years are reckoned—certainly not more than thirty-five—but we, his colleagues, always spoke of him as "Old Jimmy." This was partly from he feeling of affection we all had for him, and partly because, in spite of his few years, he really looked much older. He walked with a stoop, and his face, except on the rare occasions when it was lighted up with a smile, looked so furrowed and careworn that it was easy to see that at some time or other the black ox of trouble had trodden down heavily upon his foot. Yet Old Jimmy was kindness itself, and as gentle in all his ways as a woman. When his face *did* break into a smile it did one good to behold it, and one instinctively felt when looking into those frank blue eyes—"Here is a man, a gentleman, honest, and true as steel." Everybody had a good word for Old Jimmy.

He had been a scholar of Balliol, and had taken a First in Mods. and Greats; therefore, as might have been expected, his work lay chiefly with the Upper Sixth. Yet it was in the company of the younger boys that he most delighted. They simply adored him.

In his younger days he must have been a very handsome man; in fact, he was so still, in spite of the deep furrows on his face.

One peculiarity he had, and that was his great liking for the crimson flowers commonly known as French currant blossoms. I never saw him wear any other flower, but every morning through the spring and early summer he was sure to appear with a spray of French currant in his button-hole. It had grown to be an old joke with us that he wore it because he thought it suited his complexion. Whenever I went to his rooms, and that was every day, there was always a large bowl full of these flowers on his table.

We hazarded all kinds of guesses as to what the trouble was that had befallen him, but could never come to any satisfactory conclusion. Some said he had never been intended for a schoolmaster's life, but had taken to it for a living, owing to heavy losses while at Oxford; but I for one did not believe it. In the first place I believe he became a schoolmaster because he liked the life; for he never seemed so happy as when in the company of boys; and though I have known a few schoolmasters who hated boys, I could never understand why they did not rather break stones upon the roadside, or drive a cab, than enter upon a profession which in their case must have proved a perpetual hell. Then again, Old Jimmy had always plenty of money to spare for those in need. Why, to my certain knowledge, when the fifteen-



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year-old daughter of Spook, the porter at St. Anselm's, was said to be going into a decline, Old Jimmy paid for her to be sent to Ventnor and kept there for almost twelve months. When the boys of the village school about a mile away from St. Anselm's wished to start a juvenile cricket club, but wished in vain owing to lack of funds, who supplied them with the full set of apparatus and set them going? Old Jimmy, of course. But he never liked these things to be talked of. Oh, no! When I happened to say,—"I see the village boys have at last found a friend to provide them with a cricketing outfit," he looked up in the most innocent and surprised way, and said, "Oh! indeed!" And one day, as he and I were going out through the big entrance doors I stopped to ask Spook how his daughter was. "Gettin' on fine, sir, all owin' to the kindness o' Mr.—— Suddenly Old Jimmy broke in with—"Spook, there goes Collis minor across to the cricket pavilion: run as fast as you can and tell him . . . tell him . . . let me see! oh, tell him he should be wearing his school cap."

But this is all by the way.

No, it was some other kind of trouble that had darkened Old Jimmy's life; and, though I never knew the full facts of the case, I afterwards learnt enough to account for a good deal.

One day a new boy arrived. He was quite a youngster—nine years old, in fact. Old Jimmy and I happened to be strolling in the avenue when he came, and we reached the front doors just as he was alighting. I saw Old Jimmy start and look curiously at him for a few moments. A far-away, yearning look came into his eyes, and I heard him mutter to himself—for he often had a habit of talking to himself aloud—"How strangely like! the very forehead, the very eyes!" To the boy he said, "What's your name, little chap?" "Warde, sir!" Then Old Jimmy patted him on the head, and we walked on; but for the next quarter of an hour I could not get an intelligible word out of him: he seemed lost in thought.

Every boy was a favourite with Old Jimmy; but to me, who watched him closely, it soon became apparent that the new boy exercised a magnetic power over him. I have often seen him stand and gaze on the boy for a few moments with a hard, stern look in his eyes—a look almost of aversion; but at the sound of his fresh young voice the dark look would at once give place to one of great tenderness. He strove, and successfully strove in a great measure, to hide this predilection from the eyes of others; for it was a maxim with him, "Never allow boys to see that you have any special favourites; it will encourage them to think you are partial in your rewards and punishments." Yet to a close observer it was plain to see that he loved to be in this boy's presence.

The night of the day on which we assembled after the Easter holidays, Old Jimmy and I were having a quiet pipe in his study when a knock came to the door, and in came Tommy Warde.

"I have just got back from home, sir; and my mother gave me this letter for you. I think it is to thank you for having been so good to me, sir. I told her your name was Mr. Jameson, and she asked me whether you were an Oxford man, and about what age I thought you were; and I said you were about fifty, and from Cambridge, I thought."

"And what did your mother say to that, Tommy?"

"I forget, sir. Oh, she said, 'Then it cannot be.'"

"All right, my boy! Good-night," said Old Jimmy, with a look of mingled sorrow and relief.

When the boy had gone he opened the letter with trembling hands, and after a lengthy silence said, "Hawthornden, I suppose this must be answered. I wish you would write for me. I think I must have a touch of my old enemy the rheumatism in my hand to-night: see how

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it shakes and twitches. Here, read the letter!"

I read as follows:—

'WESTBRAE, FIELDFERRY, N.B., *May 17th.*

"DEAR SIR,—I write to thank you for all the kindness you have shown to my boy during the past term. He has spoken of you so much that I feel I cannot do otherwise than write to you. I am coming down to see him and the school on Saturday week, when I shall hope to thank you in person.

"Yours truly,

"M. L. WARDE."

Old Jimmy's hand did shake, it was true, but I had never known him to be troubled with the rheumatism before, and I thought it a strange request that he made of me; however, I wrote at his dictation as follows:—

"DEAR MADAM,—I am afraid that I do not deserve the thanks so kindly expressed in your letter. I fear that I shall not be able to see you when you come down to St. Anselm's on Saturday week, as I shall be away all the afternoon and evening."

"Will you sign it?" said I.

"No, do it for me, please—and put W. Jameson: I was christened Herbert William, and although I have never been called by the latter name I rather like to use it sometimes."

This too I thought strange, as also the fact of his going away on the Saturday; since I knew it had been his intention to stay and watch the first cricket match of the season, which was down on the fixture card for that day.

On the Saturday week, sure enough, as soon as school was over he hurried away, and did not return till long after Mrs. Warde had gone.

I caught a glimpse of her during the afternoon, and a remarkably pretty little woman she was—blue-eyed, like Old Jimmy, and with a face which, like other faces I have known, was only improved and made more bewitching by reason of its many freckles. She was dressed very becomingly in widow's weeds, and appeared to be about twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old.

"Well, the weeks crept on until early in July, when Founder's Day came round, and the whole school had a holiday in honour of it. Old Jimmy and I, with Hilliard, the second mathematical master, set off for a day's fishing in the river about three miles away. The boys had "Free Leave"—*i.e.*, liberty to go anywhere they pleased within certain bounds.

After fishing for a couple of hours we came to the old water-mill, where we determined to lunch under the shade of some chestnut trees about a hundred yards away from the spot where the mill-wheel was going merrily round and round.

After lunch we lit our pipes and prepared to spend a lazy half-hour before whipping the stream again. I had been less fortunate in my share of the spoil than my two companions, so Old Jimmy said,—

"Hawthornden, try some of my flies: no trout can resist them. Here, you will find them in my pocket-book, wrapped in a piece of old faded note-paper, on which the names of them are written!"

I opened the book, and there, sure enough, was the faded note-paper, covered with writing in a lady's hand; and as I unfolded it my eyes fell on the words:—"Now, Bertie, I cannot write more—or I shall miss my beauty-sleep. Good-night, dear! Schlafe recht wohl, träume süss! —Molly." Inside, instead of the expected flies I found a pressed and discoloured spray of Old Jimmy's favourite flower, the French currant, tied neatly with a small white ribbon.

"They are flowers, Jimmy," said I, "instead of flies."

He seemed surprised and a little annoyed, as he said, "Ah! I had forgotten: look farther on!"

After I had made my selection, we were preparing to set out again, when suddenly from near the mill-pond, in a boy's shrill voice came a cry of "Help! help!" Hurrying along we found Dudley,

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one of the first-form boys, running up and down in a state of frenzy.

"Oh, save him, sir! It is Warde: he fell in, and the current is taking him straight for the big wheel."

There indeed the poor little chap was, rapidly drifting to certain death, for in the current he seemed as helpless as a straw. It appeared almost hopeless to try to save him, but in a moment old Jimmy had plunged in, and with strong rapid strokes was making straight for the wheel. Will he be in time? It seems almost impossible. But with a mighty effort he clutches the boy just as he is about to be sucked down into that fearful place of death. Now with one hand he grasps the strong timber-work in front of the wheel, but in doing so his head comes in violent contact with it. If he can hold on for a few seconds they will be saved, for here comes the miller and his man with a rope. Quickly it is let down within Jimmy's reach, and hurrah! we are drawing them out of the reach of danger.

But poor Old Jimmy! the water is tinged with the blood from a terrible wound on his head; and his face is ghastly pale as we carry both him and the boy into the miller's house.

"Look after the boy!" he mutters; "never mind me,—I am all right!"

Dry clothes are hastily found for them, and the miller's wife offers to prepare a bed for poor Old Jimmy, who is now too weak and faint to stand.

"No, no; take me home, please, and quickly," he said.

So the horse is put into the miller's light spring-cart, and tenderly we lay Old Jimmy down in it, making him as comfortable as we can. The boy, who is none the worse for his adventure, but who is now weeping bitterly, is also put in; and I, taking the reins, drive them home as fast as I can without unnecessary jolting.

Both were put to bed, and a telegram, was sent to the mother, saying—"Your boy saved from drowning to-day by one of his masters. Boy will be all right to-morrow; master dangerously hurt."

Forty minutes later there came in reply—"Starting from Scotland by night mail."

All through that night I sat up by Old Jimmy's bedside. It was plain to see he was very ill, and the doctor said—"He is dangerously hurt, and may die. I have done all I can for him now, and will call again in the morning."

When I told Old Jimmy that Mrs. Warde was coming down by the night mail he stared at me in a dazed kind of way, and said "Who is Mrs. Warde? Oh . . . . I know! Thank God!"

Before morning he became light-headed, and wandered in his talk—"Molly, are you not coming? Is it too cold, or too late? You must not miss your beauty-sleep, dear; good-night! Schlafe recht wohl, träume süss!" Then again—"How could you marry him, Molly, and break my heart? You did not love him! Was I hasty? Forgive me, dear! The boy . . . the boy! I save him for your sake!"

He did not know me or the doctor, who had again been summoned; but once he started up, listened, and said eagerly, "Hark, hark: the train is coming! Signal to stop! Molly, how sweet the currant-blossoms smell in your bosom!"

After that he lay as if in slumber for about a couple of hours. Day had dawned, and we heard the sound of wheels on the avenue and a woman's voice say, as she alighted—"Take me to see the brave man who saved my boy's life!"

Softly and on tiptoe she was shown into the room. Never shall I forget that scene. At first she started with surprise, then a loving look of recognition came into her eyes, and she flew to the bedside sobbing—"Bertie, Bertie, how can I ever be forgiven? I broke your heart, and in return you have saved my boy! Speak to me, Bertie!" She seemed totally regardless of the presence of the doctor and me.

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At the sound of her voice Old Jimmy once more opened his blue eyes and whispered—"Molly—sweetheart—at last! Kiss me—let us forgive. I have been dreaming — dreaming—sweetly—now I must go to sleep. Say it once more, Molly: "Schlafe wohl, träume—süss Good-night!—süss—süss."

He lay so still that for a while we thought it was not "good-night" alone, but "good-bye" that he had wished her and all the world. Thank God it was not! Ere long he began to mend, and never was a man nursed back to health more tenderly and lovingly than was Old Jimmy by her who was now to make amends to him for all the bitterness of the past.

Two months later there was a wedding, at which I acted as "best man." Every one remarked how supremely happy the bride and bridegroom looked, but how singular it was that Mrs. Jameson should have carried for her bridal bouquet nothing but a mass of the flowers of the common French currant.

Perhaps it was singular, but I think I could give the reason for it.

# A NOTE ON BRITISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

BY WALTER EMANUEL.

A NEW century has begun. What of British wit and humour? Early in the year reviews were published of almost every branch of mental activity. This twig was apparently forgotten—perhaps because it is so often merely activity, and not mental activity.

If I were asked what has been the most striking characteristic of British wit and humour during the past century, I think I should answer, it is the way in which they have spread. And, before I go further, I would like to say that throughout this article I shall use the expressions "wit" and "humour" to signify attempts at the same. This remark will also apply to the word "joke."

There was a time when a man could avoid wit and humour if he would. I refer to the days when they were confined to the comic papers. But nowadays one is never quite safe. One meets with wit and humour everywhere—even on the battlefield. Not that there, perhaps, they are an unmitigated evil. Anything that can temper the harshness of war is to be welcomed; and when, on the 1st of January of this year, a British sentry was taken prisoner and a notice in Dutch was left behind, "Wishing you a Happy New Sentry," I feel sure the flash of humour must have done good to all except the sentry.

But I was thinking rather of the spread of wit and humour to our serious journals. There is scarcely a daily paper now which has not a humourist on its staff: some keep a stud of them. One of these sheets even started publishing a funny story every day, always printing it in the same place so that you might identify it. But a proceeding that is more the vogue is to give humorous accounts of tragic occurrences, especially those revealed in the police courts. For instance, if a man be charged with bigamy and has ruined the lives of two women, our daily paper will mercilessly chaff the two women, and even have a playful sally with the bigamist; or, if a wife has had her nose broken by a drunken husband, the readers will be made to shriek with laughter at the figure she cuts in the witness-box. In this way the sordid side of life is cleverly made to amuse us, and crime becomes not half a bad thing. The evening papers are naturally inclined to be still more rollicking than their elder brothers of the morning: wit and humour take an even more im-

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portant place with them, and as likely as not, side by side with a column giving an account of the burial of some great statesman in Westminster Abbey, you will find a string of short, crisp, witty paragraphs, headed "The Light Side of the Funeral."

One day, perhaps, we shall have a Grand Christmas Double Number advertised to contain a Grand Double Murder.

Yet, although the serious papers are poaching on the preserves of the comic papers, the latter still continue to appear, and retort gamely by poaching on the preserves of the serious papers. They even show a tendency to increase in number, thereby giving the lie to the adage "The more the merrier." We have indeed, now, quite a quantity of comic papers—so many, in fact, that, to judge by the illustrations in some of them, there are not enough costumes to go round, and one or two might with advantage amalgamate with the *World of Dress*.

I suppose if there is one feature more than another which may be said to have characterised the nineteenth century, it is the growth of philanthropy. One notices this also in the comic papers. There is an increasing tendency on the part of the editor, when he publishes a joke, to help the reader over a few of its principal difficulties. I can best explain what I mean by giving an example. Take the following joke (please):—

HE MEANT THE OTHER SORT.

JOHNSON: I say, why is Jackson like Kruger?

BOHNSON: I have no idea.

JOHNSON: Why, because he is an awful '*BO(E)R(E)*.'

(*Jackson, when he begins talking, never knows when to leave off.*)

It will be noted that the word "Bo(e)r(e)" is in capitals, italics, brackets, and inverted commas, while the whole lot has an explanatory title—not to mention the note at the end. That, I think, is handsome of the editor. And, in jokes of this genus, the kindness of the comic paper is extended even to artists. Although the joke gains no point whatever from being illustrated, and the editor himself (who made it) knows it is good enough to stand on its own merits, yet it will be embellished by a drawing of two men staring at one another. Moreover, you would think the editor would keep one stock illustration in hand for all jokes of this kind: but no, the generous fellow will commission a new drawing on each occasion. As a consequence, there has been in recent times an alarming increase in comic artists—which means, in many cases, artists whose draughtsmanship is comic. Quite a number are born every year, and many papers publish their drawings at once.

And yet, though there are plenty to scoff at our comic papers, there is one quality that I imagine no one can deny them. It is, I suspect, a British quality. They have the most splendid regard for tradition, and a loyalty to old friends that is as fine as it is touching. The fact that a comic paper published at the beginning of the twentieth century should contain the same jokes as appeared at the dawn of the nineteenth is no mere coincidence. Interesting links like this, between two great cycles of time, showing a love for a continuity of things, cannot fail to impress mere foreigners with our bull-dog tenacity. In this country we are never in a hurry to exchange old lamps for new. If a man brings us a joke, we require to be satisfied as to its durability. Will it wear well? we ask. How long has it been in use? Has it stood the test of time? There are certain jokes which we have learnt to respect, and we are never so happy as in their revered presence: and the comic papers know this. "Under the spreading chestnut tree the British Wit he stands." Maybe the philanthropic prompting comes in here also. When the last century was in its death-throes, one of our best-known comics asked us once more, "Why is

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Berlin the jolliest town in Europe?" Now, we English love little children, and the editor doubtless realised it was quite possible that there might be a little child who had not heard this. And on the very first day of the new century another paper published a joke as to which I have my own theory: I believe it was the joke for which Cain slew Abel. The historic value of such links between the past and the present is difficult to estimate.

It is really admirable, if you come to think of it, the trouble that is taken with us, and I sometimes wonder whether we deserve it. Of recent years a scheme has even been devised to enable little children and fools to be wits. An expression is presented to the world, such as "Now we shan't be long!" or "Fancy meeting you!" or "There is hair!" and persons of the meanest intellectual attainments—persons you would never have guessed were humourists—will greet you that way. And good things of this sort will travel with the most marvellous rapidity and the greatest distances. The expression for last year has even, I gather, reached so far as the realms of the Shah, for on a newspaper placard the other day I saw the announcement "The Plague in Persia." The witty saying for the present year has not yet been decided on. I believe there is to be a conference at Glasgow shortly to select it.

And, with it all, does our appreciation of humour increase? Many of the comic papers say "No." Not a few have started with the admirable object of bringing about a better state of affairs, and given up the attempt: they have died after short lives, flattering themselves that brevity was the soul of wit. Myself, I am at times inclined to despair. I fancy we have the humour we deserve. A Senator, it may be remembered, was once at a fashionable dinner-party in Washington, when he was asked what fish he would take. "Waal, hostess," he said, "I reckon I'll take plaice." A wit who chanced to be present, on hearing this, remarked with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Ah, Senator! still a place-seeker?" "Yaas," answered the Senator (who was a dull dog), at the same time whipping out a revolver and shooting the wit dead, "yaas, but what's that to you, you dern'd stranger?" Afterwards, when the joke was explained to him, the Senator had a good laugh, and confessed that he had acted rather hastily, and, to show that he bore the wit no grudge, he went to his funeral. Now, I am afraid that Senator's ancestors left England in the *Mayflower*.

And yet—and yet we may be wrong in saying that the British public has no sense of humour. The salvation of England may after all be in the masses. For what happens whenever a crowd comes together in holiday mood? The members of either sex spontaneously exchange hats. I always think that is so witty.

And yet—and yet again, I am told that even the readers of our halfpenny newspapers perused the accounts of the looting of Pekin by the emissaries of civilisation without a smile.

"Stands England where she did?" is a question that is often asked. I think that as regards wit and humour we may answer "Yes," in no uncertain voice. What struck the Witenagemot as witty still strikes Parliament as pawky. The same howl of laughter as no doubt greeted the ancient baron who, uttering the impassioned words "Remember we are armed!" sat down (before clothes were invented) on his tomahawk, still greets our modern member when, with "The situation, sir, is full of perils," he alights on his silk hat.

And as to the future of wit and humour, I do not claim to be a prophet, but I would mention that I have made arrangements reserving the copyright of this little review to my executors, so that it may be republished at the commencement of the year 2001.

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## THE INSTINCTIVE SUPREMACY OF LADIES IN THE ART OF GOVERNMENT IN ALL THE SOCIAL COMMUNITIES OF NATURE.

WOMAN, according to Coventry Patmore, "was made to be ruled and strictly ruled," and so was to be denied all political privileges. This dictum of Coventry Patmore, so far from being in accordance with any natural law attached to sex, is the very opposite of Nature's economy in all other social communities.

Nor need we, though these communities are only our familiar ants, wasps, and bees, despise them on account of their insignificance. They are the only social communities which are known to have existed and to have maintained their existence for countless ages. Some of their remains have been found in far-off geological periods, long before any traces of man were discovered. Through all these ages, which are counted by geologists in millions, down to our own times, their system of government and administration has been uninterruptedly maintained.

Speaking of the ants, Lord Avebury says: "When we consider their habits, their social organisation, their roadways, their possession of domestic animals, and even in some cases of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence!"* The Ant, in Lord Avebury's opinion, is mentally far nearer than the Ape to Man. The same is applicable in some aspects of their endowments with no less force to the other two social communities, the wasps and the bees.

All these communities have one common and remarkable characteristic: they all live under "female sovereignty." Not only so, but the "magistrates," the "merchants," the "officers of sorts," the "soldiers," the "singing masons," the "sad-eyed justice," and even the police, are all "ladies."

The gentlemen in these communities are held in very small account. This arises solely from the characteristics inherent in the gentlemen, and not on the part of the ladies to make sex alone a disqualification for apportioning them any part in the regulation of the affairs of the community.

The gentlemen in all these communities take no part in the necessary labours of the nest or hive—its construction, its provisioning, or in the rearing and education of the youth.

The different families have rather different economies, which vary according to the mode of life and the different instincts with which the members of the separate families are endowed.

**The Ants.**

With the *Ants*, beside the founding and construction of the nest and the provisioning of the community, one of the chief labours of the nest is the rearing and education of its youth. The infant ants, when they issue from the eggs which the queen ant lays, are legless grubs. "It is very curious," Lord Avebury tells us, "to see them in my nests arranged in groups according to size, so that they remind one of a school divided into five or six classes." These have to be continually shifted and arranged, as fresh ones all the summer through are hatched, and the youngest always occupy the lowest chambers of the nest. They are fed incessantly until full grown. Nor does their labour cease when the grubs turn into the chrysalis familiarly known to us as "ant eggs." In the daytime these eggs are all shifted towards the surface to obtain the full warmth of the sun, at night they are shifted again to guard against the cold. If a nest is disturbed they would rather die than leave an egg exposed. The whole nest is in uproar until the last egg has disappeared within. In all these offices and labours and affections the gentlemen that are present before the final swarm have no part,—they are merely idle loafers running about the roadways and occupying the chambers of the nest. After swarming time, which is their marriage flight, when winged ants appear, the gentlemen, being incurably idle, are never allowed to enter the nest again. They hide themselves from sight, and soon pine away and perish. After the flight is over, the wings of the ladies either fall off or are pulled off when they settle themselves down, as they do at once, to the founding of the family.

In this social community of Nature, the

* Sir J. Lubbock (now Lord Avebury), "Ants, Wasps and Bees," p. 1.

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"ruling and the strictly ruling" of Coventry Patmore's ideal is as to sex reversed; but its application is wisely and solely limited to the exclusion of the profitless members of the community—the loafers, the idlers, the drones.

**The Wasps.**

The *Wasps*, we confess, have generally an ill name. Through this ill name female sovereignty and rule in Nature might by enemies be most injuriously impugned. In our opinion this ill name is most undeservedly fastened on them. The ladies of this community are very inoffensive and most industrious. Though they possess very pungent stings, yet like ladies they never desire to use them offensively unless most unreasonably provoked. They are, however, bold and loyal patriots, who defend their colonies to the death against any wanton, unprovoked attack. Yet this patriotism is charged to them as a fault. Toward their gentlemen the ladies exercise a generous consideration. This, too, is quite a voluntary and amiable concession on their part, as the ladies alone possess the stings. With this community there is no swarming time. As none of the members of the community—except the young queens who are to become the founders of the future nests on the return of spring—survive the winter, and as the young queens themselves during the winter hibernate, no store at all is laid up in the nest. The gentlemen in this community, though they neither assist in the construction of the combs nor in the feeding of the young, yet, with the understanding that they forage for themselves, are permitted to reside in the nest for the whole of their natural lives. They are appointed to the only office which they are qualified to discharge—an office not without its honour and its responsibility, from the scrupulous cleanliness required in a nest under lady sovereignty—they are made the scavengers of the community. This considerate treatment is shown by the ladies of that community, whose name has become so undeservedly a synonym for everything malignant and "waspish" in disposition.

**The Bees.**

The *Bees* differ from the wasps in storing up food in the hive, that the queen and the workers of the community may survive the winter. The policy of the community necessarily consists, as they only partially hibernate, in laying up such a sufficiency of store as will last them until spring again returns. Their instinct tells them that for the preservation of the nest profitless members must be removed, who only consume what the rest of the community collect. These are the gentlemen of the hive—the drones. If the drones, when swarming time is over, do not voluntarily take their departure from the hive after a few weeks' residence amongst them, the police have them under supervision, and they are constantly inspected as they enter the hive. If there is no sign of their withdrawal after another interval they are seized and dragged by the ladies to the gates of their citadel and dismissed. If they should again return and make resistance the "sad-eyed justice with his surly hum" holds his court, and administers their "weighty laws" (*magnisque agitant sub legibus ævum*); they are delivered over to "executors pale," and are cast forth dead from

> "the smoothèd plank,
> The suburb of their straw-built citadel.

There is ample excuse and justification for such Draconianism. Laziness and incompetence are the characteristics of the gentlemen. They give themselves the airs, and in their droning hum the tone, of exquisites. To such an extent are these qualities developed in them, that they do not care to disarrange their exquisite form, by dusting it even in flowers, except most occasionally, and then only in providing delicacies for themselves, but never in collecting necessaries for the community. They are the "mashers" of the hive. Even from the "masonic lodges"—for in the art of masonry the ladies are instinctively pre-eminent—all gentlemen are rigidly excluded. This, not because they are gentlemen, nor that the ladies wish selfishly to reserve the knowledge of the masonic art to themselves and to shroud it in mystery, but because the gentlemen are the merest incapables, who, though they possess, as well as the ladies, the implements of the "craft," have no knowledge of the principles of the "masonic art." The characteristic, however, which doubtlessly banishes all lingering sympathy for them from the hearts of the ladies—provident for the approaching winter—is what a close observer of their habits within the hive has recorded, that "their chief employment indoors is to eat."

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There is a singular contrast between the action of the ruling authorities of these communities and that of our own statesmen. They remove their "mashers" and the invincibly idle and ignorant from the hive. The affairs of their communities are entrusted to those who labour for the common good and have vested interests in the well-being and survival of the nest. Our statesmen, on the other hand, withhold the smallest political rights from our ladies, because they are ladies, who yet may be pre-eminent in art, science, and literature, who may labour incessantly for the public good, and have vested interests in the state, unitedly immense, and are dependent for the preservation of those interests on the wise selection of those to whom is committed the enactment of the laws.

**Our own Statesmen.**

The "politicks of the fields" will compare not unfavourably with the "politicks of the town"—the "instinct of 'ladies'" with the "reason of gentlemen"—in the art of government of their respective communities.

We will turn now to other characteristics in the communities of ladies which have attracted the notice and elicited the admiration of the greatest philosophers and the greatest poets of every age and nation.

The wisest of kings, who was also the greatest natural philosopher of ancient days —who had written on the works of Nature, "from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall"—extolled their intelligence, their thrift, and their industry. To these communities of ladies the idle and the sluggard were commended to go, and "to consider their ways and be wise." The thriftless and improvident were, for the correction of such faults, commended similarly to the same communities "who provide their meat in the summer, and gather their food in the harvest."

**The Classics.**

The philosophers and poets of Greece and Rome frequently drew attention to them. So great was Virgil's wonder at their polity, and the government of their communities, that he assigned to them by the grant of Jupiter "a portion of the divine intelligence" (*esse apibus partem divinæ mentis*). Virgil, however, transfers to a king the honour due in these communities not to a "kingly" but to a "queenly" sovereignty. Nor does Virgil stand alone in this transference of such honourable dignity. Even our own poet, the "immortal" Shakespeare, though ever on all occasions so graciously ennobling his heroines, yet has in reference to these communities dethroned from her sovereignty their "queen and empress," to place on her throne "a king and emperor."

"They have a king and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroard:
Other, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor."

Nor are these communities of ladies, as we have said, without the stamp of ancient ancestry. How ridiculous would seem to them the pedigree of the heir to our oldest monarchy, dukedom, marquisate, earldom, or baronage! These might trace their pedigree to the Conqueror, or beyond, but that to them would be a pedigree of to-day. We have had but recently a great and exceptional Jubilee of our late beloved Queen, but they have had their thousands, their ten thousands, or perhaps, as geologists assure us, almost their million of jubilees. Our very race is but a thing of yesterday compared with theirs. So vast a time have these "lady-sovereignties" and communities existed that their ancient cemeteries are found, with themselves preserved in perfect condition, in the amber embedded in almost the lowest beds of the Tertiary rocks. They have survived the wreck and upheaval of continents. The oldest sovereignties we know are "lady-sovereignties." Government by gentlemen is quite a recent novelty in Nature.

**Ancient Ancestry.**

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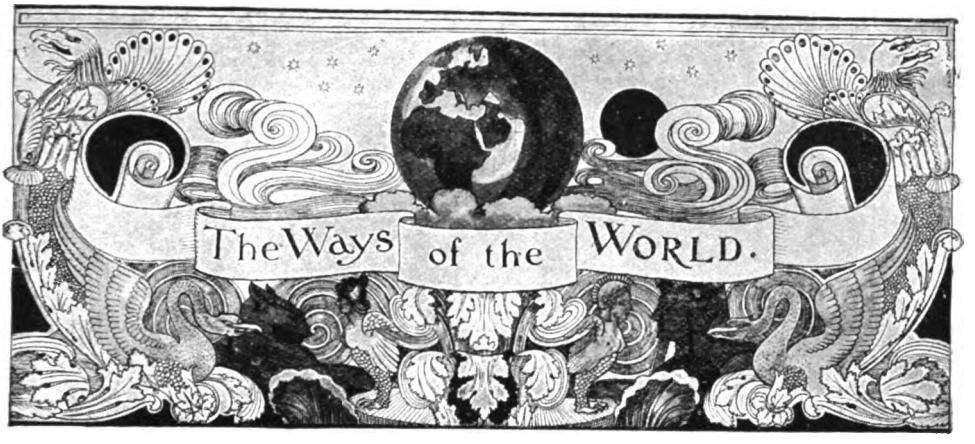


## *PARLIAMENT AND THE NEWSPAPERS.*

BY ALFRED KINNEAR.

IN the eighteenth century there was a peevish demand on the part of the coffee-houses for some record of the doings of Parliament, and Dr. Johnson and Dr. Gordon undertook to supply the clubs of the time with what they desired through the fly-leaf journals then existing. These reports were, of course, not authentic. They were unauthorised, and, in fact, a breach of privilege. Johnson, Gordon and Woodfall sat in the Strangers' Gallery and made notes by stealth. Sometimes, or more frequently, they made no notes at all, but were indebted to the depths of their inner consciousness; or picked up disjointed sentences second-hand, just as the modern race of Parliamentary Lobbyists "construct" the reports of Select Committees or the operations of a Cabinet Council in Mr. Balfour's private room. Dr. Johnson and Dr. Gordon indeed were the early pattern of the modern *gobemouche*. They also haunted the Lobby of the House, which is marked to-day by the marble statues of Chatham and Pitt, and Fox and Mansfield in St. Stephen's Hall. And it was at a sort of arras that the political quidnunc did his buttonholing. But that was not an advertising age. M.P.'s did not go about with self-laudatory paragraphs tucked conveniently away in their waistcoat pockets, for distribution to the collectors of news. They rather resented as an intrusion questions upon the doings of the House.

**Early Reporting and Reporters.**

THE first authentic report of a speech came from Lord Charlemont's notes of the debates on the American Stamp Act, which seems to have possessed a special interest for Ireland and Irishmen. Most of us recall Chatham's speech on the American War, which has been preserved to posterity by the notes of Mr. Hugh Boyd. Dr. Johnson put into the *Gentleman's Magazine* under Cave his best work as a thumbnail reporter; but detached or naked sentences obtained illicitly, or from the outer rim of the Lobby, were clothed with imagination.

**The First Parliamentary Report.**

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IT is pleasingly curious, when the fact is viewed by sidelights, to record that Ireland led the way to the first reporting of speeches in Parliament, by opening its own House to the reporters. No doubt this could be explained in the modern desire of Irish legislators to have their speeches reported. I remember how in the early and stormy 'eighties, it was said that Mr. Sexton, then M.P. for Co. Sligo, always spoke, in the all-night debates of the time, "with one eye upon the Speaker and the other upon the clock." As soon as he saw that the *Freeman's Journal* could take no more "copy," the hon. gentleman resumed his seat.

**Irish Progressiveness.**

To Fox, who is writing to the Earl Russell



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of the day, belongs the credit of the "conviction" that the English House of Commons should be open to reporters. That, as he truly explained, was the only way to suppress resort to mischievous imagination. It was Macaulay who wrote: "The Gallery in which the reporters sit has become the Fourth Estate of the Realm." It was Disraeli who proclaimed the *Times* the "classical authority" for Parliamentary reports. Up to the time of the destruction of the House reporting, even when permitted, had to be carried on in the Strangers' Gallery.

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**Better Times.**

YET how curiously do things repeat themselves, for on big nights in the gilded chamber reporters are now given seats in the Strangers' Gallery. In fact, the Peers preceded the Commons in their admission of reporters. This was in October 1831. The first separate gallery for reporters appeared in the temporary chamber of 1834.

Parliamentary reporting is now recognised and permanently established. The representatives of the English press have to-day better accommodation than is possessed by the representatives of the press in any other Parliament. In a sense they might be almost called *the* Parliament. Certainly political life would be devoid of most of its zest for politicians if the reporters' gallery did not exist. This was proved a generation ago, when the lobby was cleared of press representatives. The members followed the representatives into the outer lobby in the process of log-rolling for noble selves, and so the exclusion ceased. The sunflower follows the sun

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**Doing a Report.**

LET us see how a Parliamentary report has *being*—how it is produced.

To describe the method of working a corps of Parliamentary reporters, with the brevity which the limits of space impose, is not easy. The strength of the staffs of the London papers which are represented in the gallery vary from six to twelve or fourteen men. In quiet times there is a natural tendency on the part of managers to divert the energies of their Parliamentary hands to extra-Parliamentary or outside work, which as a rule is most cordially detested by the hands themselves. But the papers leave rarely less than six men in constant attendance in the gallery for reporting work, and the number is increased to eight or ten or twelve or more reporters according to circumstances. For the sake of simplicity I will suppose a corps, however, to consist of only three hands, Jones, Brown, and Robinson. The chief of the corps will make out a "turn list" for the whole sitting, which may be in the following form:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jones | 3 | o'c., | 4 | o'c., | 4.45 o'c. |
| Brown | 3.30 | ,, | 4.15 | ,, | 5 ,, |
| Robinson | 3.45 | ,, | 4.30 | ,, | 5.15 ,, |

And so on up to midnight or later. The first man has half an hour in the box because the first business of the first half-hour of the sitting, which opens at 3 o'clock, is rarely of much value from the newspaper point of view. The turns in general are usually for a quarter of an hour, but this limit is subject to reduction or extension according to the importance or otherwise of the proceedings. Towards midnight the turns are frequently reduced to five minutes.

I will assume that Jones has put in his turn. He has started the report, and his "copy," as the transcript is called, will be marked at the top of the first page thus:

"1 *Jones* 1 *Commons*."

This being interpreted in Shoe Lane or Peterborough Court means "First page of Jones's first turn in the Commons. At the end of his report or turn he will write "*Brown follows*." This means, of course, that his colleague Brown has followed him in the box. Brown, on his part, will put at the beginning of his copy,

"1 *Brown* 1 *Commons, follows Jones*."

At the end he will put "*Robinson follows*." Similarly the pages and turns are indicated throughout the sitting. By this means it is possible for the subeditor at the newspaper office to arrange the copy in its proper order. On some corps, as a further aid to the arrangement of the copy, the time when the reporter enters or leaves the box is also put on the top of the first page, thus:

"3 to 3.30."

Having finished his turn in the box, the reporter fills in a sort of docket. This is a printed form giving particulars of the time and nature of the turn and the quantity that

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ROBINSON IN HOLLAND.

He has just changed an English sovereign into Dutch money. The woman gave him the change all in cents.

he expects it to make. Its character may be best gathered from the following specimen :

***The***
**Morning Post *Parliamentary Turns.***

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. BROWN follows MR. JONES.
*Speaker :* MR. BALFOUR.
*Subject :* IRISH UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.
*The Hour :* from 5 to 5.15.
*Quantity :* Two-thirds column.
MR. ROBINSON to follow.

The docket is forwarded to the newspaper office, and is there of service in enabling the editor and subeditor to inform themselves as early as possible in a general way as to the nature of the report that is about to be forwarded.

The time which a reporter takes to " write out " or transcribe a report varies, of course, very much according to his abilities, the character of the speaker, and the intricacy of the particular subject under discussion. But a rough indication of the time required by a competent reporter may be given by saying that, assuming he is one of the corps of six who are on fifteen-minute turns, and finds himself in the position of being required to do a verbatim report, he will usually manage to complete it before his next turn comes round. In other words, in an hour and a quarter he will put down in longhand what has taken him a quarter of an hour to put down in shorthand. The report so prepared may make from two-thirds to three-quarters of a column of the *Times* or the *Post*. This of course is quick, and if often repeated exhausting work. But excepting in emergencies the chief of the corps will not expose his men to " slogging " of this kind.

In times of pressure, or in transcribing the report of the utterance of a difficult speaker, a number of reporters will often prefer to write out together, one of their number reading aloud from his shorthand notes, and the rest coming to his aid as circumstances may require. By this means the work is not only done more accurately but more quickly, for if one man hesitates over the reading of his note of a particular passage, another who may have been better placed for hearing the speaker, or in better form at the particular moment of reporting, may come to his aid, and the right words are thus transcribed without loss of time. Then two reporters thus working are a mutual assistance in verifying quotations and proper names.

The amount of matter that a reporter may have to write in a single sitting of the House depends greatly on circumstances. Only very rarely will he have to do as much as

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three columns; sometimes he is not required to do as much as a quarter of a column. Making a rough guess, I should say that a fairly busy Parliamentary reporter does not, taking the average of the session, write more than a column a sitting. This would be very light work if day by day a column could be done "right off the reel," so to speak. But the work comes like winds in the tropics. You have periods of hurricane and periods of calm. And even periods of calm are in themselves trying. You may enter the gallery at three o'clock in the afternoon and not be released till after midnight. Usually at midnight all the members of a corps are released from duty, excepting two who are left to "finish the House," and are for this reason denominated "the victims." This questionable privilege of being victims is shared by the members of the staff in succession, as are all of the other comforts and discomforts of the work. The man who comes on first in one week may be second in the next week, and third in the one after that. And thus the turns rotate, so that as far as possible all may equally share the chances of the work, the hard and the easy, the fat and the lean.

In this respect it may be stated that part of a turn counts as a full turn for the purpose of estimating when a man is again due in the box. Thus he may enter the box at eight o'clock in the evening, and the Speaker may at one minute past eight suspend the sitting and retire for his nightly chop. It matters not that the reporter has had practically no work in his "turn" in consequence. He is not again due till all his other colleagues have put in their turns. This, in the language of the gallery, is "getting a nibble." With the rising of the House only does the report cease, and thus is the nightly political story of the Parliamentary drama told for the morning breakfast table.

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**Some Modern Speakers.**

MUCH might be written upon the difficulties which individual speakers present to the reporter, but on this matter it may be laid down as a general experience, that the better the speaker the easier will be the reporter's task. Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain are rapid in utterance, but their finished language and smooth and clear enunciation make the work of reporting them relatively pleasant. Mr. Balfour is occasionally troublesome, from the use of faulty sentences. Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman both have clear enough enunciation, but are too prone to the uttering of "ragged" sentences. In one sense they are easy to report: their speeches contain so much that may be left out. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. John Morley have the fault of excessive speech, but are otherwise unexceptionable. The Duke of Devonshire, less phlegmatic than formerly, is now a desirable "turn." Another desirable is Lord Lansdowne, whose army statements last year, and whose duels this year with Lord Wolseley, were, from the reporter's point of view, faultless. Next to Lord Lansdowne I would place Sir Edward Grey, and group with them Mr. Brodrick, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and Mr. John Redmond. One of the most rapid speakers in the House of Commons, now, is Mr. Winston Churchill. He is perhaps its most rapid speaker. He is at times a hurricane in words. But it is with the "men of light and leading" that the reporter seriously concerns himself.

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**Reporters at Work.**

ARE reporters nervous? Do they face a speech by Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Chamberlain, or "C.-B.," or Sir William Harcourt, with a tremulous pencil? There are instances of the kind, but the moral depression is quickly removed. Reporting is an almost automatic accomplishment. It waits for its success upon a faithful ear. House fright as a rule is reserved for the men that address it. One old Parliamentary hand, a great favourite, confesses that he is so nervous on rising that he can scarcely see the Speaker. Unlike Sheridan, after dining, however, he never sees two Speakers. But as a set-off to House fright, as I am told, there is the stage fright from which our greater actors suffer on first nights. Sir Henry Irving is said to be peevish and fretful. Mr. J. L. Toole, on similar occasions, was labelled by his friend George Loveday as "positively dangerous to the entire company."

The work done in the gallery of both Chambers is very pleasantly environed.

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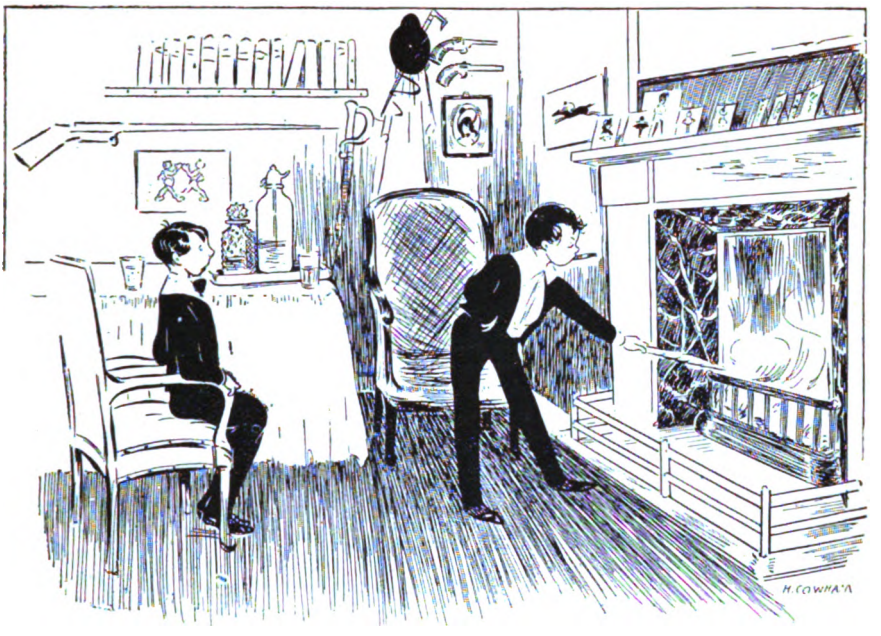

*Man about town:* "Any decent clubs down your way?"
*Man about country:* "Yes, sometimes: the goose club."

The Gallery Committee, otherwise the Reporters' Cabinet, by dint of tactful representation, have secured from the First Commissioner of Works, the Speaker, and the Sergeant-at-arms, many useful privileges. There is a full suite of rooms; you may dine "excellent well." There is a tea-room, a reading-room, a smoking-room, a chess-room, with excellent views from each, of the madding world in or beyond Palace Yard. And taking in the writing-out rooms and the rooms of repose, the reporter at work has little to complain of. He is now, as I have said, recognised, and is one of the institutions of the realm.

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**Dining and Dinners.**

BUT the right of reporters to ply their trade in Parliament was the subject of a discussion almost in our own time. "Yes, Sir," said a peppery Colonel, "and I am even told, Sir, that they actually have coffee right over your head, Sir," addressing the Speaker. No doubt that might have been the case; but the earliest recorded instance of reporters dining at the House is well within the experience of men still living. Formerly also, within the memory of some still living, a doorkeeper named Wright, who marshalled the gallery stairs, drove for some time a contraband trade as a purveyor of viands to the stenographers. He would, in a gay spirit of enterprise worthy of a Wall Street speculator, import half of a round of salt beef, which he concealed in an old newspaper, or in a red bandana handkerchief—more frequently in the latter. Mr. Wright sold his beef at so much a slice, and on busy nights drove a thriving trade. "It is thus," said he cheerily," that I improve the art and practice of cannibalism." Years later, in the enjoyment of something like their present luxurious quarters, with a recognised and Parliamentary protected caterer, the survivors of those crude days have been heard to vow that not even the rarest tit-bits of the Kitchen Committee's menu tasted half so sweet as a "cut off old Wright's joint."

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**Wright and "Charley Ross."**

THIS "old Wright" bore, in the opinion of a still well-remembered *doyen* of the *Times* Parliamentary corps, Mr. Charles Ross, a close resemblance to Mr. W. H. Smith; and it was the pleasure of the *Times doyen* to persist in abjuring the real for the fancy appellation. It seemed,

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indeed, to have become a conviction of the genial old Scot that it was the famous member for Westminster who brought him nightly his glass of "rum punch."

Mr. Charles Ross was himself in many ways a character exclusively his own proprietor. His faith in the *Times* obscured his recognition of any other newspaper. For the penny press he entertained an avowed mixture of contempt and incredulity. One night the leader of the Parlamentary corps of a certain paper, irritated by Charley's inconsequent gibble-gabble in the gallery, cried "Sh!" Mr. Ross rising in his box and holding his eyeglass to his eye, imitated the sound, and then said, "What is that? Who is it? Where has it come from? What does it here?" The persistent use of the word "it" conveyed precisely that measure of contempt which this impenetrable old social and professional Tory delighted to preserve.

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**Charles Dickens as Reporter.**

BEYOND all doubt the most distinguished man to have passed through the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons is Charles Dickens. To the young journalist, chafing in some English provincial hinterland town, Fleet Street is as a tradition still "paved with gold." To Charles Dickens, unknown and scant o' pence, with some press training and the passive encouragement of his father, a reporter on the *Morning Herald*, the Gallery became a species of professional Mecca to the latter-day famous novelist. He found a seat there eventually as a representative of the *Morning Chronicle*, ot whose Parliamentary Corps he became perhaps naturally the most expert and intelligent member. Yet Dickens has left an almost tragical record of what he went through in his efforts to master shorthand.

"A perfect and entire command of the mystery of shorthand writing and reading," he says, "is about equal in difficulty to the mastery of six languages. The changes that were rung upon dots, which in such a position meant such a thing and in such another position meant something entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles, the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs, the tremendous effects of a curve in the wrong place, not only troubled my waking hours but reappeared before me in my sleep."

Yet, in spite of all this, James Grant, a contemporary of Charles Dickens, writes: "Of the eighty or ninety men in the gallery, Charles Dickens occupied the very highest rank, not merely for accuracy in reporting, but for marvellous quickness in transcribing."

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**Some Eminent Gallery Hands.**

AMONGST distinguished men of our own times to have sat in the Gallery, I may mention Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Justin McCarthy, who descended straight from it to the floor of the House when Parnell was king; Mr. James O'Kelly, who, as the obverse, mounted from the House to the gallery, and then in the fulness of time returned to it. I recall a gentleman who, I believe, was a son of Sheridan Knowles. Mr. T. H. S. Escott thought out a good deal of his admirable work *England* while watching the House as a leader-writer on a back seat of the Reporters' gallery. Christie Murray left it for the rosier paths of fiction and war correspondence. Mr. H. Duke, M.P. for Plymouth, and a K.C., prepared for the Bar while occupying a seat in the Gallery. To-day the gallery contains several barristers, of whom much may yet be heard. Mr. Corrie Grant, M.P., has also taken his "turn" there.

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**The New Reporter.**

THE younger or more modern race of Parliamentary journalists include a large proportion of public school men, with several bright new-comers; and if we regard these as a test of the tendency of the press as a profession, the prospect is good for the professors of shorthand. They are characteristic of the new reporter. The speeches of hon. and right hon. members do not impose upon the classical learning of the Press Gallery as much as they have done. Tags of Latin are seldom dropped upon the ear of our now but half-educated Houses. Forty years ago a man versed in the classics was obviously in much request. Now the classical dictionary is a prominent feature of the well-stored library, which has grown up with the Gallery possessions.

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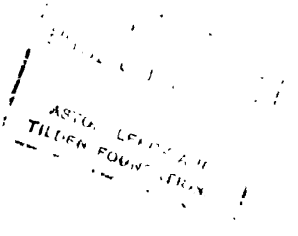

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Henrietta - daughter of Charles I.

After a van Dyck.

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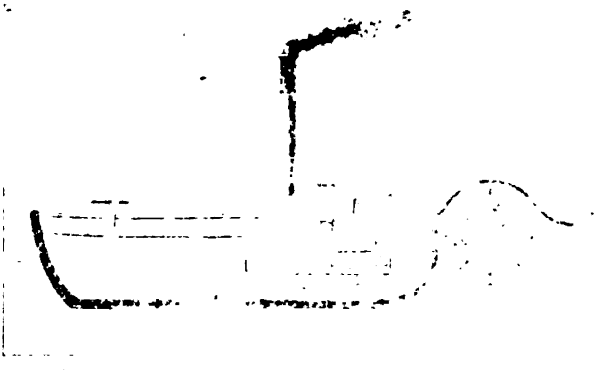
The Britannia, *the first Cunarder, locked in the ice at Boston, 1844.*

# THE FIGHT FOR THE ATLANTIC.

## *THE EVOLUTION OF THE LEVIATHAN.*

BY FREDERICK A. A. TALBOT.

THE opening of the new century sees a tremendous race for supremacy going on amongst the great companies of ocean carriers. We are all travellers now, and, in view of the American competition which, under the auspices of Mr. Pierpoint Morgan, is threatened, the subject is one of supreme interest. How many of the millions of passengers that "go down to the sea" on the great



The first ... *from ...*

steamers ever give even a passing evanescent retrospect to the romance of the evolution of the leviathan that carries them? Yet to portray the rise, development, and progress of ocean travelling excels in romantic interest that of the railway, which is restricted entirely to the present century, while conveyance on the ocean has been developing since the



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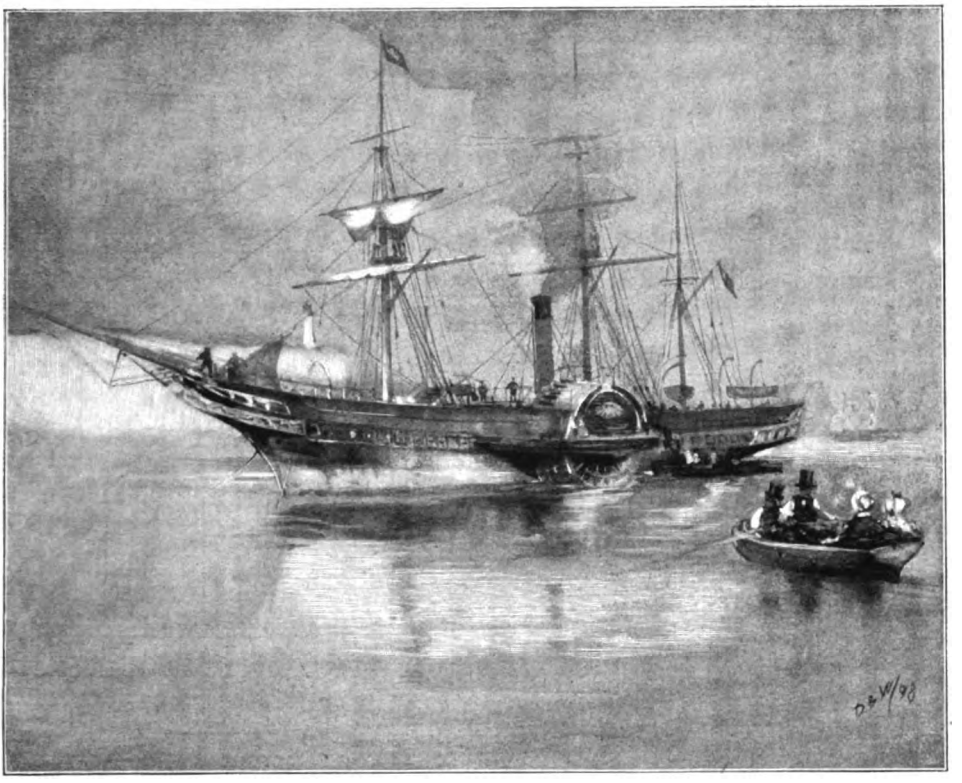

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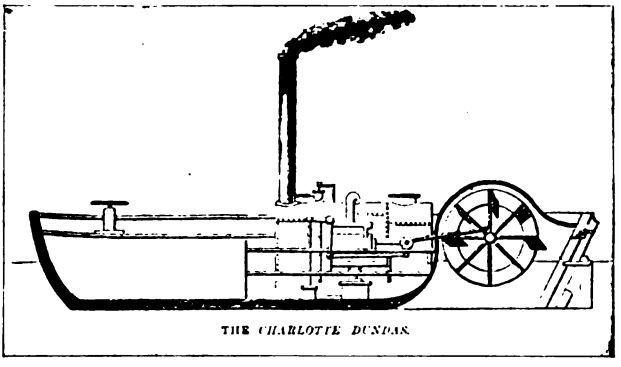


*The first steamboat that was commissioned to be constructed.*



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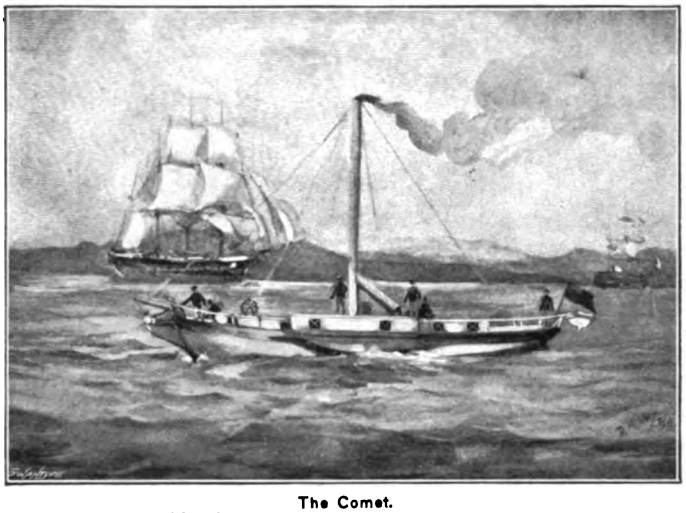


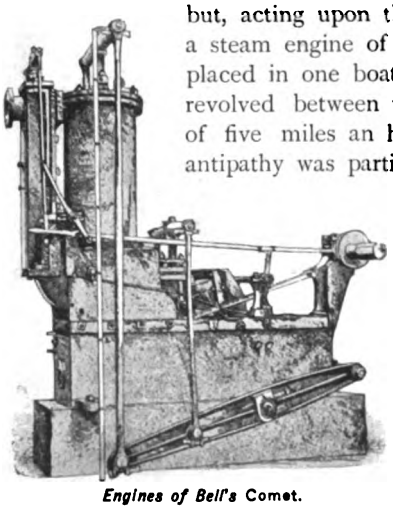
The Comet.

*From an old print.*

world began. But when the wonderful latent energy of steam was discovered by Watt, engineers spent their lives and fortunes in adapting the new means of propulsion to vessels, and consequently the innovation of the steamship is approximately contemporaneous with the inauguration of the locomotive.

Henry Bell, whose vessel, the *Comet*, created such widespread astonishment when it appeared upon the Clyde in 1814, is acknowledged as "the father of the steamboat." When Watt devised the crank all difficulties were practically overcome. John Fitch was one of the first to avail himself of Watt's marvellous inchoation, for in 1793 he built a steam-propelled paddle-boat to sail upon the Delaware River (U.S.A.); but his invention succumbed simply because of the dearth of public enthusiasm. The pioneers of steam navigation had two obstacles to overcome: the bigoted conservatism of the Board of Admiralty, which in those days was the department charged with the supervision of the mail contracts, without the aid of which no steamship line could profitably exist; and the prejudice of the community at large in regard to new methods of ocean locomotion, which were thought to be heretical and an abomination.

But a tangible conception of the possibilities of steam as the motive power for vessels was graphically illustrated in 1812, when Dr. Miller, an Edinburgh banker, constructed a boat—it was really two boats firmly coupled in juxtaposition side by side—with a paddle-wheel, originally intended for propulsion by manual labour; but, acting upon the suggestion of a friend, he substituted for this a steam engine of one-horse power by Symington. The boiler was placed in one boat, the engine in the other, and the paddle-wheel revolved between the two. This primitive vessel attained a speed of five miles an hour—a highly creditable performance. Public antipathy was partially overcome by Dr. Miller's effort, and the first commission for the construction of a steamboat was given to Symington by Lord Dundas, who was then managing director of the Firth of Forth and Clyde Canal Company. This vessel, the *Charlotte Dundas*, caused a great stir by towing two loaded vessels of over seventy tons each through a stretch of the canal, nineteen and a half miles long, in six hours. But alas! public incredulity and prejudice against the new-fangled idea prevailed, and under the plea that the canal



*Engines of Bell's* Comet.

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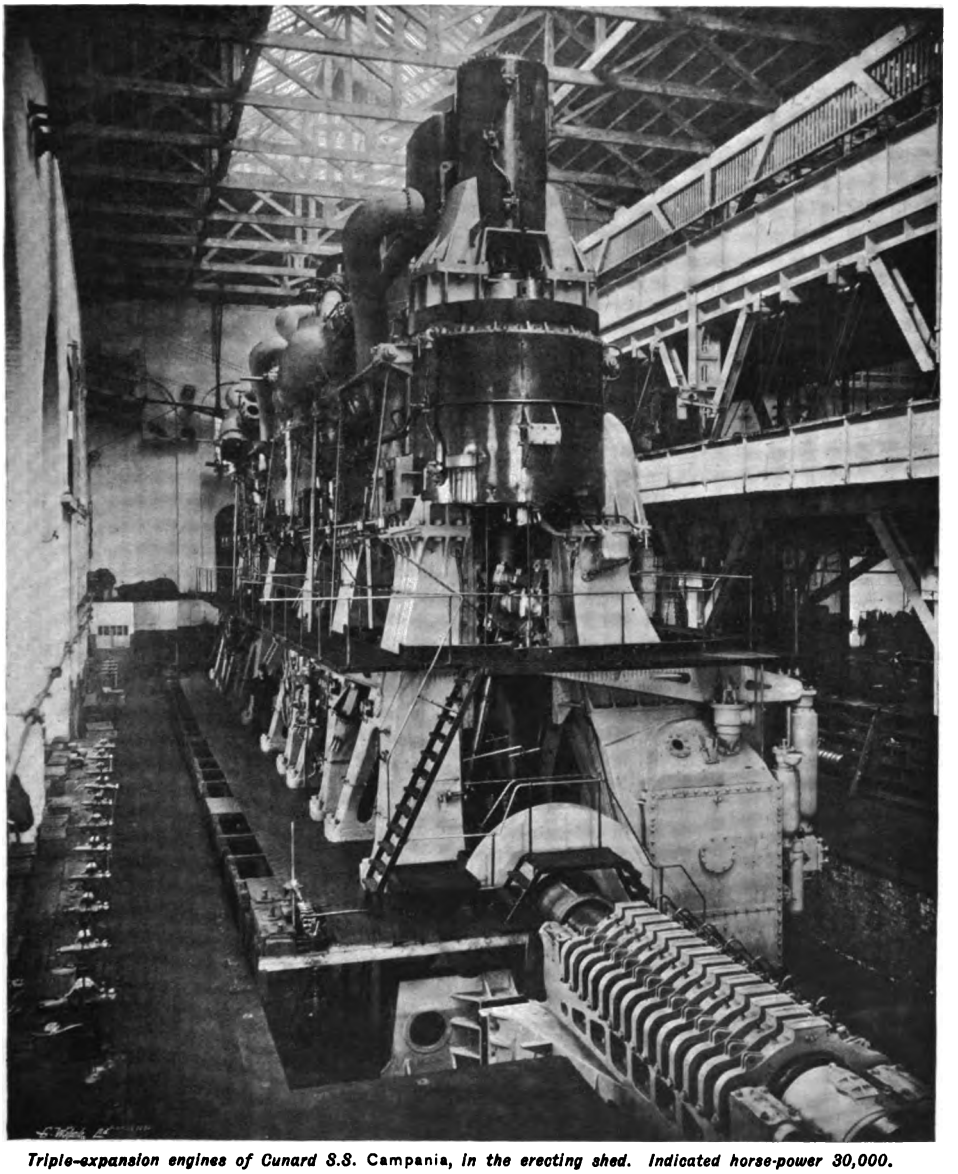
proprietors feared that the undulation caused by the paddles of the boat would injure the precious banks of the canal, the vessel was withdrawn and the project abandoned.

Soon, however, two more enthusiasts appeared upon the scene, one in each



*Triple-expansion engines of Cunard S.S.* Campania, *in the erecting shed. Indicated horse-power 30,000.*
*By permission of the Fairfield Engineering Co.*

hemisphere: Henry Bell in the eastern, and Robert Fulton in the western. Both were Scotsmen, but Fulton had forsaken his native shores for America. There is great diversity of opinion as to which out of these two is entitled to the honour of precedence; but all doubts are set at rest by Bell's statement in response to a correspondent on the subject. The letter is dated March 21st, 1804, and Bell writes:—

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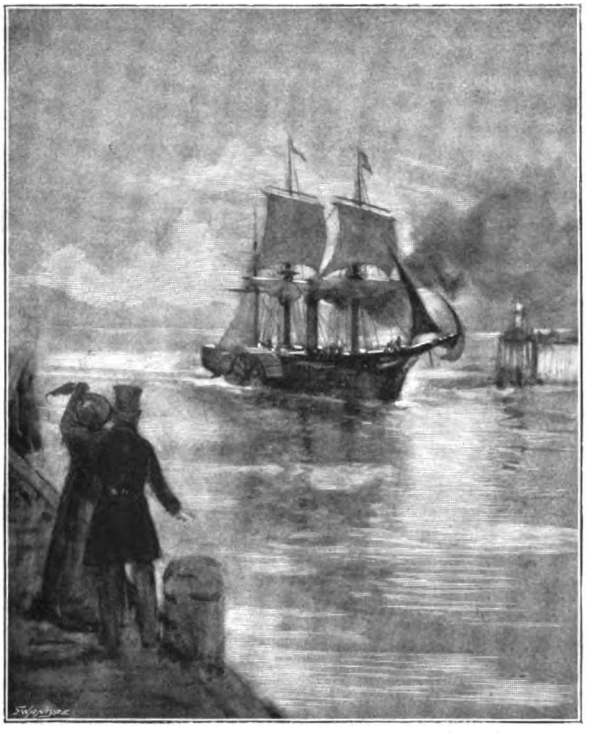

The Savannah, *the first steamer to cross the Atlantic.*

"When I wrote to the American Government on the great importance of steam navigation and its admirable adaptation to their noble rivers, they directed Mr. Fulton to correspond with me. From this matter-of-fact statement, you see, the Americans got their first insight of this system of navigation from your humble servant."

From his boyhood's days, Bell, like Stephenson, had displayed a keen yearning for engineering, and in 1800 launched his first boat, some four years before Fulton had any knowledge of the subject. Bell, in spite of rebuffs and jibes, pursued his bent, and in 1812 astonished England with the *Comet*. She was placed on the Clyde, and was engaged in a regular steamboat service between Glasgow and Greenock, the fares being three and four shillings. She was forty feet in length, with a breadth of ten and a half feet; fitted with two small paddle-wheels, the engines for driving the same being of four-horse power, and a towering funnel which threatened every moment to overbalance the ship. We give an illustration of the engines of the *Comet*, which, although they may appear ludicrously immature to us, yet were wonderful; and also an illustration of the mighty mechanical and complex triple-expansion engines of one of the latest Cunarders, the *Campania*. The *Comet's* engines were of four horse power, those of the *Campania* are thirty thousand! The former, of only a few tons burthen, travelled at seven and a half miles an hour; the latter, of 12,950 tons, reaches a speed of twenty-three miles!

Steam navigation now had received a great stimulus, and in 1816 there were no less than five steamers plying upon the Clyde, but not one in English waters! While Bell was progressing with his invention on the Clyde, Robert Fulton was successfully furthering his ideas on the St. Lawrence and Mississippi; and these attempts in home waters having proved that steam navigation was feasible, inventors became bolder and aspired to cross the Atlantic. Objections were raised and opinions freely expressed as to risks of such an enterprise. There were the trade winds, which brought with them hurricanes, cyclones, and other unheard-of terrors; the long swells of the Atlantic; and the probability—for it was universally thought that such a catastrophe must happen sooner or later—of the vessel catching fire, or the boilers exploding. Notwithstanding all these, a sailing vessel of 350 tons, plying between Savannah and Havre, was equipped with steam engines, and left the former port on May 28th, 1819, for Liverpool. She safely weathered all dangers, occupying about thirty-two days in crossing, Liverpool being reached on June 29th. Steamship as applied to her, however, is a misnomer, seeing that

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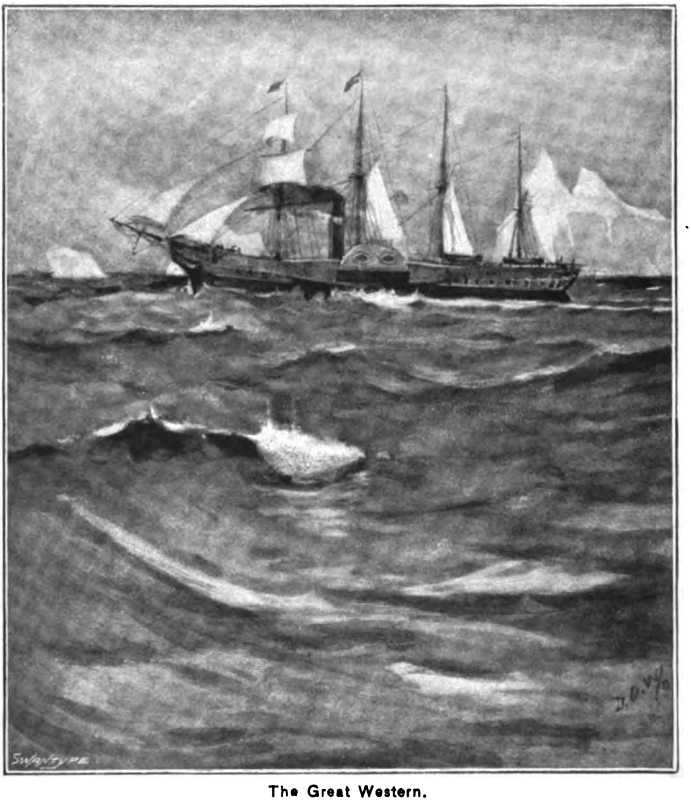
she was only propelled by this new agency for about eighteen days. Curiously enough, her paddle-wheels were so constructed that in tempestuous weather they could be detached and shipped on board. After visiting the principal Continental ports, creating unbounded amazement wherever she went, she returned to America, where, strange to relate, her engines were taken out and she resumed her original character as a sailing packet, finally coming to an ignominous end by being wrecked off the south coast of Long Island during one of her voyages.

The *Savannah* having paved the way, as it were, across the Atlantic, other vessels now sprang into existence, and gradually the transatlantic service developed. In 1838 many steamships were plying across the "herring pond," the most important being the *Royal William* and the *Great Western*. The former, which was built in 1832–3 at New York, and was chartered by the Transatlantic Steamship Company of Liverpool, was 145 feet in length, and of 617 tons, with a horse-power of 276, capable of giving a speed of ten knots per hour. She was the first vessel constructed with water-tight compartments. Her passenger accommodation was described as "capacious and well arranged for comfort." The price of the passage in her was $140 (about £28) which, however, included wines and stores of all kinds. Letters were carried at the rate of 25 cents (1*s*.) the single sheet, or $1 (4*s*.) per ounce. After this vessel had made a few passages across the Atlantic she was withdrawn and condemned as a coal hulk, in which capacity she remained for about half a century, when she was sold for the sum of £11. But the company installed into her position the *Liverpool*, a similar though very much larger vessel, of about the same speed.

In 1836 the Great Western Railway Company, acting under the advice of their engineer, I. K. Brunel, founded the Great Western Steamship Company, which was to run in conjunction with the railway. Their first vessel was the *Great Western*, the largest steam vessel yet built. She was 236 feet long, and her horse-power was 750, indicated. She was ready for sea by April 1838. But another vessel, the *Sirius*, had meanwhile been launched, and had left Queenstown for New York on April 5th of that



The Great Western.
*From an old painting.*

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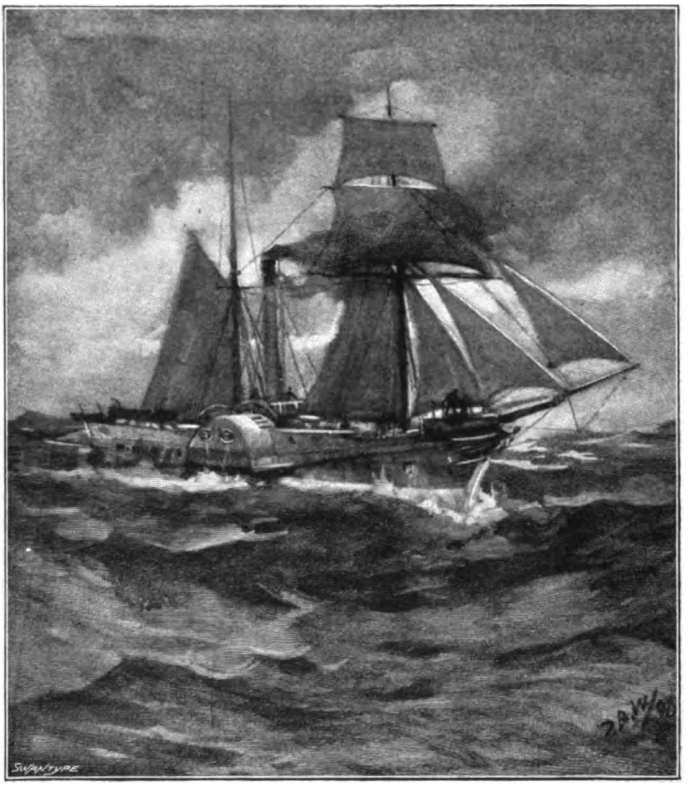
year. Brunel had been anxiously watching the progress of the construction of the *Sirius*, and had striven hard to equip and to start his vessel first. This he was denied, and the *Great Western* did not leave Bristol until three days after her rival had departed from the Irish port; but so fast did she travel that both vessels reached their destination on April 23rd. This was the first race across the Atlantic; and the *Great Western's* passage, though void of incident, was considered remarkable. She made in all sixty-four passages between the two countries, her record voyage being 12 days 7½ hours—far and away before that of any other vessel.

While these expensive experiments were being made to inaugurate a regular transatlantic service, a firm of ship-brokers and merchants in London had commissioned the steamship *William Fawcett* to run to the Peninsula. At this time the mails were conveyed to the Peninsular ports once a week from Falmouth by a sailing packet, which only set to sea "wind and weather permitting," and often occupied three weeks on the voyage—almost as long as it now takes to accomplish the journey from London to India. At last the eyes of the Government were opened to the advantage accruing from steam navigation by the fact that the *William Fawcett* put to sea in all weathers, and accomplished the journey with commendable punctuality; and they requested the proprietors to submit a tender for the conveyance of the mails. This was accepted, and the first Foreign Mail contract by steamer was signed upon August 22nd, 1837, at an annual subsidy of £29,600 for a monthly service from Falmouth to Gibraltar and other Spanish ports. The proprietors now converted their business into the Peninsula Steamship Company; and as they gradually developed ramifications to distant Oriental ports, assumed the title of the well-known Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, which now circumnavigates the globe. One can scarcely imagine the privations and hardships attending a voyage in the *William Fawcett*. Conceive a Thames steamboat in a gale in the Bay of Biscay, and you can form some idea of a passage in this pioneer vessel, which was no larger than those plying upon the Thames.



The William Fawcett, *the first Peninsular and Oriental steamer, in the Strait of Gibraltar, 1837.*

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So things drifted on. Upon the Atlantic many steamers were now plying, but the Government did not encourage their inception in the least, regarding the contract with the Peninsula vessel simply as an experiment. But at last the long anticipated concession took place. The Admiralty Board, satisfied with the experiment with the *William Fawcett*, issued a circular for a similar transatlantic arrangement. One of these fell into the hands of Samuel Cunard, a Quaker of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who for eight years had been studiously considering the inauguration of a regular service of steamships. He came to England, raised the necessary capital of £270,000, secured the Government contract, and on July 4th (Independence Day), 1840, the pioneer Cunarder, the *Britannia*, a small wooden vessel 207 feet long, and with a speed of 8½ knots per hour, sailed from Liverpool on her maiden voyage—a voyage that was destined to prove the foundation of what is now one of the quickest, safest, and greatest ocean lines of to-day—and safely reached Boston in 14 days 8 hours. The citizens of the American port became demented with delight. The streets were decorated, the whole vocabulary

The Great Eastern *in her last berth.*

*Photo by Priestley, Egremont.*

of eulogium was exhausted in the newspapers, and Cunard himself, who had travelled in the boat, received over eighteen hundred invitations to dinner on the day of her arrival. Nor was this enthusiasm only transitory, for in 1844, when the *Britannia* was firmly locked in the ice at Boston, the people of that city cut a canal through the ice seven miles long and a hundred feet wide to the open sea, defraying the expense among themselves.

The price of the passage, including provisions and wine, to Halifax was 34 guineas; to Boston 38 guineas; while an extra guinea was levied for the benefit of the steward, who in those days was not so certain of an emolument as he is to-day. There was accommodation for 115 passengers, but for no steerage.

But it was in the *Great Eastern* that provision was first made in any luxury and style for the comfort of the traveller, although anything approaching extravagance was studiously avoided. This vessel, which was the longest that had ever ridden upon the bosom of the waters, was 682 feet in length and 83 feet in breadth. Her designer was I. K. Brunel, the progenitor of the *Great Western*, who had been nurturing this stupendous achievement in his brain for about ten years.

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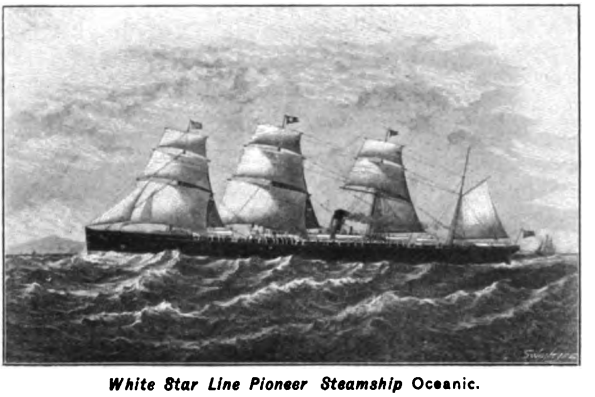
It was destined to be one of the most dismal failures recorded in the annals of the commercial world, as is now a matter of common knowledge. After a disastrous career, in which millions were sunk, she was ultimately sold for £16,000, and broken up in 1890.

About thirty years after Mr. Samuel Cunard had developed his idea of organising a company for the maintenance of a regular ocean line of mail steamers, plying to and fro with a punctuality rivalling that of railway trains,—though, of course, without the longitudinal pair of metal rails, which, he facetiously remarked, "were needed on the ugly uneven land, but not on the beautiful level sea,"—another steamship line, "The White Star," was inaugurated. The first vessel of this new company, the *Oceanic*, was launched from Belfast in 1870. As she glided up the Mersey into Liverpool in the February of the succeeding year, her great length,—she was 420 feet long by 41 feet broad, and of 3600 tons,—yacht-like lines and general symmetry of outline, created universal admiration. There were many highly appreciated improvements in this new vessel, the most important being the placing of the saloon and first-class accommodation amidships, and for the first time the cabins and saloons were well lighted, and, what is still more important, adequately ventilated. Previous speed records were immediately broken, the passage between the two countries, which had heretofore occupied from nine and a half to ten days, being accomplished in eight, and eight and a half days. The battle royal between the two rival companies now began in grim earnest; but, try how they would, the Cunard Company were obliged to yield the blue ribbon to the new company, and it was not until the birth of the *Lucania* and *Campania*, a few years ago, that they succeeded in regaining this coveted honour.



*White Star Line Pioneer Steamship* Oceanic.

The obsolete wooden paddle-boat, with its cramped confines, is now relegated to the limbo of things that used to be. A new era was commenced in the annals of the mercantile fleet in the year 1889, when the White Star Line launched the *Teutonic* and *Majestic*. The designs for these two vessels had been prepared by Sir Edward Harland, of the celebrated firm of marine engineers, Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, who have constructed and engined all the vessels of the above line. Never before had such magnificent vessels been seen. The yacht-like shapeliness which had characterised the *Oceanic* was maintained with picturesque effect. A more beautiful picture can scarcely be conceived than the *Teutonic* or *Majestic* riding at anchor on the Mersey. Both these vessels are 566 feet in length, with a breadth of 57¾ feet, 39½ feet deep, and of 10,000 tons burden. On her first transatlantic trip the *Teutonic* created the then record in maiden passages, accomplishing the voyage from Queenstown to New York in 6 days 10½ hours; and in February 1892 America was brought within six days' distance from this country by her sister ship, the *Majestic*, running across in 5 days 20 hours 22 minutes, the lowest time yet attained in traversing the Atlantic, the speed averaging throughout the voyage 20·41 knots—about 23 miles—per hour. (It may be as well to point

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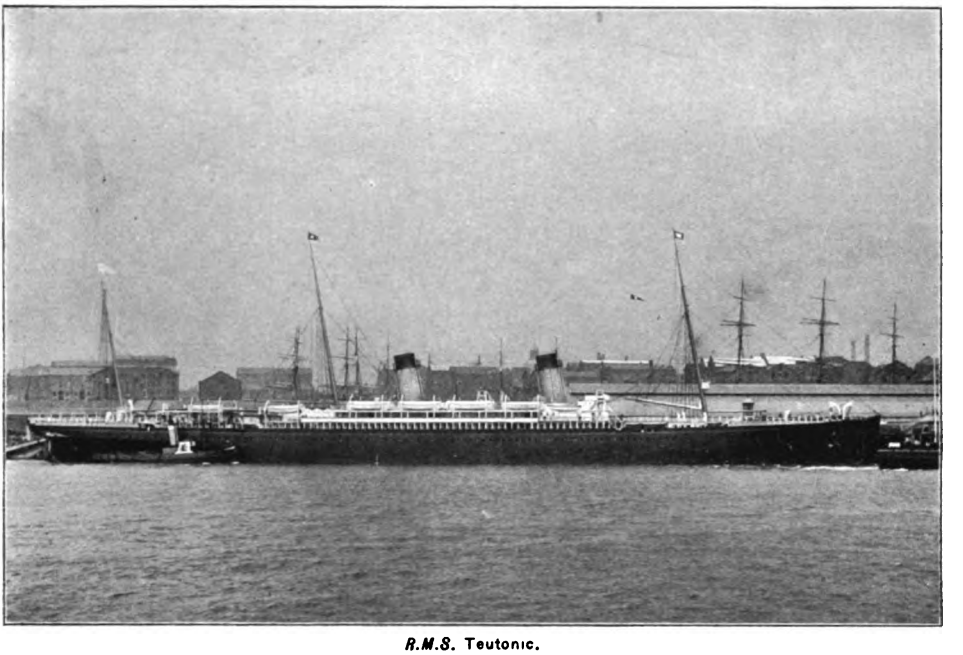

*R.M.S.* Teutonic.

out that, except where otherwise stated, these passages are timed from the Old Head of Kinsale, the most south-westerly point of Ireland, to Sandy Hook, outside New York Harbour.)

In 1892 the International, or Inman Line, whose vessels ply between Southampton and New York, made a strenuous attempt to wrest the blue ribbon from the White Star Line—which had held it for so many years—by launching on the Clyde two magnificent three-funnelled liners, the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York*. A year or two later these ships were followed by the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*, which were built, owing to the company having been transferred in the meantime to American capitalists, in the United States. The beauty in these vessels is the shapely schooner-bow with a short bowsprit. The two former, in turn, broke all the records, the *Paris* crossing in 5 days 14 hours 24 minutes. In fulfilment of the contracts with the American Government, these four vessels were withdrawn from the Atlantic service, and equipped as armed cruisers for the war against Spain.

*State Room, S.S.* Teutonic.

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*Saloon, S.S.* Teutonic.

The Cunard Company, although beaten during all these years at nearly every point, had still plodded quietly and unpretentiously along; it suddenly woke up from its lethargy in the latter part of the same year in which the Inman liners were launched, and floated the *Campania*, and early in the succeeding year the *Lucania*. So far these were the largest vessels ever built since the *Great Eastern*, being 620 feet in length over all, and of 12,950 tons displacement, while the power of their tremendous engines, developing some 30,000 horse-power, completely eclipsed that of any preceding vessels. With such stupendous energy, it was only to be expected that they would establish new records. These anticipations were more than realised. The *Campania* made the passage in 6 days 8 hours 34 minutes, an average of about 19 knots per hour, or half a knot per hour better average than the best of the maiden trips yet performed. On her maiden voyage the *Lucania* excelled even the achievement of her sister ship, reducing the passage to 5 days 15 hours 37 minutes. Since then she has created many remarkable performances, her record voyage between the two countries being 5 days 7 hours 23 minutes. Her average speed on this occasion was 21·81 knots—about 25·125 miles—per hour, and the highest day's running 562 knots. On another page an illustration is given of the gigantic triple-expansion engines which drive these vessels along at this exhilarating speed. The Cunard coal bill for one single journey is enormous, the daily consumption totalling up to about 450 tons, or at the rate of a ton every $3\frac{1}{5}$ minutes.

It is said that the word "luxury" is beyond the pale of definition. This is certainly the case when applied to the internal sumptuousness of these ocean liners.

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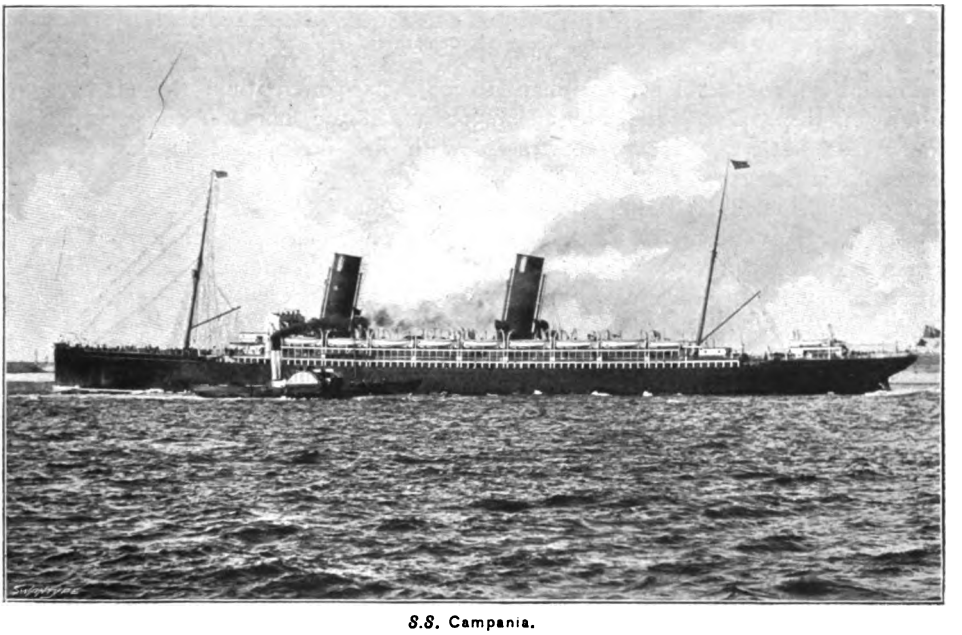
Indeed, the decoration of these vessels, which cost over £600,000 each to construct, is most lavish, as will be seen by a glance at the accompanying illustrations. The victualling bill on an Atlantic liner for a round voyage to America and back is a formidable affair. Among other things too numerous to mention, which vary with the seasons, it comprises 36,000 lbs. of fresh beef, 750 lbs. of corned beef, 7,000 lbs. of mutton, 650 lbs. of lamb, 500 lbs. of veal, 400 lbs. of pork, 3,100 lbs. of fresh fish, 100 fowls, 850 chickens, 148 ducks, 25 tons of potatoes, 60 hampers of vegetables, 430 quarts of ice cream, 2,800 quarts of milk, 21,500 eggs, 365 bottles of champagne, 270 bottles of claret, 7,850 bottles of ale, 3,200 bottles of porter, 5,460 bottles of various mineral waters, and 450 bottles of various spirits.

But the foregoing companies restrict themselves entirely to the trans-atlantic commerce; and while they are strenuously competing for supremacy, quite as severe a struggle is being maintained between the rival liners traversing the Southern seas. The Peninsular and Oriental Company, which originated in the year of the late Queen Victoria's accession with the unpretentious cockleshell, the *William Fawcett*, plying between this country and the Peninsula once a month, has now developed into a tremendous undertaking, whose ramifications extend to every civilised part of the globe; and at the present day it possesses the largest mercantile fleet in the world. The Suez Canal has been the medium of bringing Bombay within 14 days' journey from London, Shanghai 33 days, and Melbourne 32 days.

Another line which has done much to supplement the rapidly increasing Australasian traffic is the Orient, which possesses a magnificent fleet of nine vessels, of which the *Ormuz* and *Ophir* are the fastest and most luxuriously equipped.



*S.S.* Campania.

It is no doubt owing to the fact that the rivalry between the P. and O. and Orient lines is less keen, that their vessels are not so powerfully engined as the Cunarders or White Star liners. For instance, the majority of the P. and O.

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*Music-room, S.S.* Campania

steamships do not develop more than 10,000 horse-power, while the above two vessels of the Orient Line indicate 9,500 and 8,500 horse-power respectively. Both these latter vessels are constructed with five decks, and everywhere the ventilation is perfect.

How different is the life on shipboard nowadays to what it was upon the pioneer vessels! Then, the deck-house, chart-rooms, officers' quarters and other encumbrances necessary for the navigation of the vessel, littered the one narrow deck available for the convenience of the passengers. Under these disadvantageous circumstances, the majority of them very prudently preferred the oppressive, fetid saloon to venturing upon deck. Now these impedimenta are relegated to an exclusive deck, far away from the passengers. What is the result? The broad, lengthy promenade-deck is converted into an impromptu recreation ground. Cricket, quoits, obstacle races, hockey, and other pastimes, which cause amusement to players and spectators, are freely indulged in during the day; while at night there are fancy-dress balls, concerts, either on the promenade or in the saloon, and when brilliant stars of the musical world are *en voyage* they courteously help to amuse and to interest the floating colony.

The superiority of this country with regard to ocean travelling has always been indisputable, but the inevitable foreign competitor, the most prominent being the enterprising German, is forging ahead in the strenuous endeavour to outpace us. Hitherto optimistic patriots have contended that the shipbuilders on the Clyde or at Belfast cannot be excelled, or even equalled, in any part of the world; but this sense of premiership was rudely shattered three years ago, by the marvellous trip

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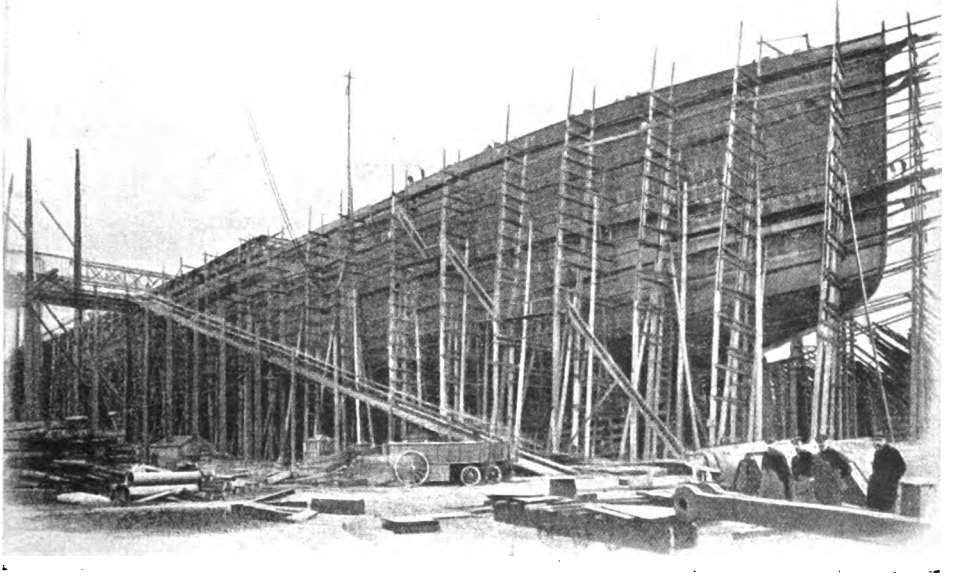
of a German liner, which not only succeeded in lowering the record for maiden passages between New York and Southampton, but also surpassed the highest daily run of 562 knots held by the Cunarder *Lucania*. During the last twenty-four hours of her journey the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, the latest addition to the North German Lloyd fleet, steamed no less than 564 knots.

On her seventh westward voyage she succeeded in breaking her earlier record for one day's running with 580 knots, an exceptionally fine achievement. But she has not yet succeeded in reducing the *Lucania's* splendid run of 5 days 7 hours 23 minutes.

If it is desirable to ascertain what our Teuton neighbours can accomplish in the matter of ornamentation, then the *Fürst Bismarck* of the Hamburg-American Line claims attention. In point of speed she does not approach the formidable *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, but there is not the slightest doubt that she is the most magnificent and luxurious vessel in the mercantile fleet of Germany. With the ladies this vessel is a favourite, as she caters so extensively for their comfort. The spacious boudoir is tastefully embellished with old tapestries, with oil paintings and other mural vanities; the lounges and chairs are finished in a light brocaded material, and massive walnut richly carved is relieved with gilt and enamel.

Another era in steamship travelling was inaugurated by the launching of the White Star liner *Oceanic*. This latest vessel even eclipses Brunel's wonderful creation in size, since she measures no less than 704 feet from stem to stern, or twenty-four feet longer than the *Great Eastern*. What a striking contrast she also presents to the first *Oceanic!* The pioneer vessel of this famous line is quite puny beside this latest acquisition to the fleet of Transatlantic liners. The original *Oceanic* was only 3,087 tons; the present *Oceanic* is 17,000 tons. This floating palace, however, was not built to race across the ferry, her speed being only twenty knots per hour. During the past few years there has been a tendency to forego speed in ocean travelling in order to obtain greater comfort;



*The* Celtic *on the Stocks.*

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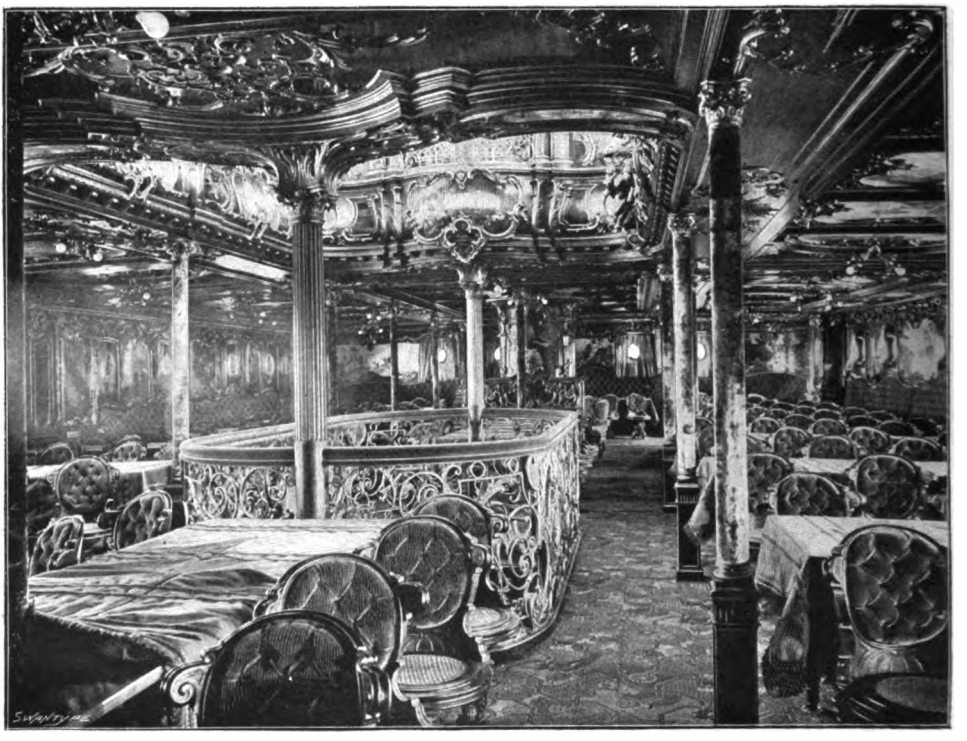
and the *Oceanic* was constructed to accommodate the rapidly increasing class which does not object to a few hours longer on the water provided it is rendered perfectly comfortable while afloat. The result is that this vessel is the most comfortable and steadiest steamship plying between the Old and the New Worlds.

In striking contrast to the gigantic *Oceanic* is the insignificant little steamer the *Brooklyn City*, of the Bristol City line, which is so small that she could be laid comfortably upon the deck of the former vessel. She is about the same size as the *Great Western*, built by Brunel in 1838, and only 260 feet long; while the power of her engines is inferior to those of the *Great Western*, which



*Saloon*, Furst Bismarck.

developed 750 horse power as against 177 horse power indicated by the engines of the *Brooklyn City*. Under these adverse circumstances the journey across the Atlantic occupies about thirteen days. Yet she has a very select *clientèle* of passengers, and is patronised by those to whom time is no object and to whom the sea presents no terrors. This Lilliputian craft is the smallest liner afloat, yet her accommodation is ample and comfortable for her few passengers, whose quarters are located amidships and aft. Her state rooms for two are equal in size to those provided for four voyagers upon the large Atlantic liners.

In the latter part of 1900 our powerful rivals, the Germans, launched a vessel, the *Deutschland*, which is one of the greatest marine engineering marvels of the world. She has succeeded in decreasing the transatlantic passage to less than five and a half days. She does not equal the *Oceanic* in size, being only of 16,000 tons, but she is of 35,000 horse power, which is capable of taking her

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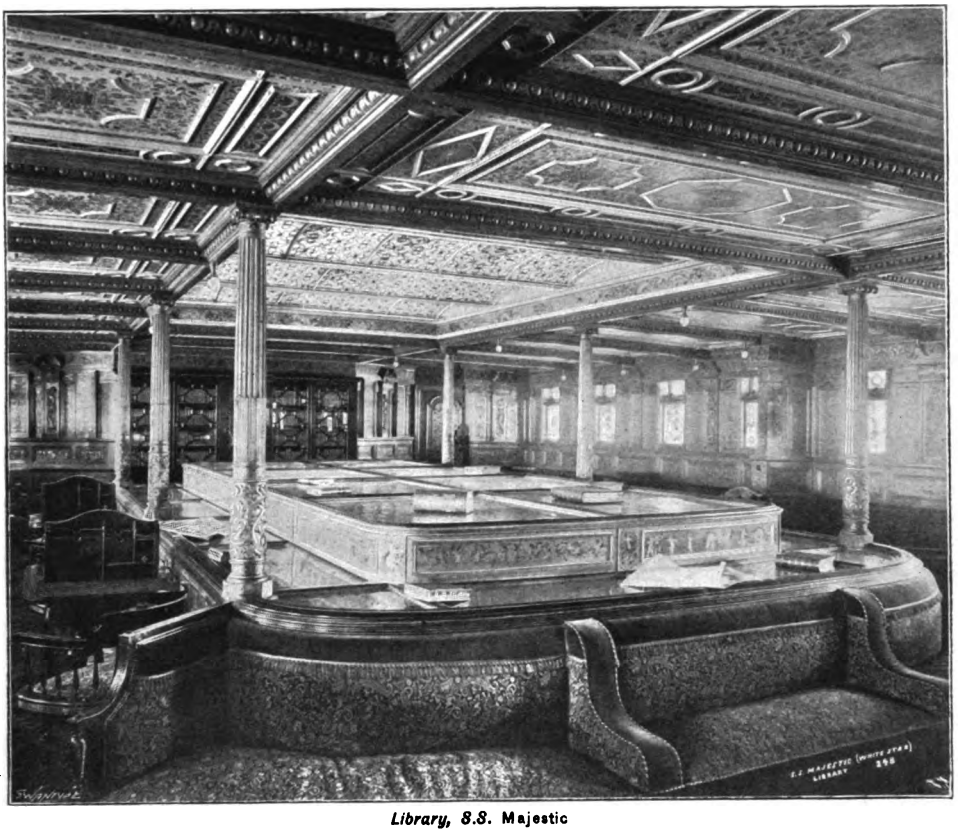

*Library, S.S.* Majestic

through the water at a speed of nearly twenty-three knots per hour. It is generally believed that Germany will continue to hold the record for quick passage between the two countries. Owing to the heavy subsidies the German steamship companies receive from their Government, they are enabled to run their liners at a cost which would be ruinous if they were under the same conditions as prevail in England. Still, even such a fast steamship as the *Deutschland* is in limited demand by a certain class of passengers, and the prevalent opinion is that in a short time the German steamship companies will cease to sacrifice comfort to speed. The vibration from such colossal machinery, while travelling at twenty-three knots, is tremendous. Then again, this vessel can carry only a very small quantity of cargo; and as the revenue derived from the passenger traffic is inadequate to maintain the vessel, it is obvious that it must run at a loss to the company. The *Deutschland*, however, is a powerful and effective exponent of the remarkable progress that Germany is making in connection with marine engineering, and it behoves British shipbuilders to strive their utmost to prevent the enterprising Teuton from excelling us in an industry which for so many years has been peculiarly our own.

The launch at Belfast on April 4th of the leviathan liner *Celtic* is a development of the ocean steamship on which we may congratulate the White Star Line and Messrs. Harland & Wolff. Both have played conspicuous parts in the making of the modern liner, and it is fitting that the new century should see them coupled in the production of the largest steamer in the world. The *Celtic* has not the

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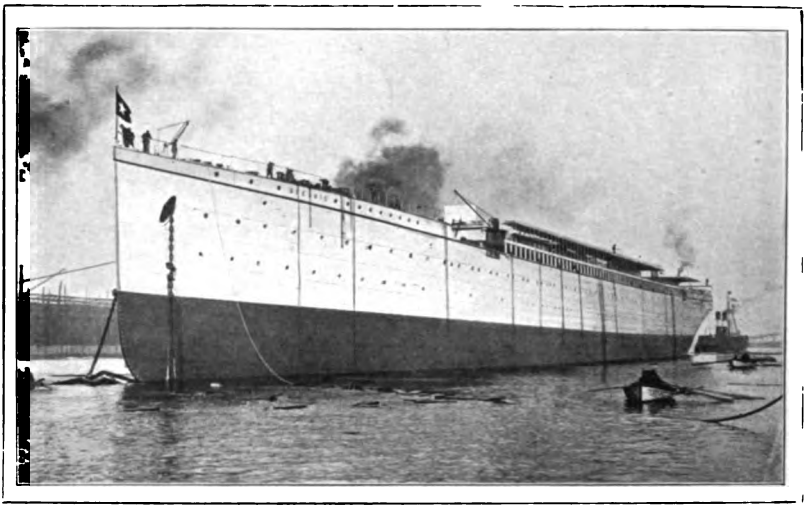
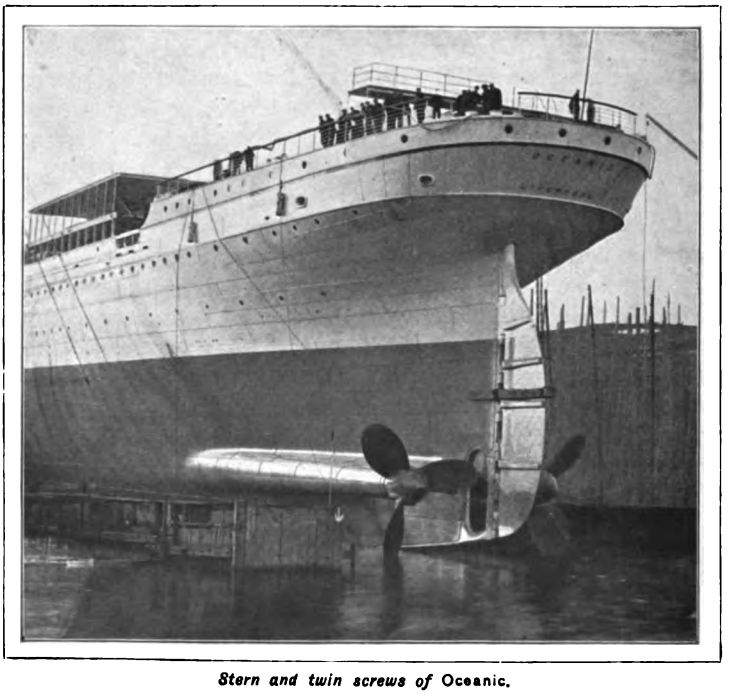


*The* Oceanic *after the launch, Belfast.*

speed nor the costly furnishing of the *Oceanic*, but the reason is not far to seek. The purse of every traveller does not run to *Oceanic* rates, and there is a numerous and increasing class to whom an extra day in crossing on a great modern steamship is an attraction. It is for such that the new leviathan is intended. The *Celtic* is 700 feet long, her beam is 75 feet, and her depth 49 feet. She is 20,880 tons gross. There are quarters for altogether 2859 passengers and a crew of 335.

Notwithstanding the many efforts of numerous companies to render ocean travel one of the most enjoyable pleasures of life, there are many who think that it is still in its infancy. In speed such may be the case—for Edison has declared that the journey might be accomplished in three or four days, — but as regards luxury? Well, it is difficult to believe that a higher ideal is possible. But the purchase of the "Leyland" Line may point to American competition which will put all of us on our mettle.



*Stern and twin screws of* Oceanic.

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*"Her had zot herself down, and was staring out droo the lattice."*

# THE SISTERS.

BY "ZACK."

[ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. HARTRICK.]

JUST where the river took her last turn to the right afore swishing past the village o' Dunstable Weir, two small cottages stood up pink and straight, wi' a row o' allums on the sky-line ahind 'em. They were built stone for stone the same, were called the Sisters, and two sisters lived in 'em whose married name was Barnaby, though their husbands wadn't no ways related. Martha Barnaby, the elder, was a widdy by will, her man bein' friendly to furren parts. She was a thin, scant-featured woman, wi' a head unsuspicious o' hair, which didn't prevent her from having a fine notion o' how to pickle bacon. There were no children in her house, though a little extry room had been walled up special for sich; but in to Susan's was a snip o' a lad called Jerry for short, he being held over the font to the name o' Jerulam.

The wall that parted the two cottages wadn't over-thick—most could be heard through it; and folks say that it was the sound o' Jerry's first puling cry that hardened Martha's heart agin her sister.

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Be that as it may, her was a changed woman from that time on, and wud tarn from a child's face much as if it was thic o' the Evil Wan hiszulf. The lad's mother didn't take no count o' the matter, reckoning things wud mend wi' time, though more'n wan pussen counselled her to keep an eye on Jerry lest evil should befall un; but Susan laughed in the face o' 'em all, reckoning that she knawed her sister better than to waste time over such add-two-to-wan work. Arter thic the village held silent—part becase if words fell loose about Susan her husband was niver hit by 'em, John Barnaby laying away from most things, his mind being sort o' tarned in upon itzulf; and part that the village couldn't help but be a bit curious to see what might befall if things was left to take their own course. Well, the years went on till Jerry had seen eight springs and seven falls o' the year—and Martha becoming more and more queer in the temper all the while. 'Twas his birthday, and a fine blustercacious morning in March, wi' the sap rising in the trees fair to bust the bark off 'em; and Susan her gi'ed the basket wi' her husband's dinner into Jerry's hand and told the lad to take it acrass to where John Barnaby was felling trees, a good mile up on the hither side o' the river. Her niver set eyes on the lad agin 'til the water washed un round the bend and into the shaller where her stood, ankle-deep, rinsing a roll o' linen afore laying it out in the sun to bleach. Her took the child up in her arm and carried un to the cottage. When her comed nigh the door who should rush past her, dripping from head to heel, but Martha! For a banging great minute the two sisters stud and looked each into t'other's eyes, when Martha let fly wan o' her madhouse laughs and bust away back acrass the meadow, cackling as her went. There wadn't a pussen inside the village or out, saving maybe mezulf, but held that Martha had drowned the child. The perlice didn't move, sich folk being paid reg'lar, wark or no wark, but 'twadn't for want o' hearing her was suspicioned o' the crime.

An inquest was held down at the Red Lion; folks spoke a deal that the crowner said wadn't evidence, and the jury brought it in that the child was dead sure as a gun, but further than thic they wadn't in the position to clarify. That night, howsomever, the village painted "Murderess" in red paint acrass the staps o' Martha's door. John Barnaby runned up to my house to ax for a drap o' turpentine to take out the stain afore the dumman catched sight o' the wuds. He didn't say nought to me then, and I niver was wan for axing questions, holding that 'tis the silent man that hears most; but when I tarned into the Red Lion thic evening for a glass o' ale, the zame as is usual wi' me, he comed to the bar windy and sort o' beckoned till I rose and hiked out to un.

"Zack," he says, "I can't talk to 'ee here. Let us go into the fields."

I vallered un acrass a wonderful lot o' land till us got bang in the middle o' wan o' the Squire's woods, then he whipped round all o' a sudden.

"I shall be fo'ced to tull," he tumm'l out.

"The poor soul knaws well anuff her hadn't no hand in drowning the chiel," I answered.

"Susan don't knaw. I shall be fo'ced to tull her."

I hadn't wuds to answer he, but I eyed un zort o' hasty, and though the night was dark past zeeing aught, I kind o' suspicioned the look that was on the vace o' un. It started to rain, softy vust along, than more willun. The draps comed slattering down as us stood there zilent, and it zim'd to me that he was axing agin and agin the zame question.

"Must I tell her?" he zim'd to ask.

But no zound comed from his lips, and I made as though I hadn't heard.

Then zommat goaded un on agin; he scut away droo the trees and comed out on a big barley mow; wance there, he tarned his vace down stream and runned toward his own cottage like a pussen possessed, and I arter 'un for want o' aught better to do. The Sisters stood terrible snug under their thatch, wi' jest anuff glint from the moon to show where wan cottage ended and t'other began. John Barnaby pulled up thic short that I was 'pon tap un afore I could stop mezulf.

"Zack," he says, "go and look into the windy. Tippy-toe."

"Whose windy? Susan's?" I axed.

He nodded his head, and I stole forrard sort o' crippled, and stared in 'pon tap the poor dumman.

"Wat shall I do now I be here?" I axed in a whisperation voice.

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"Be her busy over zommat, or jest making believe to wark?"

"Her's moving round considerable, but wat her be arter I can't rightly surmise."

At that he fell zilent a bit. "Her's trying to put a different vace on things," he zed at last.

"'Twull take more than the movetting o' chairs and tables to do thic," I thought to mezulf as I stood gapnesting droo the windy. The rain was valling thick, and I could zee the lights o' the Red Lion acrass the water. It zim'd a drearzome lack-sense business standing there in the wet, so I creep'd back to John.

"I reckon," I zed, "I'll be gitting home-along."

His vingers closed on my arm. "If 'twas no but the village I had to tell, not her," he whispered.

"Her'll be less hard on 'ee than the village," I answered.

"The village iddn't no mother, the village hadn't lost no chile," he said, coming vorrard to the windy and drawing me 'long wi' un.

Her had zot herzulf down, and was staring out droo the lattice, though 'twad at zommat other than us, no doubt.

John shivered. "'Tiddn't no use standing here," he zed. "If I must tell her, I must."

"Ess, go in and git it over," I answered, plazed to be quit o' the job.

But he tarned on me sort o' fierce. "You'll come in along o' me. Maybe you can throw in an easying wud."

"'Twud be a poor show if dree pussens played in it," I zed, edging away from un.

But he wudn't be persuaded. "Step inside for a bit," he answered. "As like as not I shan't zay aught while 'ee be there."

Zo I vallered un in.

Susan riz her head and kind o' smiled at un.

"Have 'ee been lonezome?" he axed.

"Not over and above," her answered.

"But 'ee have been missing the child——"

Her kind o' tarned from the question. "The house be most too quiet when you be away to wark, John," her zed.

He comed acrass to where her zot. "Susan," he tumm'l out all-to-wance, "'twad all along o' me that Jerry was drowned thic day."

Her riz up wonderful slow, and then zot down heap-like, but nary a wud crassed her lips.

John Barnaby tarned his vace from her and went on wi' his tale quick, as if he feared that wance stapped short in it he wud bide zilent to the crack o' doom.

"'Twad jest above the willows he fell in; where volks zay the water don't come much over a man's waist. The stream slewed un round, and he held out his arms to me and gav' a little scrit o' a cry. I ran to the side and was minded to jump in, but zommat held me there watching, though I knawed if I wadn't smart the river 'ud snatch un away. 'Twadn't mor'n a minute that I bided kind o' humped togither ready to jump, then the river snatched un and he slithied into mid-stream. For a bit his little white face lay 'pon tap the water, and I runned along the bank, bawling out that I wud save un yit; but I niver got nigh un—I was a-fear'd o' the water."

He stopped quat, and the room was painful zilent. I wud ha' up and hiked, but there was thic about the zilence that bound me back from the breaking o' it. No wan minded on me, they had zommat other to think on. John he comed forward to where his wife zot.

"I cud ha' saved un, but I was afear'd," he said. "I wadn't smart enough. God Almighty gi'ed me jest wan minute. I heard His voice plain as I be speaking to 'ee. 'John,' He zed, 'don't waste time. Jump,' He zed. I was minded to jump later. I niver was well plucked on the instant——"

He stapped short and held out his hands towards her, sort o' trembly.

"You'll always remember that I cud ha' saved un, Susan?" he axed wistful-like.

But her didn't answer he a wud.

"'Tis sort o' natural that 'ee shud mind on thic," he harped on.

Then her spoke: "Wat wull 'ee do now?"

He wiped the sweat off his vace: "I've told 'ee, Susan; there be no but the village to tull, and they bain't much count."

Her zot up smart. "The village!" her zed. "Wull 'ee tull the village that 'ee as good as killed your own child?"

Wance again he put out his hands sort o' pleadful, but he didn't zay nought, and Susan drapped her vace down 'pon tap the table. "Jerry, my little lad—my Jerry, my child, my heart! Why didn't the Almighty call on me to save

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'ee? My little lad, I wudn't ha' let the cold water take hold o'ee. You shud ha' gone warm to death agin my breast."

John tarned and walked sort o' tottery towards the door, but he hadn't movetted far afore her was up and arter un.

"Where be 'ee gwaying?" her cried sharp-like.

"To tull 'em."

"Be 'ee stark mad, that you shud tull 'em sich——"

"Zack can tull 'em: he wor there."

"Zack?"

"Ess, he saw the lad drown."

Her tarned to where I zot, and I riz up from my sate, for there was thic in her vace that wud ha' stirred the dead.

"You crawling toad on two legs!" her cried. "Do'ee call yerzulf a man to stand and zee a chile drown afore 'ee eyes? The village shall know 'ee for the murderer you are. Don't 'ee reckon to escape; I'll denounce 'ee to the Law."

"Zack was t'other side o' the stream."

"And what difference does that make?" her answered, vacing round on her husband.

"He can't swim four strokes—the zame ez mezulf."

"Swim," her zed—"swim! A murderer hadn't no need for swimming, he can murder wi'out thic," and her zot herzulf down 'pon tap the nearest chair, flung her apron over her head and fell to crying, painful to witness. I tippy-toed out. It zim'd a murderous thing to ha' watched a chile drown and niver so much as to ha' jumped in arter it, swim or no swimy.

Wat wi wan thing and t'other I didn't zlape over well thic night, and glad enough I was when the dark had been rubbed out o' the sky and the world took to looking usual-like. I didn't waste no time over breakfast, becase I had a fancy to go as far as the Barnabys and have a glance in on 'em, my work lying a bit on their side of the village. 'Twas a grey morning; the mist had stretched itzulf between the hills, and the valley looked most as if there was a river o' smoke instead o' water running droo' her. I kept along the track, and when I comed nigh the Barnabys' cottage, I heard voices, though I cudn't zee who was father to the clatter. Stapping short, kind o' instinctive, I catched hold o' the sound o' John's thick tongue, which was dabbling about in his throat much as if he had swallered more mist than honest breakfast. He was speaking to Martha. I edged a bit closer, for I was marvellous curious to know what he and her had to tull wan to t'other.

"I niver let on to her that you jumped into the water arter un. I sort o' forgot," he zed.

There wadn't no answer, and I cud hear John Barnaby's vingers crackling like the busting o' the ash buds on a still night. Arter a bit he spoke agin:

"I've been most 'mazin' long tulling her how 'twas."

"Have 'ee told her?" Martha axed sharp-like.

"I was fo'ced."

"Fo'ced, was 'ee?"

"Ess, becase her suspicioned that some wan tother than me had done it."

"And now 'ee be gwaying to tull the village?"

"Ess."

"Be 'ee fo'ced to do thic too?"

"I was niver afear'd o' what the village might think."

"They'll cast it at 'ee that you let your own chile drown afore your eyes."

"Ess," he answered, "I let un drown. I cudn't ha' believed it agin mezulf if any wan was to ha' told me so afore it happened."

"Nor I that I shud ha' tried to save un. Us be different from what us thinks, all o' us," her zed.

"He's dead now, anyway."

"Many's the time I wished un so."

"I loved un, though it zims 'twas a poor sort o' love."

Her movetted a bit closer to John. "'Twadn't longer ago than last year that I was nigh on pushing Jerry into the river at the very identical spot that the water took un."

"And yit 'twas you, not me, that tried to save the lad."

"I wudn't worrit over it, John Barnaby," her answered, sort o' solemn: "God Almighty knows our hearts better than us do ourzulves."

"God Almighty may forgit it, but Susan niver will," he zed, zarrerful.

"Her had the bearing o' the lad."

"'Twas a proud day for her when fust he laid agin her heart. 'John,' her zed, 'us will call un Jerulam; 'tis a name that the village hasn't took.' So us called un thic, though the passon wor

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*"'What be 'ee a-doing here, Martha Barnaby?' axed her sister."*

agin the name on the score that 'twas high-fangled."

"He was a small baby," Martha answered, "and cried a deal for a single chile. Many's the time I've thought to mezulf that he wadn't over-well handled."

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"I reckon I must be gwaying now," John zed.

"Where be 'ee a-gwaying?"

"To the village."

"What do 'ee want wi' the village?"

"To tull 'em the truth how it was."

"Be 'ee a vule or a woman, John Barnaby, that you don't know the vally o' zilence?"

"I be a man that let his own chile drown, that's what I be, Martha Barnaby."

"And will 'ee tell 'em thic?"

"Ess," he answered, and hiked right away.

I cud hear un trapezing along at a fine rate. As for the old dumman, her stud gapnesting arter un droo the grey mist.

"Us be all afear'd o' different things," her zed soft-like; then her tarned and went up the staps into Susan's house, and I vallered behind, sort o' tippy-toe.

"Wat be 'ee a-doing here, Martha Barnaby?" axed her sister, harsh-like—"you that hated the lad sore. Be 'ee come to gape at the empty chair that held un, and the bed whereon he laid?"

"No, 'tidn't for thic I've come," t'other dumman answered, "for 'tis ill work looking for a chile that is being held back from 'ee, born or unborn."

"You be no bearer o' childer——"

"My heart has sought arter a chile as your heart seeks arter Jerry now."

"How can 'ee knaw my heart's zarrer?"

Martha crossed the kitchen and stood over agin her sister.

"They be his shoes," her zed; "the lad had small feet—I marked that from the fust."

"Your eyes niver rested on the lad: how come 'ee to knaw that his feet were small?" her sister answered, harsh as iver.

"I kind o' saw 'em, though I tried not to zee un."

"There was always evil in your heart agin the lad."

"My heart was empty, and hate growed there."

"Now my heart is empty, and I hate 'ee becase you hated the lad."

"Do 'ee mind his eyes?—they was gold as water that runs acrass the brown moor sods."

"Who be you to name the colour o' his eyes?"

"I kind o' marked 'em, though I tried not to mark 'em."

"The river brought un back to me, but his eyes was closed——"

"And the smile gone from 'em."

"You niver zeed un smile, for he was afear'd o' 'ee."

"Yit I kind o' knowed o' the smile."

"I shall niver zee un smile now."

"'Tis hid behind they long lashes o' un."

"Who be you to tell me how he zlapes?"

"He zlapes sound: no mother cud rock un to zo sound a zlape."

"Wud that I could zlape azide un!"

"'Twud be a sweet rasting-place. I cud wish mezulf no better."

"Who be you to lie bezide my Jerry?"

"I have hungered for a chile these years——"

Arter thic they fell zilent both o' 'em. A breeze comed down from the head o' the valley and rolled the mist up the hill-sides. I tarned sort o' instinctive and looked at the village, and, as I stud gapnesting, John stapped over the stile, a power o' folk vallering un acrass the meadow. He walked along, his head bent, much like a man who held himzulf to be alone. Up the staps o' his own door he hiked, the crowd on the heels o' un, and mezulf at the rear o' the litter.

Susan Barnaby riz up from her sate and stared at us most 'mazing astonished.

"Be 'ee off your chump, John Barnaby," her axed, "that 'ee shud come here wi' all the trash o' the village trapezing at your heels?"

"He zed 'twor he that murdered the chile," wan o' the crowd tumm'l out, sort o' uneasy.

"Gwaying from door to door tulling folk," put in another o' 'em.

Susan Barnaby sank back on her chair. "He'd tell up any tale; zarrer has tarned his head," she said feeble-like.

"Us knawed all along 'twadn't more'n his fancy," the crowd answered.

"Zarrer has tarned other heads azide his," Martha zed, half to herzulf.

But the crowd tarned on her, hungry-like.

"You'd best bide quiet, Widdy Barnaby, or the rope ull 'ave 'ee yit."

"It has had many that desarved it less," her answered.

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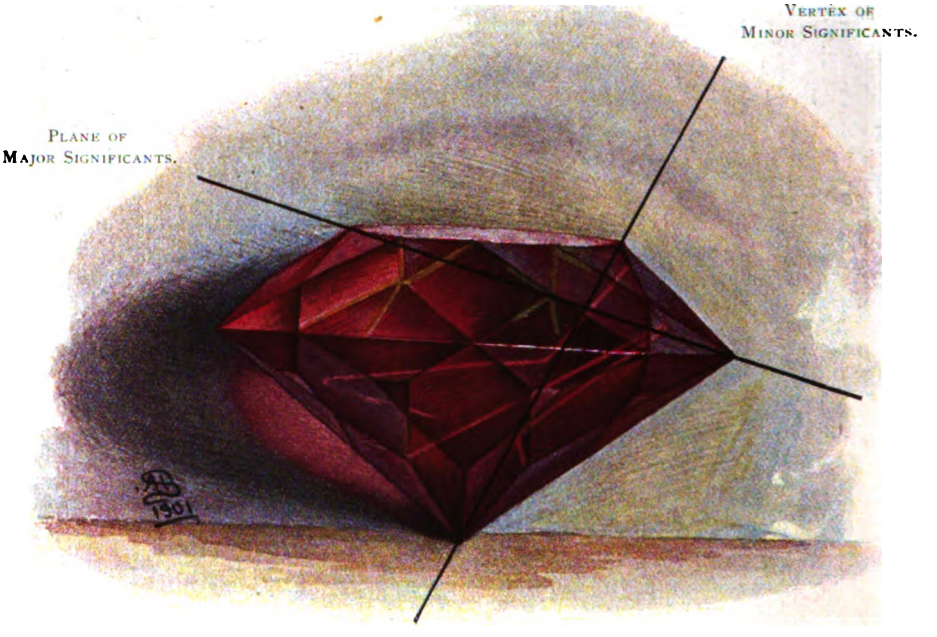


## PROFESSOR VAINI'S DREAM-STONE.

THIS drawing found among Professor Vaini's papers, represents the ruby magnified to about ten times its actual size. The red lines show his calculation of the angles of refracted light within the stone. The "Southern Cross" indicated in yellow is visible only from above. The "Crest" outlined in green can be seen only at the reverse side.

"BALKAMEH."

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A YEAR ago, in Paris, my attention was called to the irregular cutting of the ruby I wear as a ring. The setting had become loose, and the stone being shown to the manager of the *Maison Roque*, he examined it with a minuteness that aroused my curiosity. In answer to a question he indicated certain characteristics in the shaping and disposition of its facets which might have escaped any but the expert eye, and spoke of what he declared to be well known among master diamond-cutters—that many antique gems bear mathematically expressed in the angle and proportion and conjunction of the figures which compose their surface, a date, a name, occasionally a word of philosophical import, which, if deciphered, proves the key to some weird enigma.

"Is it possible that some such phrase exists upon the face of my ruby?" I asked incredulously.

"There are a few Asiatics," was the answer, "who to this day practise a method of writing upon jade, lapis lazuli and cornelian, whereof the outlines shaped upon this ruby seem an exceptional specimen. The fact that such geometric symbols are rarely in modern use, is no proof that they have not existed for thousands of years." Then, as though piqued by a scepticism which may have accented my query, or perhaps restrained by professional discretion, the representative of the *Maison Roque* abruptly disclaimed more than the vaguest knowledge, and busied himself with my order.

There this odd matter might have rested, had it not been that last winter at Cairo, Monsieur Mégarde, the Curator of the Ghizeh Museum, evinced so extraordinary an interest in the aspect of my ruby that, placing the ring in his hand, I remarked, "It has been thought one of the message gems that have reached us from remote ages."

He scrutinised the stone intently, and asked that it might be left for comparison with the wax impressions of all the known message gems, of which the Museum possesses a collection. He returned it the following afternoon with the announcement that a careful examination enabled him to recognise the cutting as of Phœnician workmanship. "It bears," he said, "the mystical number of seven significants. Of these, five are said to be significants in sequence, but I can only conjecture the meaning of three."

——— of Wisdom, to ———



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"The first," he added, "might be King, or Chief, or Prince."

"Prince of Wisdom," I ejaculated, "is suggestive of Solomon."

Monsieur Mégarde smiled at my haste as he replied, "There are two independent emblems, the upper of which, called the crest, is clearly the equivalent of Baal, and bears a resemblance to the fifth significant, which probably is some unfamiliar name beginning or ending with the Phœnician 'bal.'."

"And what," I inquired, "is the seventh?"

"The seventh," he answered, "is that conjunction of facets, emblematic of the astronomical group we call the Southern Cross, which is considered by the half-dozen Europeans who understand the meaning of significants to be the essential characteristic of the dream-stones of antiquity."

"And what may dream-stones be?"

"Every one knows," answered the curator, "that gems exert upon certain persons an almost supernatural influence. Individuals of exceptional sensibility—poets, musicians, students of occult science, often women of imaginative faculty—are intensely moved and even inspired by holding a great jewel for an hour in the hand. A "dream-stone" does far more than kindle such emotions. It directs the thoughts of whoever has the receptive capacity along given lines, presenting a train of facts or ideas and transmitting thus through the ages, from mind to mind, a recital which is always the same, varying only as a piece of music may vary in the execution according to the skill or expression of different performers."

My interest was now as thoroughly aroused as it could be in a subject which seemed little less than absurd. I resolved, upon leaving Egypt, to visit Rome and place the ring in the hands of a lifelong friend, Professor Vaini, whose attainments as a master of occult science are universally known. He received me with the grave kindliness of old, insisted upon my sharing his vegetarian breakfast, and scrutinised my ring in silence. It seemed superfluous to make any explanation of its supposed character, so I limited my statement to the peculiarities in its cutting, upon which I begged his opinion, and, leaving the ring, returned to my hotel.

Three days later, a note from the Professor summoned me. I was startled at the change the interval had wrought in his appearance. He looked like one who has passed through a severe illness, and suddenly aged half a dozen years.

"I have done with your ring," he began abruptly. "It had been so many centuries unused as a medium of communication that its accumulated power is almost killing. The peculiarities to which you refer are significant angles, the most accurate form of inscription known to man, in the present case easily read and to be freely rendered as follows:

THIS DREAMSTONE OF LOVE
THE PRINCE OF WISDOM TO BALKAMEH,
THE BEAUTIFUL, THE GLAD TIDINGS OF BAAL.

The Professor laid his hand thoughtfully upon a roll of manuscript. "While engaged in deciphering those significants," he said, "I took the ring to the window to calculate the angle at which the light is reflected through the stone from what are called its superior facets. Its contact exercised upon me an overmastering and not altogether agreeable effect. I feel so nervous and exhausted after the experience, that I am about to leave for Subiaco for a week's repose. I believe the ruby gave me its 'glad tidings' very fully, and I have spent an entire day in writing out the impression or series of pictures which flashed through my mind. I know not if I were asleep or awake during the hour the reverie lasted."

I thanked the Professor, took leave of him, and on reaching my apartment

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read his manuscript twice with breathless interest. I publish it now, literally translated from his Italian, for the information of those few who know and love the curious arts. Having occupied two days of Professor Vaini's time, and obliged him to make a journey, I wrote him a day or two later in acknowledgment of his kindness, enclosing a cheque for ten thousand francs. I was inexpressibly shocked at receiving a reply from his secretary announcing the *savant's* death at Subiaco soon after his arrival. It was a case of collapse following upon interruption of the vital functions, as though, to use his words, "the brain had been struck by lightning."

## Professor Vaini's Manuscript.

In the hundredth year of the Lion in Heaven, the bird Splendour of the Morning spread his wings, and mounted with tireless flight, saying to the Magicians in the realm of Sheba, "Declare ye unto the Queen that I salute her with the words, 'O Balkameh, thou art of perfect beauty.' Moreover, ye who understand the science of the seventh power, shall bid her know that the King whom soothsayers call Prince of Wisdom, and who is a refuge alike from storm and heat, awaits her." So at the voice of the bird the magicians rose to uncover their feet, and the daughters of music were silent.

At these words the Queen rejoiced, saying, "This is the messenger I have foreseen, who hath appeared in visions, who comprehends the meaning of the mystic number, who may not be caught with a net, neither fears the snare of the fowler." Wherefore she commanded that for the space of a year, through the coasts of Mariaba, provision of horses and camels be made, and gifts collected with guards and interpreters. Whereat the land of Sheba was glad, and the dreamer weaving a garland of dreams awoke, and far away a song was heard in the night, as of them going with pipes and filled with joy.

When the caravan assembled in number as the friends of one giving gifts, she whose name is Glad Tidings of Baal, who in Ethiopia is the King's daughter of the South, the glorious land, made sacrifice, having in her hand the sceptre of the powerful one, and on her finger the signet of authority, and before her the cedar-boughs which Baalim loves.

From Hebron Balkameh beheld Jerusalem, as she had wished to see it from the south, even from the direction of the land of Sheba, its yellow rock walls rising athwart the palms. Her company likewise remembered no more the burden of their journey; and at the morning light they looked across poppy-strewn wheat-fields, which make the young men cheerful, and vines that give new wine for the maids. Before them stood Zion, its crest touched as a burnished and glistening diadem, while poised upon outspread wings floated Splendour of the Morning, musing upon the secret of the presence and the dominion of the hills of dream.

Before the gate stood the King's bodyguard of six hundred lusty young men, whose delight is in arms. Whoso looks upon them—the imperturbable—silent and motionless, with short, glistening spears, thinks with compassion of such as shall come forth against them. Wherefore Balkameh smiled, saying, "I shall remember you as the radiantly calm." But when she asked that their chief officer might speak with her, their faces were troubled; nevertheless came Ahishar the singer, who being set over the household, held in his hand the backbone of a giant. When the Queen asked, "Art thou captain over these fearless ones?" he answered, "Their captain is Methusael, who is under the King's displeasure."

Then Balkameh besought that the young men might that day be feasted from

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her stores, to every one a loaf of bread, a piece of flesh, even the meat of fatlings with choice bones, and a flagon of wine, and baskets of first-ripe fruits.

All Jerusalem, even to the sons of the sorcerers, came forth, and the Queen cast silverlings by the way. First came the chief musician, and a great company making melody with mirth of tabrets, after whom followed maidens, dancing with tinkling feet. Last of all in his chariot appeared Solomon, followed by the elders, the scribes, and the prophets. He was of sunburnt complexion, with full flowing brown hair and beard, touched with a golden glow, and in his vigorous stature and strong hands and ruddy face one perceived the athlete and hunter. Yet more, as whoever considers a vineyard discerns the rich bunches of grapes, so in his meditative eye one reads the poet and lover of sun-flecked woods. He leaped to earth, coming to greet Balkameh with gracious words, for his words are full of marrow, and his sayings like wine well refined. Then, raising her dark hand to his brow, he fixed his gaze upon her, murmuring, "How sweet is the hand-touch of a beautiful stranger!"

Then she answered, "O topmost branch of the tree, may my everlasting home be near thine amid the stars." And speaking with kindling eyes and brilliant face aglow she was, as Baalim is my judge, as splendid as one of the shining ships of Tarshish. Then they stood together in the chariot and drove by the brook of the willows amid the throng of people, and were saluted by the kings of the shore and the kings of the mingled nations that dwell in the desert, till skirting the city they came to the House of Ivory in the midst of the garden, called of Eden, where formerly dwelt Pharaoh's daughter, one of the King's first wives.

Here Bathsheba advanced to receive her son's visitor. Behind her followed three men, sons of Rehob, King of Zobah, whom David took and whom he made attendants upon the women, wherefore, even now in their old age, the slaves of the palace laugh them to scorn. So when Solomon had touched Balkameh's head with the ointment of joy he withdrew, and Bathsheba conducted her through a vestibule, where against the wall was fixed the yellowing skeleton of Goliah with outstretched hands, each bent for a torch; thence entering the Queen's bedroom, they seated themselves upon the cushion-strewn floor. Between the windows, near an ivory bed, stood a table of mother of pearl with water jars and flagons, and in the midst of the room a brazier, over which, on winter evenings, Pharaoh's daughter had been wont to bend her dusky body. The ceiling whereof is inlaid with the words:

"*The sword for men, the lute for women, the pen for slaves.*"

Bathsheba's glory hath faded since David beheld her upon Uriah's roof. Fat from gross eating, wrinkled for want of love, reduced by sloth to the care of parrots—for her the rainbow lieth in the retrospect. In her age she hath returned to the gods of her youth, Berith, whose temple is at Shechem, Chemosh, and the gods of Hamath, Arphad, and Sepharvaim, and she paints her body with gaudy stripes as often as she dances before their altars in the groves.

Through an aroma of burning spice Balkameh asked, "Tell me, composer of songs, who was the man led in chains by the gate?" Whereat Bathsheba replied, "Sister, that is Methusael, captain of the body-guard, sentenced to be sawn asunder, and led thus collar-bound before his fellows that he may taste his fate to the bone."

From room to room they walked, beholding the gifts of Pharaoh, of Hiram King of Tyre, and of the lords of Cyprus, till from the roof they gazed upon pastures with bubbling springs as pure as the wells of Salvation, and marked

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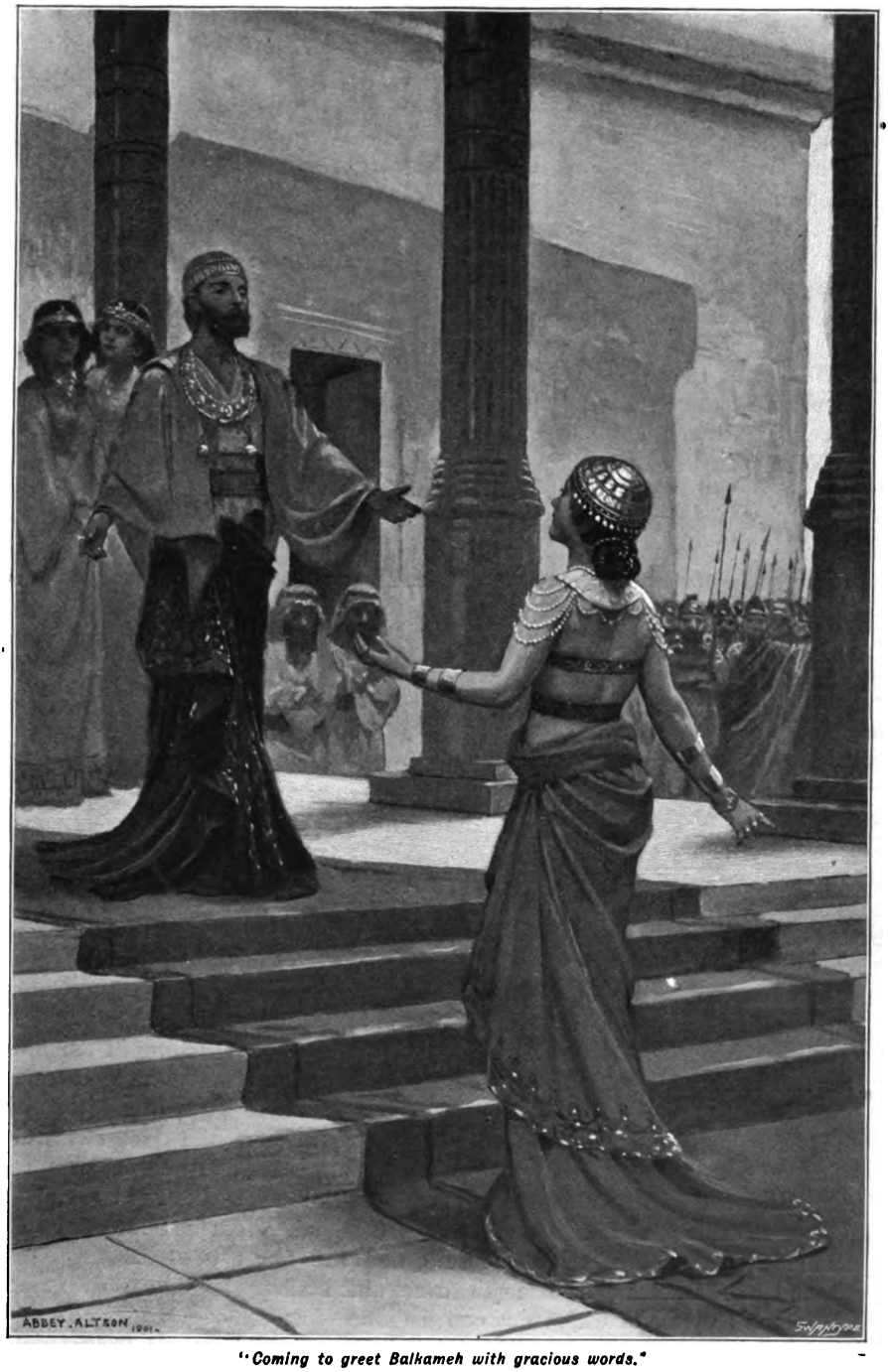


*"Coming to greet Balkameh with gracious words."*



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the sunshine where the humming-birds flit, and the shade where the woodpecker taps on the tree.

The following morning came Abishag, the King's favourite wife, whom Solomon loveth as the signet upon his hand, resting not in his love but making great joy over her with voluptuous songs. Who having been brought when a girl to David's death-bed, remained in the palace when David was no more. In which days, when Solomon was ever inditing, she came to his closet, and casting aside her vestment, crept stealthily upon him, and laying a hand upon the scroll looked laughing in his eyes, whispering, "The knowledge of a woman, O Son of the Sun, is better than the wisdom of a man or than the promises of prophets." Wherefore because she was clean-limbed and magnificently poised, gave he her fair raiment with jewels of price and dream gowns curiously woven to wear at night, and dyed attire and badger-skin shoes to wear by day. She also was a lover of groves, sacrificing in gardens and burning incense upon altars, so that in high places the name of Baalim was upon her lips.

Then spake the Queen. "Tell me, Lily of speech, why heard I through the night, and in the morning when the watchmen sang at sight of the break of day, the sobbing of one that has drunk of the cup of trembling?"

Whereto Abishag answered, "Bride whom the Gods desire, it is Adalia, a Bactrian, whom the King hath set here as a nail in a sure place." And with swift gesture she added, "I will strip her out of her clothes, and after her cheek-teeth are drawn, she shall be bound to a chariot-wheel with her feet in the ground, the wheel whereof shall be turned, and her body wrenched askew."

"Why is she set as a nail in a sure place?" murmured Balkameh.

While they were served with salted locusts and stuffed fish, Abishag wiped her lips, answering, "O subtle charmer of men, be it likewise given thee to snare the dragon and the unicorn. Know that this Bactrian was to wed Methusael, the captain of the guard, who lies in a dungeon where his skin cleaveth to the bone for scorpions. And because Adalia is stiff-necked and would not bow before the wishes of the King, neither listen to the voice of the interpreter, she hath been made like a young tree in the drought."

That day, when they came into the city of David, the King met them before the Temple. Beside him was Pharaoh's daughter, of lean, implacable face, her shaven head being covered with a wig. Whose voice is cold as the splash of a bucket when it falls in the well, neither takes she heed of aught save at a prospect of war, the thought whereof rejoices her. Near by stood also Guni, the Ethiopian, who draws the bow like a man and bestrides a horse like an Arab. Her delight is to paint her body ring-streaked, and to sit watching in the fire the shapes that come and go. Likewise, she observeth times and useth enchantments, knowing both male and female night monsters. Whose gods are Misroch, god of the Assyrians, Dagon the fish god, and Milcom whom the Hebrews call the abomination of Moab; but the greatest of all she declares to be Moloch. So the virgins that came with Pharaoh's daughter snuffed at Guni because her hair curls crisp, and Bathsheba sprinkled her, whereat Guni was wroth and hissed.

Balkameh beheld Millo, the house called the forest of Lebanon, the holy house and the sanctuary of strength, over which silver lay like dust. She saw also Solomon's wives, of whom not one hath her deep-set eyes and clear-cut face, and her bosom veiled with a veil. They passed before the molten sea and the flowers of lilies, till, beholding the burnt-offerings, the Queen gave to the priests a silver spit whereon to roast an ox. Likewise cast she into the chest wherein are cast the trespass money and the sin money which are the priests'.

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And seeing the throng of prophets watching the great pot filled with seethe-pottage, she scattered drops of ointment upon the throne, breathing in silence a prayer to Baal, that her heart's desire be granted. Where also in the place of presentation of gifts she offered to Solomon gifts of Ophir gold, and they passed together into the inner court where is no noise, nor strident word, nor lamentation, but only a twittering of birds, like a voice of mirthful gladness, as it were the voice of the bridegroom and the bride.

But one of the prophets that watched the heaping-up of treasure, lifted his hands, saying: "The house that ye fill shall become an habitation of beasts, and the kings of Judæa shall be as wandering birds cast out of the nest. Verily Millo shall be full of doleful creatures, and in the Gate Beautiful shall satyrs dance. And as for the queens of the ends of the earth, that pray to winged spirits that their hearts' desire be granted, they shall be drunk with the sweet wine and strange water forbidden to prophets."

Then answered Solomon, his face red with wrath, "Shall a Prophet live for ever, and doth not Scripture declare that a presumptuous Prophet shall die? Thou art no better than one that would plunder the tomb of a king. Of a truth I will roll thee in the dust, making thee a gazing-stock, and a hook shall be put in thy nose and thou shalt be wiped as a serving-man wipeth a dish, turning it upside down."

Now this Prophet is the brother of Methusael.

So Balkameh returned to the House of Ivory to bathe in a cool tank in the midst of the garden of Eden. Here, in bygone days, in the midst of the seclusion she loved, came Pharaoh's daughter to listen to the musical inspiration of fountains by day, and read the message of the stars at night. Amid orange blossoms and wine-red oleanders, the trickling water touches the air with its whisper. Beneath clustering cypresses is a rock, where at noontide the sunshine spreads the moss with brilliance. A trellised way, heaped with roses, leads to the summer-house within whose roof is painted the Zodiac. Near by, for a jest, Pharaoh's daughter caused to be graven by her Egyptian graver on a fragment of wall little seen, the figure of Rameses holding the Hebrews in bondage by the hair of their head. Before whom also she set an image of Hathor, the giver of joy, with hands overflowing with amaranths, that when goddesses and kings' daughters meet, her hands may still be filled with the bloom of immortal days.

When Sheba went to salute the Prince of Wisdom in his house, they left the multitude in the court and ascended to the roof, whence the eye ranges to the almond grove by the pool of Siloam, where the daughters of pleasure dance. And Solomon laughed, saying: "Are not the side-lights often the happiest views?—from here David beheld Bathsheba!"

But she murmured, "Who can guess how far my fancy may stray, though I but walk to the nearest village? And because Baal hath granted me a corner-stone of knowledge have I learned to keep close to the simple things of life, be they no profounder than the reflection of a star."

As she spoke, she started away from the wall, stumbling over a basket of scrolls which was the King's business for the day; for fluttering before her in the breeze hung the skin of a man of stature, slain by David's son Jonathan, who in life had on each hand six fingers and on each foot six toes. Nevertheless the King bade her be seated, saying: "Let us dedicate an hour to calm," pointing as he spoke to the sky where, weaving its circling flight, floated the Hoopoo of the crimson wings, which dwells at the foot of the rainbow.

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Then Balkameh blushed, for she is one to whom Splendour of the Morning hath spoken, saying: "For thee an adorable lover lingers in the darkness, in the depth of the garden, standing motionless and expectant as a phantom of the night!"

Her gaze rested upon a sundial, a figure of bronze with uplifted hands, the hand of Time and the hand of Destiny, the shadows whereof mark the lapse of day. Which was made by a Phœnician in the youthful semblance of Abishag when she cast aside her vestment to stand before the King. But Balkameh was jealous, because Abishag is beautiful, wherefore as Solomon turned aside she spat in the figure's face.

Then the King, seating himself near her, said: "I too love simple facts, nor am I content till I have tried to sound them as it were with line and plummet, even were they unfathomable as a ripple of the sea."

To which the Queen answered, "How shall we fare with our handcuffed hands and blinded eyes, if the wine of life become mixed with bitter water? Is anything really old, or wholly new?"

Whereat Solomon laughed, saying, "There are things which be old, yet always new—the lore of Egypt, which takes note of the flight of a bird; or where the river is deep knows what lies beneath the wave; or that enchanted circle, older than the Pyramids, at which wizards peep and mutter, wherein the earliest Pharaohs read the wisdom of superb repose."

After they had discoursed of many things, Balkameh asked, "Is a king a breeder of nettles in the way of a friend that seeketh a gift, or shall the door of hope be closed upon one whose heart is breaking?"

Then Solomon replied: "In every palace there be thieves waiting to penetrate the gold-worker's chamber. Nevertheless, say on."

The Queen continued: "There is a damsel called Adalia, to whom, if leave be granted, I will speak a word in season, bidding her hearken with her ears, that she may live and not die; and to me, if to none other, will she hearken, for her god is Baal-zebab. But first she and Methusael shall be set free to dwell at the House of Ivory, subject to my command."

Whereto the King answered: "O voice persuasive as the murmuring deep, be it done according to thy desire."

On the following day when they sat at meat, loaves and cracknels were set before them, and antelope collops roasted upon coals, with quails, partridges, and fowls of the air. Likewise, to each table an osier basket heaped with grapes and lumps of figs and strings of pomegranates, and a cruse of honey fresh from the comb. Then Solomon said: "Shall not the house give gifts to its lord? Call therefore the chief musician, that we may drink wine with a song."

So it was a day of feasting with laughter and clapping of hands. When the cupbearer had tasted, they drank to the lees, and no man's cup was empty, neither were the wine-cups suffered to stand full. The chief musician also drew from his dulcimer a haunting melody so deftly touched that each reverberant string gave back the meaning of his spoken word as he told of the enchanted groves where the singing of unseen damsels is heard, even of them that sing for joy of heart when kings come to glory in the sun's rising. Whereat Balkameh looked towards the King with a yellow light kindling her black eyes; but Bathsheba sat cold and silent, raking over the ashes of her youth.

Of a sudden the King cried, "Bring hither Adalia." Then, when she was set

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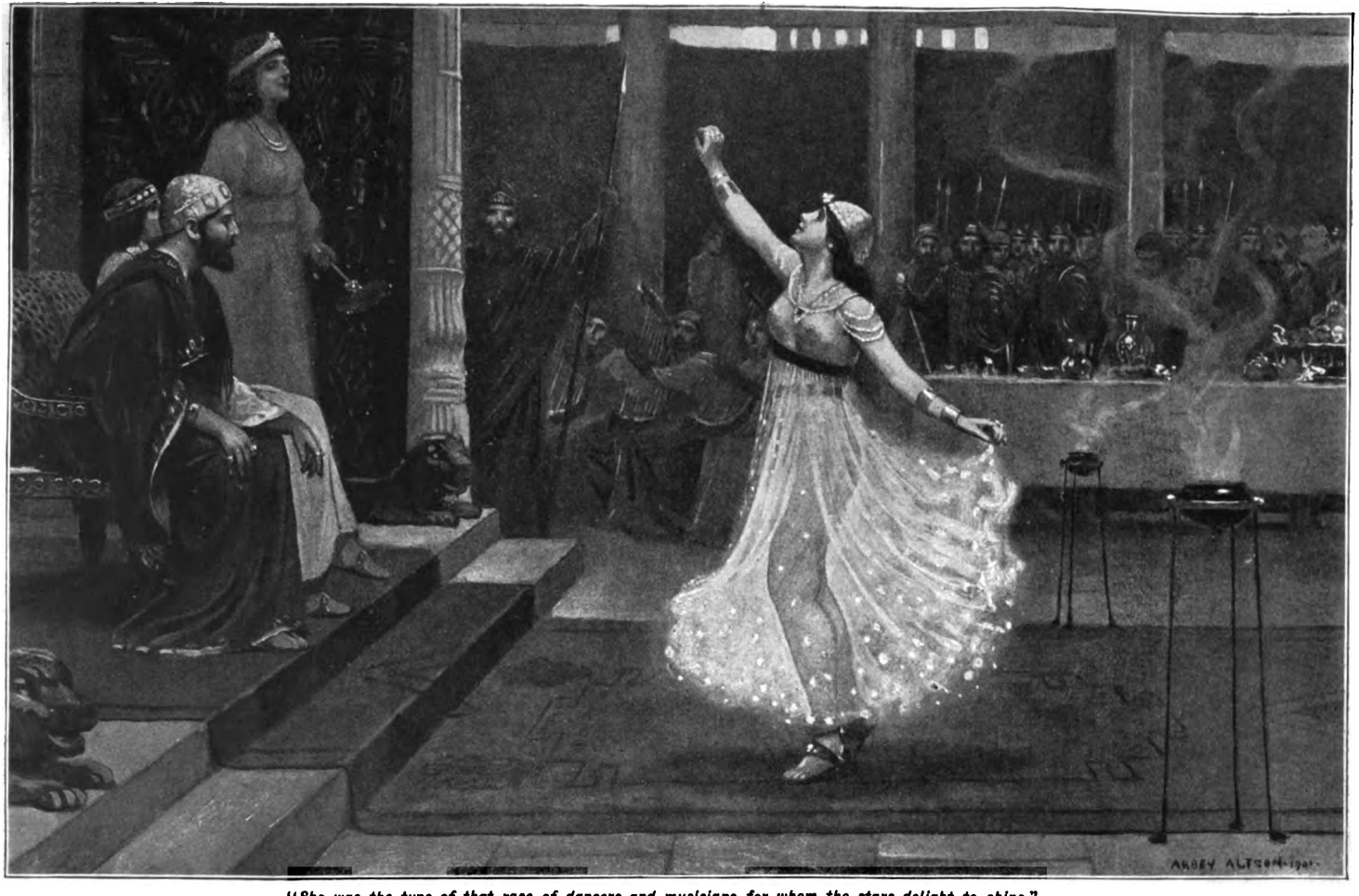


*"She was the type of that race of dancers and musicians for whom the stars delight to shine."*

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in their midst, he said: "Is not new wine found in the clustre, and shall she not dance?"

But Adalia answered, "Great King, they that descend into the pit cannot hope for truth; must I therefore go all my years in the bitterness of my soul?"

Yet, though her words were soft, one could read in her blanched face that her heart was as adamant. Nevertheless, her head was faint, and her eyes overflowing with anguish. Then, forasmuch as she would not dance, the young men took her away, mocking, to thrust her head downward in a wine-butt.

Now Sheba whispered to the King: "Are lilies gathered with a scythe, or do men make love with an axe? Surely a maiden will not confess before this throng, but to me hath she hearkened with her ears. By Lucifer, she is more pleasant than a garden of cucumbers. She but feared a king's love might pass as the early dew. This night, in the Garden of Eden, when stars climb in the sky, she shall wait in the dark, in the midst of the clustre of palms, and by her tinkling silver bells and the balsam with which she anoints herself shall she be known."

The King drank till he beheld the hollow of his golden cup ere, smiling, he said: "Who wants a grander tent than the dome of the starlit sky?" And after a thoughtful pause he added, "Hath not the Hoopoo said, *The wise man findeth his love in the dark*"? Moreover, of his choicest treasure, even of the uncut gems that he wore, gave he Balkameh a ruby which had never been graved by the graver's tool, saying—as a demon laughed and murmured in his ear—"Take this red drop of my blood for a token that thou shalt have thy heart's desire."

Then Sheba rose, and having cast aside her dream-gown of embroidered linen, stood before him, glistening in the torchlight, as one about to dance before the altar. And her waving hands and quivering finger-tips were like hovering butterflies. So as she danced barefoot up and down the alabaster pavement, her splendid body fine as the dash of spray that leaps where the salt wave strikes, they that looked were hushed, save for the sackbuts that filled the air with piping like the thrill of nightingales at night, till the soul of the listener whispered within him. And the Queen was as a proud standard-bearer that fainteth not, neither is trodden down. She seemed also an incarnation of the voluptuous South—a sinuous, pearl-girdled semblance of its suave and stately palms—a vision of tropic birds and fleet-winged sails touched by an after-sunset glow. More than all, she was the type of that race of dancers and musicians for whom the stars delight to shine. Whoso beheld her knew that this is the breeze-blown dance wherein the maidens of Babylon exult in the groves of betrothal, as the dance of them that prepare for the nuptials they desire. Wherefore in her swaying Balkameh interpreted the mystical meaning of the amorous shafts with which at his rising and setting the Sun-god pierces the depth of his groves; or the reflection, as of gems bestowed by a lover, which at Tyre he lifts from the sea upon the sun-browned wall of his house.

When the Queen, having made an end, put on again her dream-gown, a silence fell, like the hush that follows when the rhythm and emotion of prayer moisten the eyes. Till, as though touched by the hand of a listening god, a harpstring broke, whereby as she took her leave and the air resounded with the acclaim of many voices, we knew that a fateful instant had passed. So Sheba returned to the Ivory House, in whose garden the King that night waited and watched, silent as break of day, while stars climbed in the sky, till in the midst of the clustre of palms he became aware that a woman stood in the darkness, and by the tinkling silver bells and the fragrance of oleander balsam he knew that it was Adalia.

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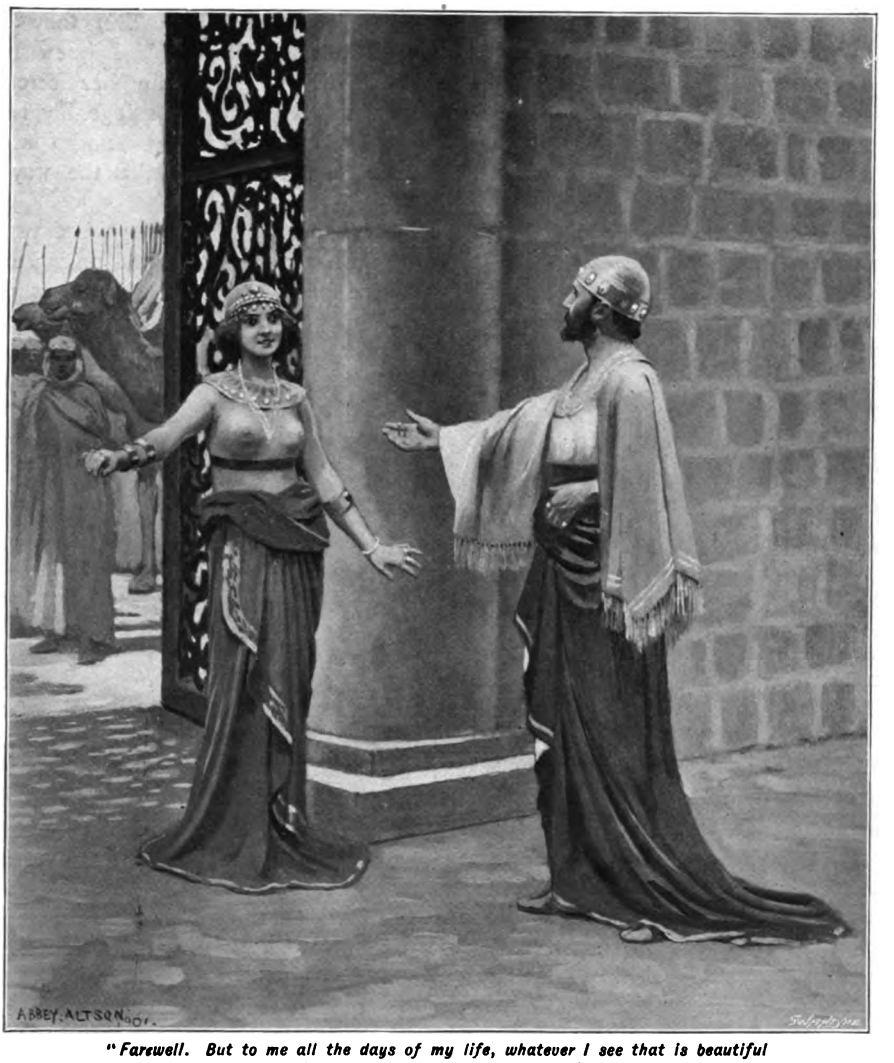
When the days of the Queen's sojourn were fulfilled, she stood with her company before the King at the oak of weeping. And she interrupted the long salutation of the prophets, and, turning to the Pearl of Wisdom, said, "Let our farewell be brief. When lengthening shadows slant through the Garden of Eden—forget not Adalia. In the deepest copse of Mariaba, in the midst of overleaning palms, will I build a Bower of Remembrance, where on starlit evenings, after




*"Farewell. But to me all the days of my life, whatever I see that is beautiful shall speak to me with thy voice."*

good-night or at break of day, before the bidding of good-morning the footsteps of thrilling memories shall rustle the leaves. Are there not things best understood in the darkness, and hath not the Hoopoo declared, *A woman shall compass a man?* Verily a woman's wit is no ill match for Solomon's wisdom. There be three wonderful riddles: the flight of a bird in the air, the course of a ship in the sea, and the way of a man with a maid. Now this was the way of a queen with a king—and this also, my adorable lover, thou comprehendest not. Farewell.



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But to me, all the days of my life, whatever I see that is beautiful shall speak to me with thy voice. Yea, hereafter shall I care little for the blended meaning of the stars, if but a single point of radiance beckons me to thee."

The long caravan wound down the hills, till looking back, Balkameh beheld the Temple sparkling in the sunset as a flame of triumph.

Then went the King into an high place, and with him were Jehosaphat, the recorder, and Benaiah, chief of the host. Thence his eyes followed the caravan till through the pink haze it faded and was lost in violet darks. But they that were near understood not why he laughed, murmuring: "to think I knew not! As though one could take from a woman her heart's delight, mocking her borrowed balsam and her ankles bound with another's silver bells! Is not a tiger-lily more splendid than an amaranth—albeit both be fair? The wise man is he who knows enough not to know too much, and this, subtle maker of riddles, is the way of a King with a Queen."

It was an afternoon when mere consciousness of life brought perfect peace. Time's tender touch mellowed the battlements with russet that flushed or darkened between sunshine and shade. Sweet scent of perfumed gardens bore pulses that thrilled like a thought of fair women. The mountains veiled with opalescent hues the secret of their solitude sublime. Beyond them a cloud caught the fugitive sparkle of day, seeming a last fading glimpse of the bird that for ever had flown —the splendour and joy of the morning. But to this hour no man can tell aught of Methusael or Adalia, nor into what land they went when they fled from the House of Ivory.

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This singular narrative speaks with a precision in marked contrast to the looseness and verbiage of Oriental recitals, whether ancient or modern. Its statements are not at variance with historical fact, so far as known. Had it been deciphered from a papyrus, its intimate details would suggest that it might have been written by one in attendance upon the Queen. It alludes to Balkameh as still living, and to the events it records as having recently transpired. It is noticeable that at that remote period the things of Egypt were a measure of antiquity. The reference to the Temple as an edifice just completed points approximately to the year 985 B.C. Curious to remark, there are in it several slight inaccuracies such as a transient visitor, unfamiliar with the country, might make. Far more startling is the extraordinary intimation that Abishag was Solomon's first and favourite wife, and that the amorous phrases of his Song are an impassioned memorial of their love.

Professor Vaini's manuscript led me to the study of Phœnician civilisation and enterprise. In Solomon's time the South Arabian kingdom of Saba or Sabæa, or Sheba, now known as Arabia Felix, controlled the East African coast, and its colonists had not only occupied Abyssinia, but had penetrated as far as the gold mines of Mashona. The Somali district was known to ancient Egypt as the Land of Punt. Portuguese explorers of the Massapa mines note the resemblance between the native name "Afur" and the Biblical "Ophir." It was from here that Balkameh obtained her gold, of which, if the Jewish gold talent is rightly calculated at £5475, her gift to Solomon must have amounted to over £600,000, The language and writing of Abyssinia indicate that it was peopled from South Arabia at a period of remote antiquity. Following upon this trace, the French

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explorer Arnaud discovered towards the middle of the nineteenth century the ruined walls and Temple of Mariaba, the royal city of Sheba, and obtained inscriptions of Phœnician derivation.

An element of uncertainty will always attach to the Abyssinian tradition that the Royal family of that kingdom, whereof Menelik is the present representative, descends from a son of the Queen of Sheba. I have asked the opinion of Egyptologists, of Oriental scholars, and of eminent churchmen as to the existence of this child, and while the consensus of opinion rests upon inferential conclusions, there is in the surmise which attributes its paternity to Solomon nothing conflicting with our knowledge of the Prince of Wisdom.

I have frequently sought the confidence of the dream-stone by holding it for hours in meditative silence, but necessarily in vain. It is obviously unlikely that an unimaginative man of affairs could attune himself to mysteries so subtle and elusive. More than once I have invited a repetition of Professor Vaini's observations by offering to submit my ruby to the experiments of acquaintances whose sensitive mood might render them receptive subjects. On such occasions it has seemed an evident duty to mention the tragic fate of my Italian friend, to whom the "glad tidings of Baal" were as lightning. Then, to my chagrin, the listener's flashing interest invariably fades, and the dream-stone of Balkameh's love, which her lips may have touched and inspired—remains silent.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

*"The young men took her away, mocking, to thrust her head downward in a wine-butt."*

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*The front.*

# NAPOLEON AT PLAY.

## *HIS MARRIED LIFE AT LA MALMAISON.*

BY GEORGES DE DUBOR.

[WITH ILLUSTRATIONS MADE BY SPECIAL PERMISSION FOR "THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE."]

SOME years ago, M. Osiris, one of our most generous Parisian patrons of literature and science, was struck, in passing the historic chateau of "La Malmaison," with the desolate aspect of the place; he saw the deserted park, and on a notice board attached to the wall he read the words "For Sale." The generous idea at once occurred to him of purchasing what remained of the estate of La Malmaison, putting the chateau into its original condition and presenting it to the French nation. To transform this idea into actual fact was for M. Osiris but the work of a few days. Immediately afterwards plans elaborated from documents of the period were drawn up by competent artists, workmen began their labours, and to-day the chateau where Josephine and Napoleon passed the happiest years of their life, completely restored or very nearly so, appears again in its primitive beauty, exciting glorious and touching recollections of the past.

Situated a few miles west of Paris, on the slope of a wooded hill which overlooks the Seine, La Malmaison can lay claim to an origin which is lost in the dark ages of history. Sinister legends—Malmaison is understood to mean "the accursed house"—are connected with this origin, but all that matters but little to us. Malmaison only interests us from the day on which it passed into the possession of Bonaparte—the young general who was afterwards destined to attain such high dignities—and his charming consort.

It was in September 1798, almost at the very moment of the departure for the Egyptian campaign, that Josephine, being in bad health, and desirous of purchasing a quiet estate in the neighbourhood of Paris as a resort where she could live in



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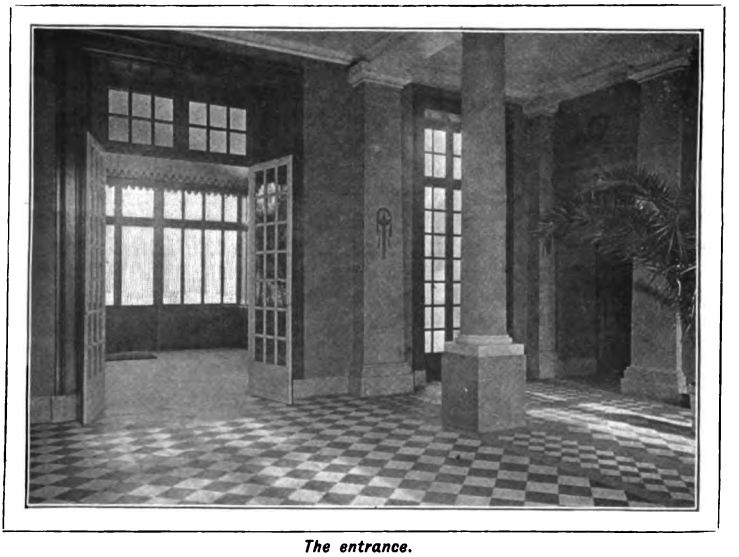
retirement, by the advice of her husband fixed her choice on La Malmaison, which she purchased for the sum of 160,000 francs.

Madame Bonaparte passed here all the summer of 1799, surrounded by a court of poets, artists, and literary notabilities. Here were to be seen Gérard, Lesueur, Lebrun (surnamed Lebrun-Pindar), Desaugiers Segouvé — whose famous book "Le Mérite des Femmes" here first saw the light—and many others. With ready tact, the beautiful Creole—Josephine was, as is well known, a native of Martinique—made of these friends of the house so many devoted adherents of the General, and when the latter returned from Egypt he found the ground all ready prepared, and made skilful use of this circumstance. A few weeks later the 18th Brumaire was an accomplished fact, and Bonaparte became First Consul.

Thenceforward an unexpected era of grandeur dawned for La Malmaison. For a few years—until the imperial pomp selected Saint Cloud as a more worthy surrounding for its magnificence — the pretty chateau, hidden among the foliage of its woods, became the favourite rendezvous of Bonaparte and Josephine. The First Consul used to come here every ten days, like a college student on his vacation, there to pass the time when he was not detained by public affairs at the Tuileries. The park resounded with the shouts of his aides-de-camp, the joyous laughter of the young sisters of the First Consul and above all of the beautiful Hortense de Beauharnais, then in the full bloom of her eighteen summers. She was indeed a captivating figure, with her slender waist, her lovely fair hair and her large blue eyes, and her charming manner, at once Creole and French together. During the first years of the Consulate, when ambition and the love of power had not yet extinguished in Napoleon Bonaparte the exuberance of youth, singing, acting comedies, dancing, playing prisoners' base in the park, were among the simple amusements enjoyed by his guests, and life at La Malmaison was delightful.

When the house became the property of Madame Bonaparte it was an agreeable country-house, but in a very indifferent state of repair. Josephine with her aristocratic tastes could not long rest satisfied with an estate of such depressing aspect. She very soon had the chateau restored and the park completely transformed. The architect Lenoir was entrusted with the carrying out of this latter work, and he turned it into a fairy garden. Following the mixture of ancient and modern taste which characterised his time, he brought a small stream into being, formed its rushing waters into a small cascade, designed a maze, and carried out intricate pathways under trees; he erected colonnades and a temple of love, made a few rustic bridges, and added graceful relief by the setting up of a number of charming marble statues.

Josephine, on her part, had exotic trees and plants brought from every quarter of the globe, stocked the park with brilliant-feathered poultry, and had the waters of her tiny river graced by swans, ducks, and other aquatic birds, which to her great vexation the First Consul sometimes



*The entrance.*

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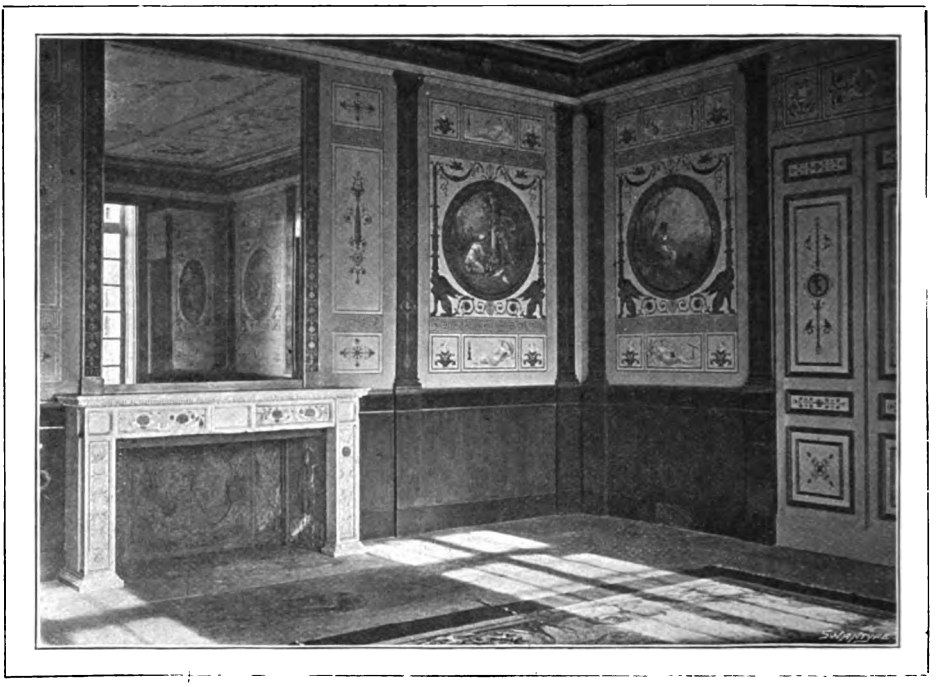

*The large salon.*

shot at with a small rifle from his bedroom. Lastly, she had magnificent greenhouses erected, which she filled with the rarest and most precious flowers. About the middle of the largest greenhouse the ingenious Creole had a drawing-room constructed, separated from the greenhouse by a sort of open portico supported by two rich marble columns. From here one could enjoy the sight and perfume of the flowers. Madame Bonaparte never knew the value of money, and bought at fabulous prices the rarest plants, and paid as much as four thousand francs for a simple tulip bulb.

"One day in springtime," the architect Lenoir tells us, "whilst I was with her in the gardens, she stopped in front of the tulips and the hyacinths, which were about to flower; the tears came into her eyes and she said to me, 'How miserable I am! For two years I have been deprived of the pleasure of seeing them in flower. Bonaparte always has me with him at that time.'"

The restoration, intelligently carried out, gives to-day an admirable idea of what this paradise was like at the time of the Consulate.

The visitor on entering the vast building finds himself in a large vestibule supported by columns in stucco, whence he obtains a view of the gardens on both sides. Turning to the right, he enters a room serving as a billiard-room, which contains nothing remarkable. Very interesting, though, is the reception-room into which it leads. Painted by Percier and Fontaine—two great artists of the beginning of the nineteenth century, who exerted considerable influence on the artistic tendencies of that time—it is a really beautiful room, with its exquisite scenes of Daphne and Chloe, its beautiful marble chimneypiece—a gift from Pius VII.—from which unfortunately the mosaics and precious stones have been missing since the Franco-German war. The adjoining room with the starry ceiling is the music-room, which then served as a theatre. A door at the end on the right opens into the rooms used by the artistes as dressing-rooms.

Returning to the vestibule, we enter on the left the dining-room, which has a somewhat singular appearance, with its marble basin and panels, portraying the "Nine Muses," painted by Lafitte in the Pompeian style. The spot where the armchair of Josephine used to stand is indicated by a large palm tree. From here we pass into the council chamber,

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which is the only room not yet restored; but the work will shortly be carried out, and it will then appear as it was formerly, with its pictures in imitation *détente* with large blue-and-white rays.

We are now in the vast hall, with its columns of solid mahogany, which Bonaparte used as a library. The gilt woodwork has been admirably renewed, the ceiling painted by Percier and Fontaine has been entirely restored, and the ancient pictures, which were crumbling away, have been fixed by the painter Jambon by means of the vaporiser. It was here that Bonaparte read his despatches and worked with his aides-de-camp. It was here he discussed the great political, diplomatic, civil, religious and military questions of that period of internal reorganisation and external warfare. By a small bridge thrown across the moat, Bonaparte could pass from this room directly into the fresh air of the park. The private apartments of the First Consul and his wife were on the first floor. Here is Josephine's octagonal room, resplendent in gold, and adjoining that of Bonaparte, with the recess containing his bed. Here are the dressing-room and the bathroom, and, in a corner, the iron safe for jewellery and money.

*Napoleon's library.*

Lastly, on the second floor are numerous rooms, all with rather low ceilings, which were used by the aides-de-camp, the maids of honour, and the guests.

In 1804 two wings were added to the chateau. They were occupied by the suites attached to the persons of the Emperor and the Empress. La Malmaison of the Consulate had become too small for the sovereigns.

But it is necessary to dwell on these first years of the Consulate, which sum up, so to speak, the splendid epoch of La Malmaison. The unbridled ambition which was to lead General Bonaparte to the disaster of Waterloo, and afterwards to St. Helena, had not yet eaten into his heart; life at the chateau was homely and simple. Méneral, the First Consul's secretary, shows us in his Memoirs the General in the midst of his family, at once indulgent and sociable, boisterously gay at times and at others charmingly sociable.

In the morning the guests strolled about as their fancy dictated. At eleven o'clock breakfast was served, at which meal Bonaparte was seldom present. In the afternoon there were excursions to the environs, or recitals and walks in the park. Dinner was served regularly at six o'clock, either in the dining-room or on the lawn, and at this meal everybody in residence was present. Dinner finished, they again came in to play backgammon or chess, to chat, or to hear Josephine playing the harp, or to listen to Bonaparte, who, when the humour took him, was a brilliant story-teller. Wednesdays were set apart for state dinners, at which were present the two Consuls, the Ministers, and the Diplomatic Corps.

In his leisure moments Bonaparte liked to withdraw to the shade of a large cedar, which is still to be seen on the left of the chateau; and here he used to read or work.

Near the cedar there used to be a vast lawn over half a mile in length. It was here that the *al fresco* balls were given, and where the celebrated games of prisoners' base were played.

The family balls were Josephine's

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*The back of the house and the park.*

particular glory, for here she displayed all the entrancing charm of the Creole and won the applause of Bonaparte and his aides-de-camp. These dances took place more especially on Sundays, or rather every tenth day (the *Décadi*), and the white dresses *à la grecque* of the young ladies, set off by the braided uniforms of the brilliant officers in attendance on the First Consul, made up a charming picture within this frame of verdure, illuminated by the twinkling stars or the pale rays of the moon.

Whilst these dances were the favourite pastime of Josephine, the game of prisoners' base was the recreation preferred by the First Consul, and he entered into it with the same ardour which he displayed in everything. The players were divided into two parties, as is done in French colleges to-day. The brothers and sisters of the future Emperor, the two nieces of Madame Campon (one of whom afterwards became the wife of Marshal Ney), and the granddaughters of Madame de Genlis, played together in company with the young officers. Bourrienne thus describes, as an eye-witness, one of these games of prisoners' base :

"The battle has begun. Very soon two rows of prisoners are formed on both sides; the numbers, however, are equal : the victory hangs in the balance, the decisive moment has come ; the guards are about to advance. Bonaparte rushes forward with inimitable vigour and impetuosity. He is pursuing Hortense, who attempts the stratagems of war by repeatedly stopping, and darting away in another direction ; but her strength fails, she is lost, when suddenly the First Consul's foot catches in the root of a tree hidden by the grass, and he falls down at full length on the field of battle. A cry is raised, but Bonaparte rises with shouts of laughter, and surrenders to the victors. Sudden falls nearly always stopped him just at the moment of victory, and formed a subject of boisterous and innocent merriment. Then came the exchange of the prisoners, which caused a great wrangle, as two of the enemy had to be returned to ransom the First Consul, and at least three for Hortense, whose intrepidity knew no bounds. In these distinctions consisted, properly speaking, all the aristocracy of La Malmaison."

One of the favourite recreations of Bonaparte and his young wife consisted in theatrical representations, in the little

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theatre of La Malmaison. French comedians attended, and played some stock pieces; but particular interest was excited by the pieces played by those in attendance on the First Consul. Here were seen in turn De Lauriston, Bidelot, Junot, Bourrienne, Louis and Jerome Bonaparte, Madame Murat, Mme Junot, Mme Savary, Mme Ney, Mme de Lavalette, and lastly Hortense, the star of the company. Bonaparte commanded here, as on the field of battle; he selected the plays, distributed the parts and supervised the rehearsals.

Madame Junot, who became later the Duchesse d'Abrantes, and who has given us some highly interesting reminiscences of the Consulate and the Empire, relates in an amusing manner the incidents connected with the first production of Régnard's play *Les Folies Amourenses*. The part of Agathe was allotted to her; Hortense, afterwards Madame Louis Bonaparte, represented Lisette; Eugène de Beauharnais not having been able to master the part of Eraste, for which he had been cast, it was taken by Junot, who learned it in two days.

The first performance of it took place one Wednesday (*i.e.* on the state day), and at least a hundred and fifty persons filled the little hall; but for the amateur players the most terrible spectre was the First Consul, who, seated in his box, followed the play with fixed attention, and distributed praise or blame with great judgment.

"In the part of Agathe," relates the Duchesse d'Abrantes, "it is necessary to change dresses five or six times. As considerable rapidity was required in the operations behind the scenes, I had advised Madame Murat not to go on in the third act until she had satisfied herself that I was dressed as an officer under my black domino costume of an old grandmother. Whether it was that Madame Murat had not understood me, or had forgotten, on she went without troubling herself as to whether I was ready.

"I was just about to put on my boots when I heard the first lines of the act. I immediately exclaimed in astonishment; but I was not at the end of my troubles. The heat was simply suffocating that day, and this did not mend matters, for the boots would not go on. At last I heard my cue; I flung the boots across the room, and hastily throwing on my black domino I went on the stage; but my poor head was no longer in it.

*Another view.*

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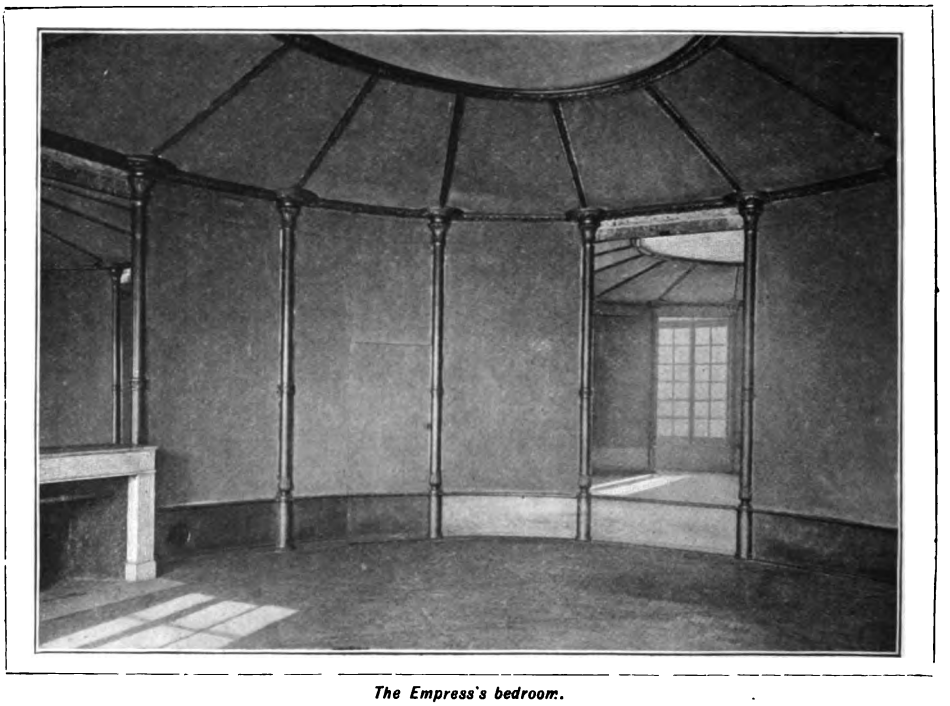
I repeated my lines mechanically, and my whole attention was fixed on my feet. 'Oh, dear!' I whispered to Junot during a pause in the dialogue, 'whatever shall I do? I cannot get on my boots!' 'Eh, what!' said he. At last I left the stage, and ran to my boots. I was determined to get them on. It was impossible. My feet had swollen, and I might as well have tried to boot the feet of the Colossus of Rhodes as to get my foot into one of those boots. Dugazon, who happened to pass, stopped and said to me, 'You did very well, but why on earth did you keep looking at your toes all the time just now?' 'I can't get on my boots,' I replied. 'You haven't got your boots on!' cried he, swearing like a trooper,—'you haven't got your boots on!'

"But my turn had come. Dugazon pushed me on to the stage; and it was well he did, for I should never have had the courage to appear as an officer of dragoons in white shoes."

Josephine did not take part in the games of prisoners' base nor the private theatricals, but she had none the less an important part to perform, and it may truly be said of her that she was the soul of La Malmaison. She received her guests with a grace which was all her own, and charmed them by her attractive smile and extreme affability. No doubt it is possible to blame her for extravagance and even frivolous extravagance, but she was thoroughly good and generous, and no one ever applied to her in vain.

Life at Malmaison, with the exception of the days when Bonaparte came, was, it must be confessed, very monotonous, and thus Josephine had ample opportunity to cultivate her taste for personal embellishment, which became a sort of occupation for her. She changed her clothes three times a day, and her wardrobe was so well equipped that it contained as many as six hundred dresses at a time. Some of these were a trifle peculiar, if we may believe the chroniclers of the period. Special mention is made of a certain robe of white crape with little toucan feathers sewn on all over it; a small pearl was attached to the end of each feather, while ruby ornaments threw their red reflection over the whole. In her hair, artistically arranged by the *coiffeur* Duplan, toucan feathers intermixed with pearls were arranged in garlands.



*The Empress's bedroom.*

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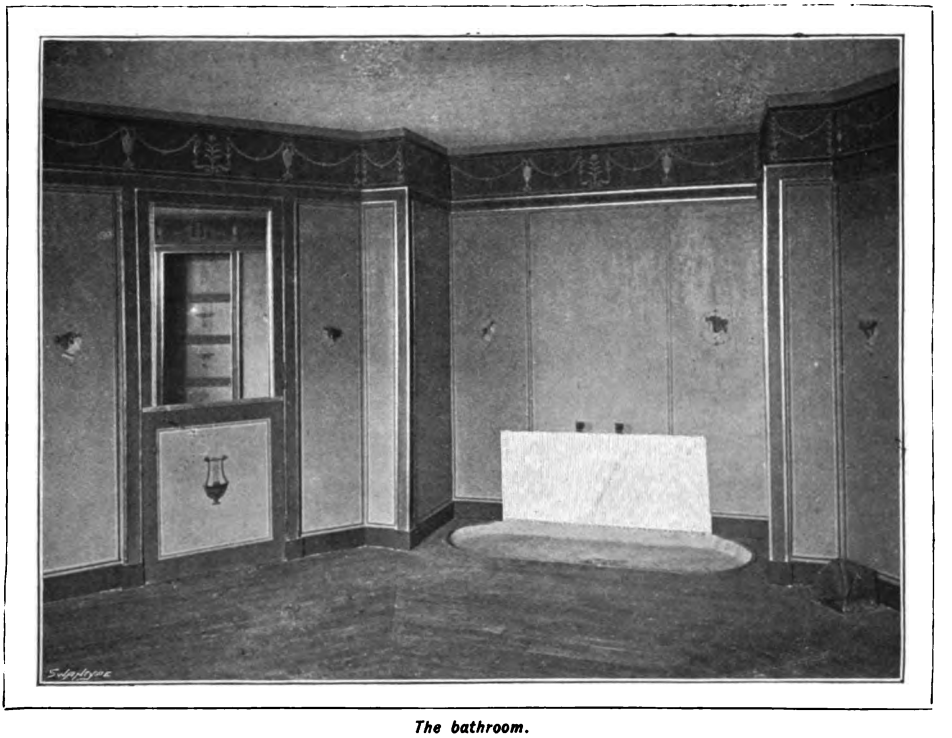
The park, which was at the outset of but small extent, grew in size. On the right, an obdurate neighbour, Mdlle. Julien, resolutely declined to part with any of her land; but on the left and in front considerable purchases had been made. One day, however, Bonaparte bought the Butard wood, which commanded a view of the hill, and, like all new landowners, was anxious to show Josephine over it. Unfortunately, on the day fixed for the excursion Josephine had a headache, but as Bonaparte still insisted, his wife gave way and got into the carriage along with Mme Junot and Mme de Lavalette, whilst Bonaparte went in front on horseback with Bourrienne.

On reaching a stream the sloping banks of which rendered the passage difficult, Madame Bonaparte became frightened and ordered the coachman to turn back. But no sooner had he turned his horses' heads than the gallop of a horse was heard. It was the First Consul, who was coming back. "What is the meaning of this?" cried he, with a frown, addressing the postilion. "Turn round at once."

The carriage was turned half round, but when once more in front of the precipice—as Josephine called it—the carriage stopped. Madame Junot, who, was *enceinte*, wished to get out. Bonaparte consented, and even gave her his hand. Then he raised the step, urged on the horses by a blow from his riding-whip, and with a violent jolt the carriage passed over the little stream.

Josephine immediately burst into tears, and continued to weep until they arrived at the Butard wood. Here there was a scene between the two. Bonaparte scolded his wife for her thoughtless timidity, whilst Josephine utilised the incident to make much graver charges against her husband. "Come, be quiet," said the First Consul; "you don't know what you are talking about. Kiss me, and don't cry any more. You are ugly when you cry." And the quarrel was made up by a double kiss.

On August 6th, 1802, Bonaparte was appointed Consul for life. It was a step towards the Empire, and it was also the beginning of a new life. Good-bye to the games of prisoners' base and the free and easy life of La Malmaison! The



*The bathroom.*

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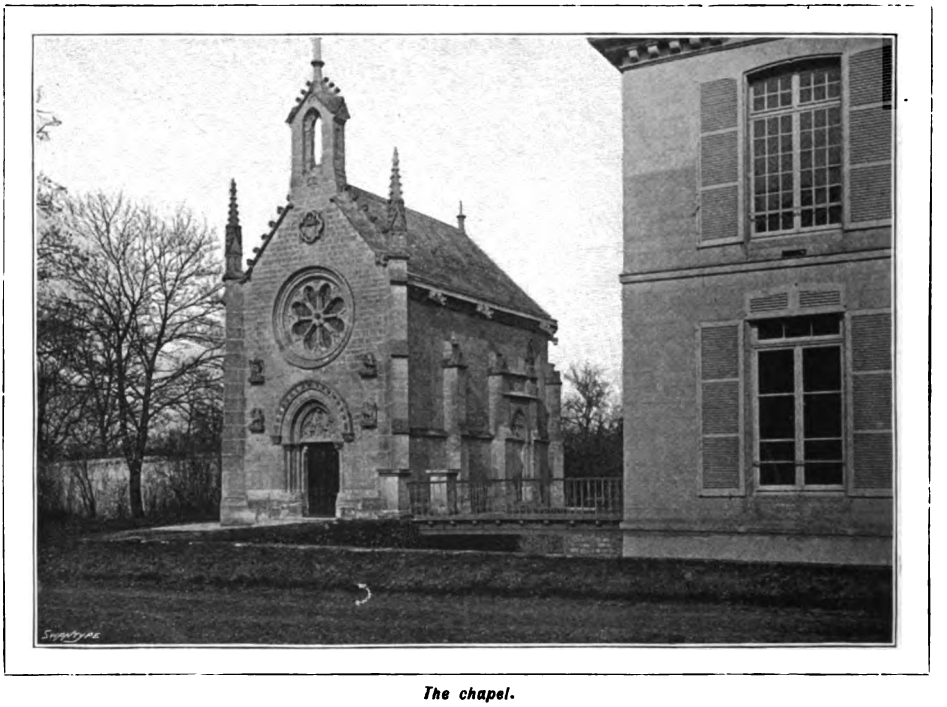
dignity of this new title would no longer permit of Bonaparte interesting himself in games so incompatible with his position. Henceforth his visits to La Malmaison were shorter and at rarer intervals. The palace of Saint Cloud—more worthy of his grandeur—offered him greater attractions, and there he passed the autumn of 1802.

Then follows a dull gap in its history. On March 18th, 1804, Josephine and Bonaparte left once more for La Malmaison, where they spent a week, which was marked by a most tragic occurrence, and one which will always tarnish the memory of the great Emperor. The Duc d'Enghien, who had been arrested on foreign soil, was brought to Paris, condemned by court-martial, and immediately executed. The chateau was for some days the witness of the most heart-rending scenes. Again and again did Josephine throw herself at the feet of the General, beseeching him not to commit this crime. But Bonaparte was inflexible. "Don't interfere in matters which you don't understand," he kept on repeating to his wife; and the sentence of the court-martial was carried out.

On becoming Emperor of the French Napoleon almost forgot his country seat, and the visits of the Emperor and Empress from 1804 to 1809 were few and far between.

But divorce severed the bonds which had united the married couple since 1796, and poor Josephine then remembered the chateau where she had passed so many happy and joyful hours. The same day that the divorce was promulgated, the Sovereign signed a decree to the following effect:—

"The chateau of La Malmaison, also



*The chapel.*

that of Buzenval, with the parks and gardens appertaining thereto, the forest of Butard and all the other property forming at the present time part of the estates of La Malmaison and Butard, belong solely to our dearly beloved wife, the Empress Josephine, as well as all the furniture and effects existing in the said chateau and gardens.

"Being desirous on this occasion, as on every other, of giving a token of our affection to our well-beloved consort the Empress Josephine, we hereby renounce all our rights of ownership under any title whatsoever in either of the said two

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estates, of which we make her a special gift."

At two o'clock in the afternoon of December 16th, 1809, in a downpour of rain and sleet, the poor Empress quitted the Tuileries, and it was nearly nightfall when she reached La Malmaison. It was a terrible moment for her. She arrived at the chateau in the worst season of the year, and this natural sadness of everything further increased her grief.

The 17th was passed in continued paroxysms of weeping, which were renewed on the arrival of every visitor. The Emperor sent one of his aides-de-camp from Trianon, where he was staying, to inquire as to her condition, and in the evening he wrote her the following lines: "D'Audenarde" (the name of the aide-de-camp) "tells me that your courage has failed you since you have been at La Malmaison. And yet the place is full of memories of our mutual affection, which cannot and must not change, at least on my part. I am very anxious to see you; but I must be sure that you are strong, and not weak. I am rather weak myself, and this thought is a torment to me."

The next day the Emperor could stand it no longer: he had the horses harnessed, and hastened to La Malmaison, where he spent an hour with Josephine. On his return to Trianon he wrote his unhappy divorced wife a letter full of tenderness, ending with the words, "You cannot doubt my constant tender affection, and you completely misunderstand my feelings towards you if you suppose that I can be happy if you are not happy, and contented if your mind is not at rest. Adieu, my dear; sleep well, reflect that it is my wish."

For several weeks the Emperor came frequently to visit his former consort; when state affairs kept him too long apart from her, he wrote to her. One of his letters regarding La Malmaison is worth quoting.

"I have," he wrote, "granted 100,000 francs for 1810 for the extra expenses of La Malmaison. You can therefore plant whatever you like, and you can spend this sum as you may think fit. I have instructed Estève to hand you 200,000 francs as soon as the contract for Julien's property is completed (this refers to Mdlle. Julien, who had refused to sell her small estate, and had recently died). You will find in the safe at La Malmaison from 500,000 to 600,000 francs, which you can take for your plate and linen."

In spite of all these letters and the visits of the Emperor, Josephine wearied of La Malmaison; the depressing and rainy winter did not allow of any outdoor walks, and the ex-Empress's personal attendants, whose number had been reduced to a minimum, could not drive away her melancholy. Happily Napoleon permitted the Empress to come and stay some time at the Elysée, and she set out immediately, accompanied by her little court.

It is not our intention to follow Josephine through all her continual peregrinations, which led her from time to time to La Malmaison. It was, however, here where she most readily forgot the loss of her past grandeur. She still liked the chateau, which recalled fond remembrances, and where she was near Paris, although she was no longer permitted to reside there since Marie Louise had become the Empress of the French. In 1812 she had her bedroom refurnished in purple cashmere trimmed with gold; she purchased some new pictures, "The Loves of Francis of Rimini," a timepiece illustrating "Love and Modesty," and some statues by Canova. Then, thinking the park—already of immense size—was not large enough, she added to it by the purchase of a neighbouring estate.

In 1813 Josephine had the pleasure of having her grandchildren with her at La Malmaison. One of them—he who was later to become Napoleon III., and who was then five years old—has preserved an astonishingly faithful remembrance of the stay with his grandmother, and has recorded it in his unpublished memoirs, which the learned writer Frédéric Masson quotes in one of his works on the period of the Empire.

"I see still," writes the Emperor Napoleon III., "the Empress Josephine in her drawing-room on the ground floor, lavishing caresses on me, and already flattering my vanity by the care she took to applaud my infantile wit. In fact, my grandmother indulged me in every sense of the word, whilst my mother, on the contrary, endeavoured from my earliest childhood to correct my faults and bring out my good qualities. I remember that on arriving at La Malmaison my brother

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and I were permitted to do as we pleased. The Empress, who was passionately fond of exotic plants and greenhouses, allowed us to cut the sugar-canes to suck, and she always told us to ask for whatever we would like to have."

But evil days dawned upon the Empire. The Allies occupied Paris, Napoleon abdicated and left for the island of Elba; still, in the treaty of April 11th—which was the price of his abdication—he did not forget either Josephine or La Malmaison. It was here that the ex-Empress settled in company with her daughter Hortense. It was here that she received the visit of the Emperor Alexander, who was charmed by her gentleness and goodness, but still more fascinated by the beautiful eyes of Hortense. And, indeed, the Tzar did not fail to return to La Malmaison, where his visits became more and more frequent. Very soon an agreeable intimacy was established between the Emperor of all the Russias and the two ladies, whose crowns, it is true, had departed, but who still retained that grace which is the true mark of a sovereign.

*The hall.*

This lull was of short duration. One day, when Josephine, already ailing, had accompanied the Emperor Alexander to the swamp of St. Cucuphat, she caught a chill, took to bed, and at noon on May 29th, 1814, death struck down the good and gentle Josephine.

One of Napoleon's first thoughts, on returning from the island of Elba, was for the woman whom he had fondly loved in the past. He went to La Malmaison, anxious to revive for an instant all the memories of the dear past—a past full of tenderness and full of glory. He remained a considerable time alone in the chamber where the companion of his happiest days had expired, and when he left it his eyes were red with weeping.

He was destined to see Malmaison once more, but at a most tragical moment. Vanquished at Waterloo, abandoned by the Senate and by his best friends, he remained five whole days at Malmaison in the company of Hortense, whose touching affection was a balm to his terrible grief. At the moment of departure, the moment of leaving Malmaison for ever, Malmaison where his brilliant success had begun, he stopped to say good-bye to Hortense; and the ex-Queen of Holland, a worthy daughter of Josephine, offered the Emperor a diamond collar worth eighteen thousand francs, which she thought might be of use to him in his exile.

La Malmaison fell to the share of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, by whom it was sold and the estate split up. It then reverted to the ownership of private individuals, and its history ceased.

It is, however, related that in the month of August 1831 a veiled lady accompanied by a young man knelt down in the church of Reuil, on the tomb where the remains of the Empress Josephine reposed; then, continuing their journey, Queen Hortense—for it was she, accompanied by her son—was desirous of visiting La Malmaison.

Thanks to the generosity of M. Osiris, La Malmaison will again come within the domain of history, and will henceforth belong to the State. It will be a sort of Napoleonic museum, where the relics of an epoch of imperishable grandeur will be collected.

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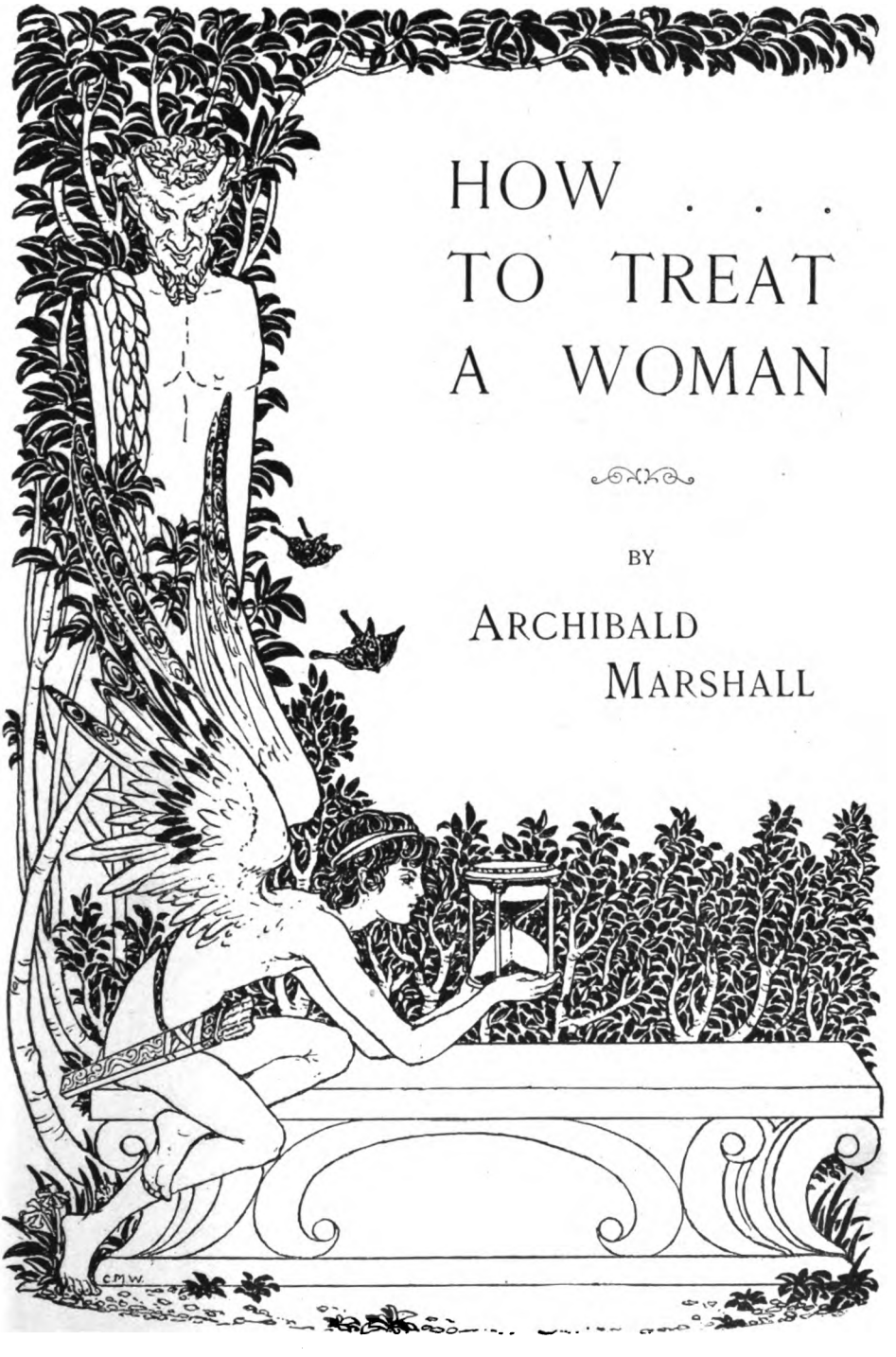




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# HOW TO TREAT A WOMAN.

IT was a hot summer afternoon, and Sir John Radcliffe's house of Mepworth, with its broad gardens, its park, its lake, and its amenities generally, was soaking itself in the July sunshine. Perhaps one of the coolest and most pleasant places to be found was under the shade of a wide, stone-pillared verandah, which extended along the back of the house and turned the corner for a few yards, ending at a door which gave admittance to the west wing. The schoolroom, devoted to the studies of Miss Norah Radcliffe, aged fifteen, was in this wing ; and since her governess had gone up to London for the day, leaving her enough work to keep her occupied for the morning hours, it occurred to that young lady that, as the morning hours had already gone by and no work had yet been done, she had better begin to apply herself, or unpleasant consequences might ensue on the morrow. But the schoolroom was very hot. The blinds had been left up, and the sun had been pouring in all the morning. There was a slight breeze on the verandah, and it struck Norah that if she were to move a table and chair out on to this little-frequented corner, studious application would be robbed of some of its irksomeness, and there might be a chance of varying the monotony of her occupation by listening to the conversation of any one to whom it might occur to spend some part of the afternoon in the wicker chairs invitingly disposed round the corner. So she gathered together her books, and rang for a footman to transport the heavier furniture.

The footman brought out the table. He was a new servant, young and shy, but anxious to please.

"Where would you like it put, miss?" he asked.

"On the floor, please, with the flat part uppermost, so that I can put things on it," said Norah.

The footman blushed, set down the table, and fetched a chair. Norah sat down, put her books on the table, and leant back in the chair with her hands in front of her.

"Can I fetch anything else, miss?" asked the footman nervously.

"I should like a pen to write with, please, and some ink to dip it into, and some blotting-paper to blot what I write after I've written it, if you don't mind. I could do without the blotting-paper if it is too much trouble to get it, but I should prefer to have it."

The footman blushed again, and went indoors. He came out again with an inkstand, pen, and blotting-paper, which he arranged on the table rather awkwardly, while Norah sat with her hands on her lap and watched him. When he had finished she altered the position of everything on the table. The footman moved away.

"Wait a minute," said Norah.

The footman waited, looking unhappy. Norah completed her dispositions, leant back in her chair again, and fixed a pair of serious grey eyes on him.

"Think of a number," she said.

"Yes, miss."

"Double it."

"Yes, miss."

"Add fifteen--no, fourteen to it."

"Yes, miss."

"Halve it ; and be a little quicker about it, please."

"Yes, miss."

"Take away the number you first thought of."

"Yes, miss."

"Seven remains."

"No, miss."

"What does remain, then?'

"Ought, miss."

"Then you've done it wrong. You can't be properly educated."



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"No, miss," said the footman humbly, and moved away for the second time.

"Wait a minute," said Norah.

The footman waited, obviously uneasy in his mind as to what was to come next.

"Do you like this place?" inquired Norah.

The footman took refuge in a conventional phrase.

"I've nothing to complain of, miss," he replied.

"Why did you leave your last place?"

"I wanted to better myself, miss."

"Well, you know," remarked Norah, "you'll never better yourself much unless you learn how to add and subtract properly."

"No, miss," acquiesced the footman, with mental reservations.

"Which of the maids do you like best?" was the next question.

The footman began to wish that his laudable aspirations had not led him in the direction of Mepworth Hall.

"Beg pardon, miss?" he said.

"Which of the maids do you like best?" repeated Norah pitilessly.

"Oh, I don't know, miss," hesitated the footman. "I like them all."

"Like them all!" exclaimed Norah. "Good gracious! Why, you must be a regular Don Quixote. Do you know who he was?"

"No, miss," said the footman.

"I told you you weren't properly educated," said Norah. "A gentleman called Byron wrote a long poem about him in several quartos. I haven't read it. I'm not allowed to. And *you* mustn't either till you are older. But I believe *he—liked them all.* Do you like Parker?"

Parker was Lady Radcliffe's maid, and moved in a sphere far removed from that of an under-footman.

"I haven't spoke to Mrs. Parker yet, miss."

"You should say 'I haven't spoken,' not 'I haven't spoke.' It isn't grammar. Don't you know that Cropper wants to marry Parker?"

The approaching nuptials of Parker and the butler had been the talk of the servants' hall any time during the last decade.

"I have heard something about it, miss," said the new footman discreetly.

"Well, you see it won't do for you to go liking *her*. That's not the way to better yourself. You can't expect to get on with Cropper if you begin making up to Parker. You mustn't make up to Alice either, because she is engaged to the under-keeper, you know. And Emma is booked too—at least, I think so. Do you like Annie?"

The footman fidgeted nervously with his hands. "Yes, miss," he said. "Leastways not in that way, miss."

"Not in what way?" asked Norah in naïve surprise.

"Not in the way you said, miss," explained the footman, feeling that worse was to come, but powerless to avert it.

"The way I said!" exclaimed Norah. "What do you mean? What way?"

"Kind of—making love to them like, miss," said the unhappy footman.

"I never said a word about making love," said Norah indignantly. "I asked you which of the maids you liked best, and you said you liked them all. I am disappointed in you. I don't think mother would like you to talk to me in that way. You had better go and clean plate or something. I have got my lessons to do."

The footman departed to the more congenial society of the pantry, where he imparted to one of his colleagues that that there Miss Norah was a rum 'un, a view in which he was pleased to find himself amply corroborated by the general opinion of his associates.

Norah, left to herself, opened an arithmetic book with a profound sigh, and immersed herself in figures, while the bees droned in a bed of mignonette hard by and the lightest of summer zephyrs just stirred the hair on her forehead. In ten minutes or so she had finished a sum, looked up the answer at the end of the book, and found that it did not agree with her own calculations.

"Blow the thing!" she said, throwing the book on the table. Then she took a little rest and watched a flight of wild duck settling at the far end of the lake. After that she had another try at the sum, and "cooked" the answer, out of deference to the opinion expressed on the subject by the late Mr. Hamblin Smith. Then she did another sum, and did it wrong. By this time the heat had made her disinclined for further mental exertion; so she rose and took a walk round the corner of the house, where she found a picture magazine which some one had left on one of the wicker tables. With this she returned to her own



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little settlement, and was soon deep in its contents.

By-and-by the butler came out into the main part of the terrace, followed by a young man in a flannel suit and a straw hat.

"I thought her ladyship was here, sir," he said. "If you take a seat a minute, I'll go and tell her ladyship."

"Or Miss Radcliffe, you know. She'd do," said the young man, diffidently.

"Very good, sir," said the butler.

The young man, left to himself, began to pace the verandah. His name was Charles Daubeny, and he was a neighbouring landowner. Norah put her magazine into the drawer and waited to be discovered, but he turned back again before he had reached the corner.

He was a tall young man, with a fair moustache, and a face which looked as if its natural expression was one of cheerful good-nature; but just now it seemed to betoken apprehension of mind. After he had turned his back for the second time on the corner behind which Norah lay *perdue*, she got up and took a peep at him.

"Oh, it's you, Dubbins, is it?" she said, as she returned to her seat. "Yes, I dare say Miss Radcliffe *would* do, and I hope Cropper will have the sense to fetch her instead of mother. Then I might come in for something worth hearing."

Neither Lady Radcliffe nor her elder daughter seemed available for the moment; but the butler returned in a few minutes, followed by another young man in a straw hat and a flannel suit.

"I'll tell her ladyship you are here, my lord, if you'll kindly take a seat," said the butler.

The first young man did not seem overgratified by the arrival of the second.

"Hulloa, Philbeach," he said; "what the devil are you doing here?" he said. "I thought you were in London."

"So I am," said the other. "Just come down for the day. Where have you sprung from?"

"I've got a place near here—about nine miles away. I drove over."

'I thought your place was in Norfolk."

"I've got two. Only just come in for this one."

"You're a lucky beggar, then. It's as much as I can do to keep one place going. May as well sit down, mayn't we?"

Daubeny threw himself into the first chair that came handy. Philbeach poked the cushions of two, and settled himself in a third.

"What's that you've got there?" asked Daubeny.

"This? Oh, chocolates," answered the other, producing a large ornamental cardboard box tied with a broad pink ribbon.

"Chocolates? Who the devil for?"

Philbeach looked at him from under drooped eyelids. "Look here, Charles, my boy," he said slowly; "I like to face my situations, then I know where I am. It strikes me, from what I have observed during the last month or so, that you and I are in the same box."

"Oh, does it?"

"Yes. And, judging from your demeanour at the present moment, I believe we have both come here on the same errand."

"I don't know what errand you have come on, but if you think you are going to do yourself any good by giving her chocolates, you must be a bigger fool than you look, if that's possible."

"I pass over the rudeness of your language, Charles. Under the circumstances I can forgive it. I may remark that these chocolates are not for—for *her*. We will put them aside for the moment. I will state the situation in plain language. We have both come here to propose for Evelyn Radcliffe.

Daubeny was silent for a moment. He sat limp and woe-begone in his chair. "I never thought I had much of a chance," he said mournfully. "Now you have come pirouetting along, of course I'm a goner."

"Well, I like to speak plainly, and, to tell you the truth I don't think you *have* got much chance. But I will be perfectly fair to you, my dear Charles. We will toss up to decide who is to have first chance. It is now half-past three. First chance lasts till tea-time. Whoever loses the toss undertakes to keep out of the way till half-past four or five, whichever it may be. If the winner—er—er—*wins*, there's an end of the matter. If he doesn't, he must tell the other, and the other has *his* chance *after* tea. Do you agree to that?

"May I use my lucky halfpenny?" asked Daubeny.

"Certainly, if it hasn't got two heads on it or anything of that sort."

"It's all right. Here it is."

Daubeny won the toss. His victory did

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not seem to elate him unduly. He put his head in his hands and groaned. "I'm in for it now," he said. "And it's no use. She don't care for me a bit."

"How do you know?" asked Philbeach, lighting a cigarette.

"Well, she seemed to like me well enough at first. I ain't much of a London Johnny, and I was only in town for a week, but after I'd met her I said to myself, 'You're the girl for me,' and I stayed up for a couple of months and went dancin' after her. After a bit something went wrong. You put in *your* oar, I suppose, confound you! Anyhow she didn't seem to want any more of me.

"Then I suppose you went moping about in corners and staring at her, eh? In fact, I know you did, because I saw you. Girls enjoy that sort of thing, of course. And after you had made her conspicuous for a fortnight or so, and got her into a state of fury, you went and asked her what you had done to offend her."

"Well, I did say something, but——"

"Of course you did. My dear Charles, you don't know how to treat a woman. That's the truth of the matter. You went in before I did, and if you had played the game properly I shouldn't have had a look in. As it is, I tell you quite frankly, I think I have cut you out."

"What ought I to have done, then?"

"You may divide women into three classes according to age; each of which must be treated differently. Up to sixteen—chocolate creams."

"Don't they take them after that?"

"They don't take them seriously."

"Then what's that great box for?"

"These are for Sylvia—at least I think her name is Sylvia. I am not quite sure."

"Who the devil's she?"

"I believe you have sometimes called in Lowndes Square on Sunday afternoons. You may have observed there—or more probably you have not—a leggy being in an improperly short frock, who took no part in the conversation and devoured large slices of seed cake. That was Sylvia."

"Oh, you mean Norah. I know Norah all right. I took her to the Zoo once."

"Did you? Well, you've got more sense than I gave you credit for. It wasn't a bad move."

"It wasn't a move at all. I took her because I like the kid. She's got a sharp tongue, but she don't exercise it on me much."

"I suppose you rode on the elephant?"

"No, the dromedary. At least *she* did."

"Just the forward sort of unfeminine thing a girl of that age would do. Still if I had thought of it I should have offered to take her to the Zoo myself, and she might have ridden on the hippopotamus if she'd wanted to. Personally, Norah, or whatever her name is, interests me no more than that sparrow—rather less, in fact; but if I thought that the sparrow, for instance, could say a good word for me to Evelyn Radcliffe, I should seek to propitiate it with bread-crumbs. Well, then, bread-crumbs — I mean chocolate creams—up to sixteen. After that *camaraderie*."

"Cammer—what?"

"*Camaraderie*. From sixteen to the departure of youth, say forty, you make friends with a girl. You don't make love to her even if you feel inclined to. *She'll* do the falling in love. All you've got to do is to treat her as a comrade and a good fellow."

"What—slap her on the back, that sort of thing?"

"It is conceivable that occasions might arise in which you might even slap her on the back. That would be a detail of the treatment. The main thing is to show her that you like her company and yet don't care a hang whether you have it or not."

"Seems rather rot."

"It isn't at all rot. A paradox if you like, but certainly not rot. If you, for instance, had behaved in that way instead of moping and sighing like an eighteenth-century swain, you would have held the field, and I shouldn't have been here now. What you have got to do is to be permanently cheerful. You went on the pleading tack. That's no use at all: you lost your chance over it. Be as careless as possible, and above all, cheerful."

"Well, it isn't too late to change, and I've got first go. I'll try and be a bit more chirpy, and pretend I don't care much one way or the other, though Lord knows what I shall do with myself if I don't pull it off."

"You are welcome to all the hints I can afford you. You have lost your chance, and it's too late in the day to get it back again. You won't have time before tea."

"You seem pretty cocksure about yourself."

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"I am. Then, to finish up my little disquisition—from middle-age onwards respectful admiration is your cue; admiration forming the main ingredient of the mixture in the earlier stages of maturity, the proportion of respect gradually increasing as——"

"Oh, that's enough, thanks. It strikes me we've been talking pretty freely. I wonder what's round that corner."

Daubeny rose, and went to the end of the verandah. "Good heavens, Philbeach!" he exclaimed: "here's a table and a chair, and somebody has been reading and writing."

Philbeach joined him with cool deliberation.

"That's Norah," he said, looking at the open exercise-book, with its untidy calculations. "Is the ink dry? Yes. It's all right. She must have hooked it when we turned up."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Daubeny, in great perturbation. "Supposing she had heard what we were saying?"

"My dear fellow," said Philbeach, strolling back to his cushions, "women don't listen unless there's a door between you and them."

Daubeny did not seem much relieved. He stood looking foolishly at the books on the table, and then resumed his seat.

The two men were left to themselves for another ten minutes. At the end of that time Miss Norah Radcliffe herself, looking as self-possessed and unconscious as you please, came out on to the terrace, her arm round the waist of her elder sister. Evelyn Radcliffe looked pretty enough to turn the head of any young man, with a flush on her cheeks and the reflection of some novel excitement in her eyes.

"Where ever can mother be?" she said, as she shook hands with the two men. "I would have come down long ago if I had known you were all alone. Now, Norah dear, you must go back to your lessons. You didn't do a stroke of work this morning, and you have wasted a good hour with me this afternoon. I'm very glad to have you; but I don't want to get into hot water with Mademoiselle."

She laughed, rather unnecessarily. Daubeny breathed an audible sigh of relief. Norah looked like as phinx, and Philbeach came forward with an engaging smile.

"Ah, Miss Norah," he said, "I've brought a little present for you," and he held out the cardboard box.

Norah looked at it gravely. "Is that for me?" she asked.

"It is for you. An unworthy offering."

Norah took the box "You are really very kind, Lord Pillbeach," she said.

"Philbeach, if you please."

"Lord Philbeach. I beg your pardon. Are you sure you don't want them yourself?"

"Quite sure, thank you. I brought them on purpose for you."

"Then I'll take them. Thank you very much. I didn't think there were such kind people in the world. I had an argument with Mademoiselle about that only yesterday. She said that there were a great many more kind people in the world than you might think. I said that——"

"Now, Norah," interrupted her sister, in some alarm, "don't chatter any longer. Go back to the schoolroom. We don't want you any more."

"I'm not in the schoolroom," said Norah. "I'm just round the corner. I shall be able to hear everything you say," and she departed to her arithmetic books.

For the next twenty minutes a somewhat difficult conversation was sustained by the trio in the wicker chairs. Norah, whose mathematical powers seemed to have suffered a temporary eclipse, soon tired of her struggles with the Highest Common Measure, and divided her attention between her magazine, her chocolate creams, and the conversation, but heard little to interest her. Philbeach bore the burden of it. Daubeny, with an awkward self-assertion, endeavoured at first to wrest the honours from him, but gradually retired into a state of sulky fury as his chances of putting his happiness to the test seemed to grow more remote; and Evelyn was constrainedly silent and nervous.

The situation was terminated by the advent of Lady Radcliffe, brisk and cordial. "Where is Norah?" she asked, after having greeted her visitors.

"Doing lessons, mother," said Evelyn.

"Now, that is too bad of Mademoiselle," exclaimed Lady Radcliffe. "She asked if she might go up to London for the day, and I distinctly understood that Norah was to have a holiday. I will not have the child worked to death this hot weather. Where is she?—in the schoolroom?"

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"No; she is out here—just round the corner."

Norah, at the first sound of her mother's voice, had poked the magazine hurriedly into a drawer, inked her fingers, and slightly ruffled her hair, and was discovered in the deepest throes of calculation. She looked up with patient sadness as Lady Radcliffe appeared. "My darling!" exclaimed her mother, with infinite solicitude: "you look tired out. Haven't you nearly finished?"

"I *can't* get the horrid things right, mother dear, and I've got such a lot to do," said Norah plaintively.

"Poor child!" exclaimed Lady Radcliffe. "Put your books away now, darling. You have worked quite long enough to-day."

"I'm afraid Mademoiselle will be angry," said Norah meekly.

"*I* will explain to Mademoiselle," said Lady Radcliffe. "It is my wish. Now put your books away and go and play."

Norah ran and began to put her books together. "I haven't anybody to play with, mother dear," she said.

"I'll play with you," said Philbeach, who with the others had been spectators of this pathetic scene. "What shall it be? Cricket, or croquet, or what?"

"Oh, that *is* kind of you, Lord Philbeach," said Lady Radcliffe. "But you mustn't bother yourself about Norah. She will be quite happy by herself."

"No, please don't bother about me, Lord Philbeach," said Norah. "It isn't worth it.'

"Oh, nonsense," said Philbeach. "Come along now. What shall we play at?"

"Well, if you don't mind," said Norah, "I should like a little cricket practice. There is a match on next Saturday, and I've got nobody to bowl to me except the pony boy, and the head gardener won't let him come except in the evening—grumpy old pig."

"All right. Come along. We'll go and play cricket."

"Now, that *is* kind of Lord Philbeach," said Lady Radcliffe. "Go along then, Norah, and be good."

"Yes, mother dear, I'll be good," said Norah, and she and Philbeach went off together to a remote part of the garden.

"Now I must leave you two young people to yourselves," said Lady Radcliffe. "I have to speak at the Primrose League Fête to morrow, and I haven't quite finished my speech. So important to do what one can for the country at such a time as this," and she disappeared into the house.

"Shall we go and watch the cricket?" said Evelyn.

Daubeny felt inclined to say yes, but he summoned up his courage.

"No. Let's sit down for a bit," he said. "I—I've got something to say to you, Miss Radcliffe."

They sat down. Evelyn played with the charms on her bangles. Daubeny pulled his moustache. There was silence for a space.

Daubeny pulled himself together. "Country's jolly now, isn't it?" he said jerkily. "Lambs and birds and flowers and things."

"Rather late for lambs, isn't it?" commented Evelyn.

"Perhaps it is," said Daubeny dejectedly, and relapsed again. Then he remembered Philbeach's advice. "Look here, Miss Radcliffe," he said jauntily: "you and I have been pretty good pals lately, haven't we?"

"Have we?" said Evelyn demurely. "I didn't know it. We hardly spoke to one another for three weeks, and you were as disagreeable as any one possibly could be for a long time before that."

"Disagreeable? Oh, I don't know. I was all right really. I only pretended to be disagreeable."

"Why?"

'Why? Did you say why?"

"Yes."

'H'm. Well—it's rather amusin' to pretend to be disagreeable sometimes when you're not really disagreeable."

"You didn't seem to find it very amusing. I never saw anybody go about looking so mopy. I felt quite sorry for you. I thought you must have lost all your money or something equally dreadful."

"Would you really feel sorry for me if I'd lost all my money, or something of that sort?"

"Of course I should. But I knew you hadn't, you see, so I didn't feel sorry long. I felt rather annoyed."

"Why?"

"Because I hate to see people moping about. I like to see them cheerful."

Daubeny brightened visibly. "Do you?" he exclaimed. "Well, you've come to the right shop for that. I'm naturally one of the most cheerful fellows you ever saw."

"I shouldn't have thought it," said Evelyn.

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Daubeny drooped, but rapidly picked up again.

"Jolly, my coming to live near here, isn't it?" he said.

"It must be very pleasant for you, certainly," said Evelyn, "to come in for a beautiful place like Perryes."

"Do you like Perryes?"

"Like it? Of course I do. I think it is one of the most beautiful places I know. I often used to think I should love to live there."

Daubeny accepted the opening with a slight catching of the breath. "Well, why don't you?" he asked. "You can if you like, you know."

Evelyn laughed nervously. "Thank you very much," she said. "But what would *you* do?"

"I? Oh, I should be in and out, don't you know. I shouldn't bother you much. If you wanted me, why, there I should be, don't you know. If you didn't want me, you'd only have to say so and I should clear out for a bit. And I should always be as cheerful as a cricket. You'd find you would like it all right, I expect. The house is plenty big enough for two."

"Oh yes, it's quite big enough. Rather too big, in fact. I am afraid I should feel rather lonely."

Daubeny felt he was getting on splendidly.

"Well, then, you could have your pals down," he said. "Of course you would have your pals and I should have my pals. We shouldn't interfere with one another. If you wanted to have any one down you'd say, 'Look here, Mary or Jessie,' or whatever her name might be, 'I've got a jolly old place down in Surrey. You must come and give us a look-up. There's only old Charles there — you remember Charles — *he's* all right.' Then, supposing I wanted to have any one down I should say, 'Look here, old chap, you just give us a look-up down at Perryes. I've got a few pheasants and things about, and you'll find a wife hanging around somewhere. But *she's* all right—she don't bite, and——".

"Mr. Daubeny!" interrupted Evelyn, sitting bolt upright in her chair, "what *can* you be thinking of to talk to me in that way? You must be out of your senses."

Daubeny's aspect underwent a complete change. He dropped his jaunty demeanour on the instant, and sank to the very lowest depths. "I knew it was'nt any good," he said dejectedly. "I said so. You won't marry me, then, Miss Radcliffe?"

"No, I won't," said Evelyn.

"Why not?"

Evelyn burst out laughing. "What a ridiculous question!" she said.

"You don't like me well enough, I suppose?"

"I liked you pretty well when I first knew you, till you began to get mopy and owlish. I hate mopy people. But even that was better than behaving like a—— Really, one might think you had been——well, I won't say what. I'm going to find Norah and Lord Philbeach."

She got up and left him.

Daubeny sat staring at the pavement. "Confound that fellow Philbeach!" he ground out between his clenched teeth. "That's what comes of being cheerful."

Norah and Philbeach had made their way to the cricket-net and set up the wickets. Philbeach talked most of the time, and Norah listened to him, but said very little. "I will go in first," she said, when everything was ready. "When you have got me out *you* can go in."

"Right you are," said Philbeach gaily.

He was not a good bowler, and the first dozen balls or so were well off the wicket. Norah played them in first-class style, and whenever she had an opportunity hit the ball as far as her strength would permit. Philbeach had to make some fairly long journeys to retrieve it. "I think you might let some of those straight ones off a bit," he said, after his third excursion into the country.

"I haven't had a straight one yet," said Norah. "You can hit as hard as you like when you are in."

"I will too," said Philbeach to himself, beginning to get a trifle annoyed.

By-and-by he did bowl a straight one. Norah returned it hard into his hands, but he dropped it.

"Butterfingers!" said Norah gravely and audibly.

Philbeach turned suddenly and bowled a fast under-hand ball which took Norah by surprise and upset her middle stump.

"Sneaks don't count," she said, returning the ball and putting up the wicket.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Philbeach, coming up. "Every sort of ball counts unless it's a throw. You weren't ready for it. That's about the truth of it."

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"Well, then, if I wasn't ready of course I'm not out," said Norah. "Play the game properly, please. You shall have your innings all right when you have got me out in a sportsmanlike way."

Philbeach bowled another fast ball, which again got past her guard, and took her leg wicket. "How's that, then?" he cried triumphantly.

Norah looked at him inquiringly. "Don't you know the rules of cricket?" she asked.

"Of course I do. What rule?"

"Why, that you are not out unless you are bowled middle stump."

"What nonsense! What are the three stumps there for, then?"

"Because one won't stand up by itself, of course."

"Well, really, Miss Norah! You ——'

"Besides, Mr. Daubeny told me so, and he is one of the best cricketers in England. I suppose you'll acknowledge that he knows something about it."

"I'm quite sure Daubeny never told you anything so ridiculous."

"Very well, then, I suppose I am telling lies. However, if you are so anxious to go in, you can if you like. I have been taught to give way to others, however unreasonable they may be."

"Oh, *I* don't want to go in. Only look here. We'll have no more swiping. If you want to hit hard you must fetch the ball yourself."

"All right," said Norah.

Philbeach went back and bowled a lob, which Norah returned gently into his hands. She laid down the bat with suspicious alacrity, and Philbeach went in.

Norah bowled a slow, short-pitched ball, which Philbeach ran out to meet and hit far into the field. Then he sat down on the ground. So did Norah.

"Come, run along," he said. "You've given me plenty of it. It's your turn now."

"You said just now that if any one swiped a ball they must fetch it themselves," said Norah.

"I didn't. I said *you* must."

"Do you think that's fair—I'm to field my own balls and yours too?"

"Well, I'm hanged if I'm going to fetch that one."

"I'm hanged if I am either."

There was a short pause.

"What do you want to make yourself so beastly disagreeable for?" inquired Philbeach.

"*I* disagreeable!" exclaimed Norah, with withering sarcasm.

"Yes, *you*," retorted Philbeach. "I've been pretty decent to you, haven't I? I lugged down that great box of chocolates on purpose for you."

"You can have them back—all except those I have eaten, and I'll pay you for them when I get my next week's money. I owe this week's to the pony boy for bowling to me. The pony boy *can* bowl. He might let me pay you first if you are in a great hurry."

Philbeach rose. "Well, of all the odious, disagreeable children——" he began, but stopped, because at that moment Evelyn appeared from behind a belt of rhododendrons at the back of the net.

She took no notice of what she must have heard. "Tea is ready," she said. "Norah, you must go and make yourself tidy."

"I think I should like to wash my hands," said Philbeach, in some confusion.

"Yes, do," said Evelyn. "Cropper will show you a room. I left Mr. Daubeny on the terrace."

Philbeach beat a retreat. Norah's demeanour underwent a complete change. She sprang up from the grass. "Well," she said eagerly, "what happened?"

Evelyn laughed. "I wish you had heard him, Norah," she said. "It was so funny. I didn't sit near enough for him to slap me on the back; but he tried his best to be cheerful and all the rest of it. I think I like him best mopy. It seems to come more natural to him."

"It doesn't really," said Norah. "He's a nice, jolly old thing, when he's left to himself; rather stupid, perhaps, but you can't have everything. He's worth six of that other conceited, posturing little ape, anyway. You do treat him badly, Evelyn."

"My dear child, how would you have me treat him?"

"You ought to be kinder to him. That's all he seems to want, and it isn't much. I'm sure if I were a great big thing like that, and could hit a cricket-ball as far as he can, I shouldn't care a bit whether a two-penny-halfpenny girl cared for me or not. But it seems to make a lot of difference to him, so I should humour him. Besides, you know you like him awfully, really."

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"I don't, Norah. Not a bit."

"Yes, you do. You stole the scores of all the cricket matches in which he had played out of that lot I cut out. I didn't say anything about it at the time, but it spoilt my collection."

"Oh, Norah, I——"

"And you know you'll be quite miserable if he goes away and doesn't come back again. He's an old dear. I saw him hit into the pavilion at Lord's, and I won't have him treated like that."

"Why, you told me yourself to pay him out for talking about me as he did to Lord Philbeach."

"*He* didn't say anything. It was all that horrid little Pillbox. You can score off him as much as you like. I've trotted him round a little myself."

"How did you get on with him?"

"I think I've paid for the 'improperly short frock,' and perhaps the 'large helpings of seed cake.' I still owe for the 'leggy being.' I'll work that off after tea."

"Mind, you are not to leave me alone with him, Norah."

"I don't want to," said Norah.

When Philbeach reached the terrace he found his friend seated there in an attitude of despair. Daubeny sprang up as he approached.

"You blazing ass!" he said furiously "You put me up to all that folly to make me lose my chance. I've a jolly good mind to——" He made a step forward, but thought better of his intention, whatever it was, and stood his ground, his hands thrust deep in his pockets.

"I perceive in you, my dear Charles, a rejected and not unnaturally disappointed suitor," said Philbeach, who had forgotten all about Norah during his walk through the gardens. "Don't, however, blame my advice, which was perfectly sound."

"I'm off," said Daubeny, turning on his heel. "I've had enough of this house for the present, and I've had more than enough of you." He walked off on his way to the stables and his dogcart.

"You can't go like that without any explanation," said Philbeach. "What am I to say when they ask me what has become of you?"

"You can say just what you please," said Daubeny over his shoulder.

"Sulky fellow!" said Philbeach. He went into the house, whence he appeared again shortly after with Lady Radcliffe. Evelyn and Norah came on to the terrace from the garden at the same time.

"I thought tea was ready," said Lady Radcliffe. Hortense told me so. Oh! in the morning-room, is it? I wonder what unaccountable thing Cropper will do next. Because it was wet yesterday, I suppose we are to have tea indoors for the rest of the summer. Well, we had better go in, I suppose. But where is Mr. Daubeny?"

"He asked me to make his apologies," said Philbeach. "The fact is, he suddenly remembered he had asked his rector and his wife to call on parish business at five o'clock. He thought it might look odd if they came and found him out, so he hurried off as fast as he could, and hoped you would excuse him."

"Dear me, how very provoking!" said Lady Radcliffe. "And he cannot possibly get back to Perryes before half-past five. He might just as well have stayed here. The Rector would not have minded, I am sure. Clergymen do not mind that sort of thing if it is done nicely. Come, let us go in. Norah dear, have you cleared away your lesson-books?"

"Not yet, mother dear," said Norah.

"Then do it at once. I will not have them left here littering up the place. Take them indoors, and go and wash your hands and brush your hair before you come down. You are not fit to be seen."

"Evelyn, you might send Robert out to take in the table," said Norah.

Norah, left to herself, went to the end of the terrace and looked out over the park, where the carriage drive could be seen at intervals for nearly half a mile, winding between the beeches.

"I wonder if he has gone yet," she said. "No, he couldn't have got out of sight yet. I'll send him a note." She went back to her table and wrote on a piece of paper torn from her exercise-book: "Come to the south terrace at once, where you will hear of something to your advantage.—A Friend." She folded it up and directed it to "C. Daubeny, Esq."

"Can you keep a secret?" she said to the footman, who had appeared, obedient to her summons.

"Yes, miss," said the footman.

"Could you be as silent as the grave under the most excruciating torture?"

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"Yes, miss."

"Come here and let me try." She gave him a sharp pinch on the arm.

The footman's features were contorted into an expression of agony, but he did not cry out.

"If you were to make a face like that under torture, you would frighten them all silly," said Norah. "However, you didn't squeak. I suppose it's all right. Take this note to Mr. Daubeny in the stable-yard—quick, before he goes. They are just putting his horse in."

"Yes, miss, said the footman.

"And don't breathe a word to a living soul, as you value your life."

"No, miss."

"And when you come back, take this table and chair in."

"Yes, miss," and the footman ran off on his errand.

He returned in a few minutes, breathless.

"Had he gone?" asked Norah. "Did you give it to him?"

"Yes, miss," gasped the footman.

'What did he say?"

"I didn't wait, miss. There was the grooms there. I come straight back."

"You did quite right. I'm pleased with you. Do you like chocolates?"

"Yes, miss.

"Then you may have one of these. Lord Pillbox gave them to me."

The footman showed discreet signs of intense amusement. Norah fixed him with a cold eye. "What are you laughing at?" she asked.

"Lord Pillbox, miss," answered the footman, hurriedly curbing his appreciation.

"Don't you know," said Norah, "that it is very disrespectful?——Go away, quick! Here is Mr. Daubeny. Here—take your chocolate."

Daubeny came on to the terrace with an eager look on his face. "What, Norah!" he exclaimed, in obvious disappointment. "I thought——"

"Oh, did you?" said Norah. "You don't suppose *she* would send for you, do you, after the donkeyish way in which you have behaved?"

"Oh, she's told you already, has she?" said Daubeny. "Yes, I daresay I did make a fool of myself. I shouldn't have done it, if——"

"If what?"

"Oh, nothing."

"If Lord Philbeach hadn't put you up to it, I suppose you were going to say?"

"Eh? What?"

"Slap her on the back, and all that sort of thing, don't you know?"

"What! You——"

"I listened. Yes. I was round that corner all the time."

Daubeny looked at her. "Do you think that's the way to treat a pal?" he said quietly.

Norah turned away her head, and exhibited obvious signs of confusion.

"Oh, well," she said, "I——" Then she rallied. "I'm not a bit ashamed of it," she said defiantly, "so you needn't look like that."

"Well, what do you want to say to me?" asked Daubeny coldly, after a pause.

Norah took his arm and looked up into his face. "You're not cross with me, Dubbins, are you?" she said coaxingly.

Daubeny's arm hung limply by his side. "I didn't think you would do a thing like that," he said.

"I did it all for your sake. You know I'm your friend."

"I don't make friends with fellows who don't act straight."

"Well, I won't do it again, I promise. Don't be angry. Besides, *you* didn't say anything to be ashamed of, you know. It was all that other little viper."

"Did you tell your sister?"

"Of course I did. You wouldn't want me to be deceitful, would you?"

Daubeny disengaged his arm. "You've done a lot of mischief," he said. "You and Philbeach between you. You're just as bad as he is."

"Fancy comparing me to that little ape!" exclaimed Norah indignantly. "Well, I was going to make everything right for you. Now I shan't. I don't suppose Evelyn will ever speak to you again, after the idiotic way you went on. And *I* shan't persuade her to."

Daubeny thought for a moment. "Well, I'll forgive you," he said, grudgingly. "What were you going to say?"

"That's all very well," said Norah. "I shan't tell you now."

"Yes, you will. Come: out with it!"

Norah looked as if she did not quite recognise her friend. "Well, you know," she said confidentially, "she does like you, really."

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"Does she?" said Daubeny, mollified. "How do you know?"

"Well, you know that photograph of you that came out in the *Sketch* after the Surrey match?"

"Yes."

"I bought the paper, and lent it to Evelyn. The next day I asked for it back, and she said she wanted to keep it. I asked her why, and she said there was a pattern of a dress she wanted in it. I wouldn't let her, because I wanted it myself, so she bought another one and cut your photograph out of it."

Daubeny seemed pleased with this piece of information. "How do you know she cut it out?" he asked.

"Oh, because I do. You don't suppose one woman can hide a thing like that from another, do you?"

"You ain't a woman yet, old chap," Daubeny demurred.

"No, but I'm getting on that way; and I can see as far through a brick wall as people twice my age."

"Why was she so disagreeable to me in town, then?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Norah, airily "'It's rather amusin' to pretend to be disagreeable sometimes,' isn't it?"

"I wish I thought there was some chance for me, Norah," said Daubeny. "I should be the happiest fellow going. But I've chucked away my chance. I've made a fool of myself, thanks to that ass Philbeach—and you," he added. "And you."

I'm going to make things right for you. I'll tell you what to do. Take your cart—have you got a groom?"

"No."

"Well, drive down to the village and put it up at the Wheatsheaf. Then come back through the park and wait in the temple by the lake, down there. I'll finish off that little reptile quite soon after tea. He won't want to stop a bit, and he won't forget me in a hurry. When I've got rid of him I'll make Evelyn stop here and I'll come and fetch you. I'll stay behind a rhododendron bush till you've got it all over."

Daubeny considered the scheme. "What's the good of it, Norah?" he said. "She won't have me."

"Yes she will, if you ask her properly. Say you know you behaved rather like an idiot, but you had a touch of sunstroke. Now, will you do that? because I must really go in now, or they'll be sending out for me."

"Yes, I'll do it," said Daubeny. "It's my only chance." He went off to the stables, and Norah went indoors.

By-and-by, Evelyn, Norah, and Philbeach came out again, and settled themselves once more in the wicker chairs.

"Now, how the deuce am I to get rid of that detestable child?" said Philbeach to himself, as he lit a cigarette.

Norah rose from her seat at that moment. "I'm just going to fetch my magazine," she said. "I shall be back in a jiffy."

"What a ripping garden this is!" said Philbeach, as soon as she had gone. "Can't we have a stroll round?"

"Yes, certainly, if you like," said Evelyn; "but we must wait for Norah."

"Oh, she wants to read," said Philbeach. "Come on. Let's start off before she comes back."

Evelyn looked round irresolutely. Just then Norah appeared again.

"We are going to walk round the garden," said Evelyn.

"Oh, bother!" said Norah. "I'm just in the middle of an interesting story."

"Well, you stop and finish it, old lady," said Philbeach, who had quite recovered from his reverses on the cricket pitch. "We will have a look round and come back to you."

"I am not an old lady yet, Lord Philbeach," said Norah. "And if I were I should expect you to treat me with admiration and respect."

The shot missed. Evelyn gasped, but Philbeach laughed and said, "You'll have all the admiration you want in a year or two, and you'll deserve it. Come along, Miss Evelyn."

"I'm not in the least mollified," said Norah, "but I'll come with you."

Philbeach made a gesture of impatience which he took no pains to conceal. "Oh, let's stop here, then," he said.

They sat down again. "You don't wish for my company, I suppose?" said Norah. But still, if Evelyn wants me to go——

"No, dear. I don't want you to go," said Evelyn. "You might get into mischief."

"Yes, I might," admitted Norah. "By-the-bye, it was a funny thing Mr. Daubeny going off so suddenly without any reason."

"He had a very good reason," snapped Philbeach. "He had asked the rector and his wife to come and see him."

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"That is what makes it funny," said Norah. "We know Mr. Truelove very well, and he hasn't got a wife."

"Well, I won't swear to the wife," said Philbeach, somewhat taken aback. "I may have misunderstood him. He was in such a hurry."

"Are you sure he didn't say his sister?" asked Norah.

"Yes. That's it. Of course. It *was* his sister," said Philbeach, much relieved at this solution of the difficulty.

"That is funnier still," pursued Norah. "Because Mr. Truelove has only got one sister, and she is in Australia."

Philbeach turned round on her. "Look here," he said: "can't you go and read that magazine somewhere else? You seem determined to make yourself unpleasant to me—why I don't know. But there's no necessity for you to disturb yourself with my company if you don't like it."

"I do like it," said Norah. "You have been very kind to me. You brought me those chocolate creams. I was going to give them back to you, but I don't think I can now. I have eaten several more—rather too many, in fact. You may have observed, or more probably you didn't, that I took very little part in the conversation at tea. And I passed the seed cake."

Philbeach's face turned scarlet. He sat forward on his chair, his hands on the arms. "Oh, that's it, is it?" he said. He cast a hasty glance at Evelyn, whose cheeks were as red as his own. Then he turned savagely on Norah. "You odious little eavesdropping cat!" he said. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Norah went white, but she stood her ground. "I'm not a bit ashamed," she said, but her voice trembled a little. "How dared you talk about my sister as you did to Mr. Daubeny?" She gathered confidence as she gave vent to her indignation. "Fancy thinking *you* could cut out a man like that," she continued. "Why, you couldn't cut out the pony-boy! And if my frocks *are* improperly short," she concluded, somewhat inconsequently, "mother bought them for me, and when I'm older I shall have longer ones."

Philbeach turned to Evelyn. "Is it any use after this, Miss Evelyn?" he asked, "or must I go away?"

"You had better go away, I think," said Evelyn quietly. Then she broke out, "Oh, go away! *Please* go away."

Philbeach got up and went without a word.

"Oh, Norah, how could you?" exclaimed Evelyn in great distress, directly they were alone. "I shall never be able to look either of them in the face again."

"Oh yes, you will," said Norah, whose equanimity had returned as soon as she had driven off the enemy. "You'll look one of them in the face pretty soon. Stop here a minute, Evy. I'm coming back. I just want to go and speak to the pony-boy."

She ran off towards the gardens.

Poor Evelyn, left to herself, seemed overwhelmed by distress. "Oh, why did I let her?" she exclaimed. "And he'll go straight and tell Charlie—Mr. Daubeny—I know he will. And it serves me right for encouraging the horrid little jackanapes. But I only did it to—— oh, I don't know why I did it. And now I don't believe I shall ever see Charlie again."

The end of her disjointed soliloquy was a burst of tears, in which Daubeny found her a few minutes after, as he came striding off the grass on to the terrace, a look of determination fixed firmly on his sunburnt face.

Norah, walking to and fro on the lawn, out of earshot but well within sight, must have been satisfied with the results of her intervention as she saw her sister spring up from her chair and allow herself to be enveloped in a manly embrace—from which embrace she showed no immediate inclination to disengage herself. "I think it's time I stopped it now," she said to herself after a brief interval, and presented herself on the terrace to the now united pair.

"Oh, Norah, you are a wicked child!" said Evelyn. "I'll never forgive you."

"That's so like human nature," commented Norah. "I've done everything for them, and now they turn against me."

"I don't, old chap," said Daubeny gaily. "I'm jolly grateful to you. Here, shake hands. No, I'm hanged if I don't have a kiss. You're going to be my sister some day, you know."

Norah wiped her mouth reflectively. "Well, I don't know what you've been thinking of down in the temple," she said, "but you seem to have learnt at 'last How to Treat a Woman."

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1901.
Copy the peacock then which flies
Over the path where temptation lies;
Tread not the track which glisters with gold,
Or thy fingers shall bend the ore to hold,
Whilst instant round thy heart shall freeze
The milk of human charities.
Major C. Campbell.



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# THE GAME OF "BRIDGE," AND HOW TO PLAY IT.

BY A "BRIDGER."

INTO the great controversy between Whist and Bridge, we shall not enter as partisans; but it certainly cannot be dismissed as a case of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, for we are not aware that either brother ousted the other from public and almost from private life. There are, indeed, in life occasions when there are only two alternatives; it might be argued that every human being, whether he knows it or not, is a Liberal or a Conservative, and there is high lyrical authority for the proposition. But there is no reason why one should not be both a Bridger and a Whistite, and many worthy persons are both. Yet it cannot be denied that Bridge has driven Whist before it, and the problem is to forecast the future—an end, by the way, to which each of these disciplines may contribute, for each peculiarly trains the faculty of guessing scientifically, or, in Wellington's words, finding out what is on the other side of the hill. Now, what so far, we believe, has not been noticed is that the large majority of the new connexion who, to use Disraeli's famous metaphor, have been converted in platoons, were reared all their lives on Whist before they adopted or countenanced their new faith. But how about the future of mankind that takes its amusement seriously? Can it, or ought it to be nourished on Bridge? And if it can, will it ever acquire the taste for Whist? Surely it is an inexorable law of logic and education, that progress is from the more simple to the less simple. If that be so, we fear that the generation, nay the season, that has passed from Whist to Bridge may prevent the unborn ages from turning—let us say, as a diversion—from Bridge to Whist. For the latter is incomparably the simpler of the two.

**Bridge v. Whist.**

Now, the one quality which, we have always thought, has made Whist our national game of cards—it might almost be said our national indoor game—is its majestic simplicity. It has literally only one law: you must follow suit, if you can. Doubtless there are many rules of play—the golden one being that on a proper occasion you may break them all—but this is the only rule of the game, *sine quâ non*. Thus the game seemed meant for the people, and the people for the game. For the English mind, for all its virility, is essentially a simple, not a many-sided or versatile receptacle, and (unlike Fakredeen in *Tancred*) loves not combinations, still less artificial intricacies, and so the amusement "caught on" for centuries. It stayed on because, with English persistence, it soon became manifest that it developed with time and carried within it provision for every grade of intellect, from that of the evergreen provincial maiden aunt to that of the late Mr. James Clay or of *feu* Monsieur Deschapelles. In short, it supplied exactly the intellectual stimulus—a genuine psychological pleasure—which the individual mind was fitted to receive; and it is a very great practical principle that, "other things being equal, push-pin is as good as poetry." In fact, in its highest form, out of its simple

**Our National Game.**



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materials, consisting of the four suits, each with a temporary precedence, controlled by a code of one short article, was created a system and institution which not only satisfied the cravings for mental refreshment of the most educated classes, but sometimes strained their calculating powers.

**"Fourness."**

And here, perhaps, it may be pertinent to single out one feature of this arrangement—viz., the "fourness," if the word may be permitted, of the card-elements. We have always wondered why the taste or the capacity of the nation and, indeed, of the world, fixed the number of the suits at four, for the game with three would not be easier in the proportion of three to four, but by a vastly larger figure; just as it would be more difficult in a far greater ratio than that of 5 : 4 if a suit were added. This curdling suggestion, indeed, is only insinuated as a reminder that Bridge has laid its hand on equally consecrated numbers such as the four honours. For the present, perhaps, we may take refuge in the jurists' axiom that there are some things perfectly indifferent (morally) in themselves, but which must be fixed by law—as let us say, for instance, the rate of speed at which we may drive our motors, or the hours during which we may buy our beer retail.

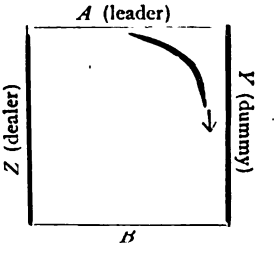
Variety, then, may be taken to be a mark that distinguishes Bridge from Whist.

**The Declaration.**

This is most conspicuous in the overture to the piece—the declaration, of which there is nothing in Whist. This, in its essence, is nothing more nor less than an essay in the theory of probabilities, for the declarant must always calculate, roughly or algebraically, whether he can score more points by making less tricks with a suit of higher value than by making more with one of lower value, and he may have to reckon the chances of making *any* tricks in any suit. In fact, the perfect player would extract the uttermost point out of his possibilities, and doubtless the utmost intellectual pleasure from his science. Declaring to the score too, is, a beauty—or a burden—in addition to that of playing to the score, which is common to both games. In fact, the preliminary options of Bridge are an attempt to mathematicise, so to say, the game of Whist, and consequently they appeal to those of a mathematical turn of mind. Life makes us all reckoners, more or less, and supplies the whist player of ordinary intelligence with sufficient acuteness to deal with numbers and to calculate chances, say, in finessing, at the table; but at Bridge the technical mathematician has the advantage. At this stage, indeed, it is often a *pons asinorum*.

**What is Bridge?**

To the question, then, What is Bridge? we should reply that it is single-dummy whist with the following differences. We suppose the players at the table to be represented by this diagram.




The deal circulates in the same way and in the same direction (that of the arrow) as at whist. (But in the hands played below $Z$ is always dealer, and consequently $A$ always leader, $Y$ always dummy.)

**Scoring.**

The game is won by 30 points. There is no turn-up card, but, at the beginning of each hand, either "No Trumps" is declared or a suit is declared "trumps": the primary value of each trick over six varies according to each such declaration, the scale being:

| | |
|---|---|
| No Trump (N.T.) . . | 12 points. |
| Hearts (*h.*) . . . | 8 ,, |
| Diamonds (*d.*) . . . | 6 ,, |
| Clubs (*c.*) . . . . | 4 ,, |
| Spades (*s.*) . . . . | 2 ,, |

The dealer is primarily the declarer, but he may leave the declaration to his party, who then must declare.

The adversaries *may* double the points made by tricks. The leader (*i.e.* the one next the dealer) has the first right of doubling; if he does not, he says to his partner "Shall I play?" The latter may either double or say "Yes": in the latter case the leader plays. In the former case the declarer has the right to re-double, but if he does not he says "Content." The right of re-doubling then reverts to his partner, who may, however, say

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"Content." Doubling, re-doubling, etc., as between the adversaries, may go on until a value of 100 per trick is reached, but not beyond. The pecuniary value of the points (so much per hundred) being settled, the leader plays.

Immediately after the leader's first card is played, dummy's hand is exposed. Consequently every player sees two hands from the start, and dummy's partner plays two hands. Dummy now takes no further part in the play, but when his partner does not follow suit he may, to prevent a revoke, ask him whether he has none of that suit. (The amount of the penalty for a revoke varies with the value of the trick in that deal.)

There are five honours, the usual four and the ten. When there is a trump suit:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | honours | between partners | {count the value of} | 2 | {tricks in that suit.} | |
| 4 | ,, | ,, ,, | ,, | 4 | ,, | |
| 5 | ,, | ,, ,, | ,, | 5 | ,, | |
| 5 | ,, | in one hand | ,, | 10 | ,, | |
| 4 | ,, | ,, ,, | ,, | 8 | ,, | |
| 4 | ,, | {in one hand and 1 in partner's} | ,, | 9 | ,, | |

When there is N.T. Aces are Honours.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4 | Aces | in one hand | count | 100 points. |
| 4 | ,, | between partners | count | 40 ,, |
| 3 | ,, | ,, ,, | ,, | 30 ,, |

The value of honours cannot be doubled.

When a hand has no trumps (*i.e.* "Chicane") the value of two tricks in the trump suit is added to the score of that hand.

"Grand Slam" (*i.e.* making 13 tricks) adds 40 to the score. "Little Slam" (*i.e.* making 12 tricks) adds 20 to the score.

Points by honours or Slam do not count towards the 30 required for the game.

It is manifest that the most striking distinction from whist is the declaration before the actual play. It follows that the scoring after the hand is quite different: some instances are given after the games played below.

How materially the declaration once made affects the manipulation of the hands may be readily gathered from any of the specimen games.

**Dummy + Declaration.**

If, then, the actual play is that of single-dummy whist (with the exception that the leader plays one card before dummy is exposed), all that can be said is that those who prefer dummy to ordinary whist will also prefer Bridge. Most men and women have as much as they can manage to "negotiate" their thirteen cards, and thirteen more bother them more than they enlighten: just as some chess players, who play blindfold, find after a time that the actual pieces, when seen, do not relieve their memory but disturb their minds, and play better without them. "Do you play dummy?" we once heard a player asked. "No," was the reply, "I am too much of one myself." Undoubtedly there are people who think dummy the more difficult game. At any rate, Dummy + Declaration, which = Bridge, is to our mind more difficult than whist pure and simple. It follows that the latter is a greater relaxation.

Of the incidents in common, playing to the score in the widest sense of the term is, perhaps, the most important, as it illustrates the chief practical lesson of whist—the rapid adjustment or readjustment of means to ends.

**Dummy's agonies.**

There was once a speaker at a debating society who moved "That this House ought to play Whist," on the ground that it taught every moral lesson, and notably was a school of self-control. Doubtless, all ethical exercises are equally inculcated by both dispensations, but so far it would seem that Bridge has not been so successful as whist in temper-keeping, for the special reason that dummy, being literally an outsider, may see a good deal more of the game than his partner—to wit, both the opponents' hands—and is apt not to contain himself or to behave "as such." Indeed, dummy's agonies are sometimes such that we understand one humane club has prohibited Bridge. But if a higher standard of virtue is required by Bridge, it is in this fold that skill and science meet with their more exact, we might almost say their actuarial reward, and that chance is discouraged as much as possible. But is not whist for that very reason truer to life? On this planet hit and wit, luck and virtue, are inextricably mixed; and, if every now and then a hand is so bad or so good that, so to say, it plays itself, in the bulk of deals excellence of all kinds does somehow or other make itself felt. As Aristotle said of the good man in adversity, the goodness "shines through"; the enemy may be stuffed with aces and kings, but after all "the play's the thing."

The superiority of whist over chess—as an amusement—is due to the alterna-

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tion of luck and skill: the mind is constantly resting between its efforts, either because it has a "walk over," or because partner takes the game into his own hands and no duty can be fulfilled but that of following suit; whereas chess is one long intellectual strain, and, accidents apart, the stronger intellect must win. Whist in its intellectual aspect seems to us to be on a lower level than these two methods.

**Comparisons.**

The thought sometimes occurs—do we know the worst of the innovations? We have already hinted that there seems to be no reason why—if you once begin to change—there should not be five suits, and why not six honours? And why should the values of the suits relatively to one another be permanent? There is no logical resting-place between monogamy and polygamy. As it is, an obvious simplification suggests itself,—viz. that the trump should be determined by a turn-up card—a return, in fact, to the older game. Whether this would be an agreeable variation or not, it is manifest that there need be no finality in the changes introduced into whist.

As to the popularity of Bridge there can be no doubt whatever. It has attracted the votaries of whist—and, we are told, of "poker"—and has created a band of adherents who never worshipped at any such shrine before. As to the latter, their future is of much interest for the history of the game, for it will determine whether a Bridge expert can come into existence without a proper training in whist, and, incidentally, whether whist can be taught through Bridge. Believing that the good whist player is only formed by years of practice and patience, and that the Bridge player is not born in a moment but made, we are forced to conclude that the new recruits are not allured by the science of the game, but by some of its other features—its novelty, perhaps, or its variegated conditions. The defection of the veterans is much more serious, and by far the best testimonial the usurper has yet received. Remembering the proverbial zeal of—we dare not say the apostate, but—him that has transferred his allegiance, we are not surprised that even the enthusiasts come from their ranks, and that some of them seem to say of their new lord what Wordsworth said of another kind of Bridge (viz. the Westminster variety), "Earth has not anything to show more fair." Still, despite the adage, people do go back to their first love, and a once favourite sport sometimes reasserts itself, as witness croquet in our day. There is, indeed, an opinion abroad that whist was killed by its accumulated conventions; but in this we cannot concur, because in the first place the men who, we are told, are thus alienated—the regular worshippers—are the very men who could control or destroy these excrescences, and secondly, because whist is not yet dead. We have, truly, heard its dirge sung in Tennysonian terms implying that Bridge was a "higher thing," but the celebrants of the obsequies forgot that the stepping-stones, according to the poet, were extinct beyond revival. That is not the case here. As we write we hear of a Ferry Club, so called because there is no Bridge, and we by no means despair of the future of the grand old Commonwealth. Our old friend "the inevitable reaction" may be relied on for something. We believe and hope that there will be a restoration: not like that of Charles II. in this country, who was not improved by his travels; nor that of the Bourbons abroad, who learned nothing and forgot nothing; but that it will return from its temporary banishment simpler and stronger, free from alien interpolation. It may have to endure abridgment, but this is not abrogation. There is room for both rivals, and, indeed, for any innocent amusement—for we scout the notion that the younger is a "more gambling game." The latter, at any rate, has come to stay, and ultimately the two competitors will settle down side by side like Trojan and Latin, or Saxon and Norman—analogies full of hope. At least we can imagine the genius of Whist repeating of its former subjects the poet's words:

**Bridge popular.**

> "So sweetly they bade me adieu,
> I thought that they bade me return."

## HANDS FOR BEGINNERS.

We append a few hands which have actually been played. The notes are intended to be elementary. The table is arranged as in the diagram above.—*N.B.* The heavy type indicates who takes the trick.

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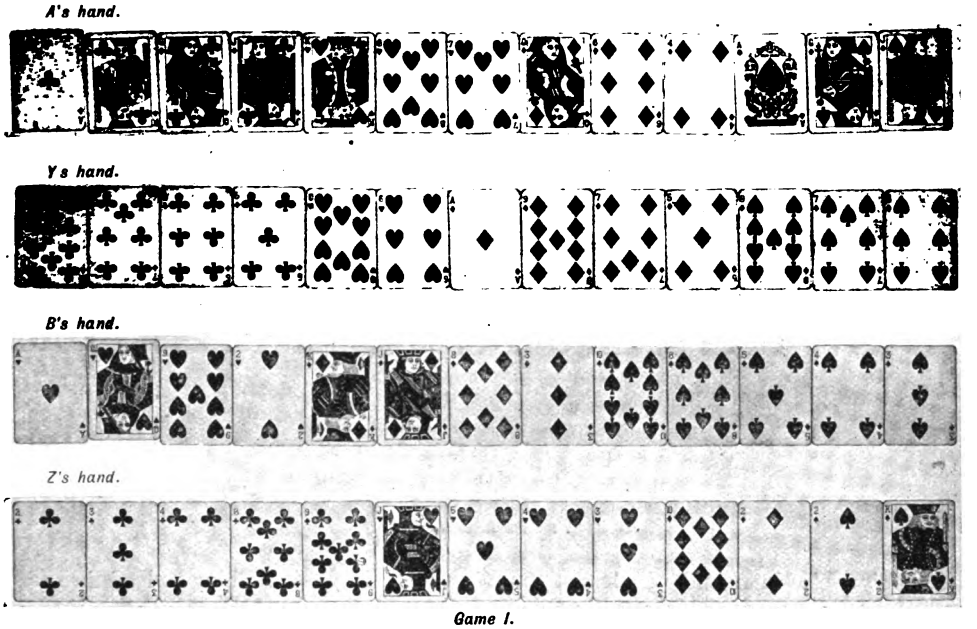


*Game I.*

## GAME I.

Score: Love All. *Spades* Trumps: so made by *Y*, to whom *Z* has left it. *A* doubles spades.

| | *A* | *Y* | *B* | *Z* | Score. *A B* | *Y Z* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | **Kc** | 5*c* | 3*d* | 2*c* | 1 | 0 |
| 2 | **Qc** | 6*c* | 8*a* | 3*c* | 2 | 0 |
| 3. | **Knc** | 7*c* | *Knd* | 4*c* | 3 | 0 |
| 4. | **Ac** | 10*c* | *Kd* | 8*c* | 4 | 0 |
| 5. | *Qd* | *Ad* | **3s** | 2*d* | 5 | 0 |
| 6. | **As** | 6*s* | 4*s* | *Ks* | 6 | 0 |
| 7. | **Qs** | 7*s* | 5*s* | 2*s* | 7 | 0 |
| 8. | **Kns** | 9*s* | 8*s* | 3*h* | 8 | 0 |
| 9. | 4*d* | 5*d* | **10s** | 10*d* | 9 | 0 |
| 10. | **Kh** | 6*h* | 2*h* | 4*h* | 10 | 0 |
| 11. | 8*h* | 10*h* | **Qh** | 5*h* | 11 | 0 |
| 12. | 7*h* | 7*d* | **Ah** | *Knh* | 12 | 0 |
| 13. | 6*d* | 9*d* | **9h** | 9*c* | 13 | 0 |

*Y Z* lose Grand Slam, but 7 doubled spades count 28: so the game is not lost.

### NOTES TO GAME I.

The dealer, having a probable trick, is justified in leaving the call to *Y*. *Y* having no chance of making the odd trick calls spades.

Trick 6: *Z* puts on *Ks*, probably his only chance of making it.

Trick 9: *A* leads a losing *d*, so that *B* trumping *A* must make his *Kh*.

## GAME II.

Score: Love All. *Z* has left the declaration to *Y*, who has made "No Trumps." *B* doubles.

| | *A* | *Y* | *B* | *Z* | Score. *A B* | *Y Z* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | 4*d* | *Kd* | **Ad** | 8*d* | 1 | 0 |
| 2. | 3*d* | *Knd* | **Qd** | 7*c* | 2 | 0 |
| 3. | 2*h* | 5*h* | **10d** | 8*c* | 3 | 0 |
| 4. | 3*h* | 8*h* | **9d** | 9*h* | 4 | 0 |
| 5. | 7*h* | *Knh* | **7d** | 2*s* | 5 | 0 |
| 6. | 10*h* | 3*s* | **6d** | 4*s* | 6 | 0 |
| 6. | 2*c* | *Qns* | **5d** | 5*s* | 7 | 0 |
| 8. | 3*c* | *Ks* | **2d** | 6*s* | 8 | 0 |
| 9. | 4*c* | *Kc* | **Ac** | 7*s* | 9 | 0 |
| 10. | 5*c* | *Qnh* | **Qnc** | 8*s* | 10 | 0 |
| 11. | **9c** | 10*s* | 6*c* | 9*s* | 11 | 0 |
| 12. | **10c** | *As* | 4*h* | *Ah* | 12 | 0 |
| 13. | **Knc** | *Kh* | 6*h* | *Kns* | 13 | 0 |

### NOTES TO GAME II.

The dealer, having a certain trick in his hand (*Ah*), rightly leaves it to *Y*, in preference to calling a spade. For he knows that at the worst *Y* will call a spade, and at the best so long as he can make a trick he can by his lead help to establish *Y's* suit.

Dummy rashly declares N.T. instead of calling hearts. If the dealer has a

*Y's hand in Game II.*



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trick they almost certainly go out on hearts; therefore, he should not risk N.T.

*B* doubles, and therefore, *A* knowing *B* has at least one good suit, leads the highest of his shortest suit, because that suit is probably *B's* strongest. If *B* had not doubled *A* would have led his *Knc*, and they still make Grand Slam, as *B* after taking the first trick with *Ac* returns *Qc* and then 6*c*, and then calls in *d*—a convention with N.T. to show you have the highest in that suit and wish it led.

*B* doubles to secure a *d* lead, as *A* is probable lead of *c* (which his partner being short of will most likely play), when he reckons that even if his partner has not a trick he makes five clubs and *Ah*, thus making the game safe.

Trick 1: *A* recognising that the call is a desperate one, and not knowing whether to lead 10*c* or 6*s*, plays *Ad* first—a card of inquiry—to enable him to see what dummy has.

Trick 2: *A* is now in doubt. *B* has doubled on some suit—it is not *d* (as he knows from his own hand); it is not *h*, as dummy has *K Q Kn* 9; it is rather

*Y's hand in Game III.*

probably weak in *d* and will lead them. If *A* has *B's* cards, he doesn't double, and leads *Ad* and then small *d*.

## Game III.

Score: Dealer, Love. Opponents 1 game and 28. *Z* declares N.T. *B* doubles.

| | *A* | *Y* | *B* | *Z* | Score. *A B* | *Y Z* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | **Ad** | 3*d* | 5*d* | 10*d* | 1 | 0 |
| 2. | **10c** | 6*c* | 2*c* | 4*c* | 2 | 0 |
| 3. | 5*c* | 7*c* | **Kc** | 3*h* | 3 | 0 |
| 4. | 4*s* | 8*c* | **Ac** | 7*s* | 4 | 0 |
| 5. | 6*s* | *Knc* | **Qc** | 8*s* | 5 | 0 |
| 6. | 2*d* | 8*d* | **9c** | 10*s* | 6 | 0 |
| 7. | 4*d* | 9*d* | **3c** | *Kns* | 7 | 0 |
| 8. | 4*h* | 5*s* | 2*s* | **Ks** | 7 | 1 |
| 9. | 5*h* | **Kh** | 2*h* | 6*h* | 7 | 2 |
| 10. | 7*h* | *Qh* | **Ah** | 8*h* | 8 | 2 |
| 11. | 6*d* | 9*s* | 3*s* | **As** | 8 | 3 |
| 12. | 7*d* | 9*h* | 10*h* | **Kd** | 8 | 4 |
| 13. | *Knd* | *Knh* | *Qs* | **Qd** | 8 | 5 |

*A B* win two tricks in N.T. doubled (48).

## Notes to Game III.

*Z* knowing that the position is desperate, and that unless he goes out this hand, *A B* make trump next hand and are almost sure to make an odd trick and so win the rubber, calls N.T. on two suits without any protection in the other two suits; if *Y* has not the cards to suit *Z's* hand, it is all over. At love, to call N.T. on two suits you should have six of a black suit headed by *A K Q* and a red *A* or *K Q* of *h* or *K Q* of *d*.

*B* knowing from the score that a N.T. is almost inevitable, doubles to secure a *s* or *c*. There is nothing to lead through in *s*—he therefore risks his 10*c*, which makes, and continues with 5*c*.

This shows the risk of leading the highest of a short suit (the danger of which has induced the American convention of the leader in a N.T. doubled by his partner playing a heart).

What happens if *B* does not double? *A* leads a small *d* (whether the smallest or fourth best should be led cannot be discussed here). The trick is taken by *Z's* 10*d*.

Trick 2: *Z* leads 3*h*, and has no difficulty in making at least two tricks.

Trick 9: *B* holds up the *Ah* to prevent *Z*, when he takes a trick, establishing *h*.

## Game IV.

The other hands are:

*A*: *A*, *K*, 10, 5, 2*c*; 2*h*; 10, 5, 3, 2*d*; 10, 6, 4*s*.
*B*: *Kn*, 8, 3*c*; *K*, 7, 4*h*; *A*, *Q*, 7*d*; 7, 5, 3, 9*s*.
*Z*: *Q*, 9, 6*c*; 10, 6*h*; *K*, 9, 8, 6, 4*d*; *A*, *Q*, 2*s*.

Score: Love All. *Z* leaves it to *Y*, who declares Hearts.

| | *A* | *Y* | *B* | *Z* | Score. *A B* | *Y Z* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | **Kc** | 4*c* | 3*c* | 6*c* | 1 | 0 |
| 2. | **Ac** | 7*c* | 8*c* | 9*c* | 2 | 0 |
| 3. | 10*s* | **Kns** | 3*s* | 2*s* | 2 | 1 |
| 4. | 2*h* | **Ah** | 4*h* | 6*h* | 2 | 2 |
| 5. | 2*d* | 3*h* | 7*h* | **10h** | 2 | 3 |
| 6. | 5*c* | *Knd* | *Knc* | **Qc** | 2 | 4 |

*A B* make one more trick—the Kh. *Y Z* make 4 overtricks, or 32 points and game.

## Notes to Game IV.

*Z*, knowing nothing about hearts except that he is very weak in them, cannot call N.T., because unless *Y* is

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*Y's hand in Game IV.*

strong in *h*, they have small chance of making the odd trick, and if *Y* has *h* he will call them and they will probably go out. He does not call *d*, because eleven tricks are wanted to go out, and of this there is no chance unless *Y* has a hand on which he can do better by an independent declaration.

A black suit is not generally called by the dealer, unless his score is 20 or more, or in self-defence—*i.e.* if he is very weak—in which case such a call prevents the adversaries (at love) going out, even if they double.

Trick 1: *A* plays *Kc* as a safe lead, and then, after seeing Dummy's hand, continues with *A*.

Trick 2: *A* playing *K*, then *A*, cannot have *Q*.

Trick 3: *A* plays badly: he should play to make the tricks that are "on the table"—*i.e.* obviously to be made. With *h* trumps, it is manifestly important to make four tricks, as then adversaries cannot go out. He should lead 2*d*. Dummy will himself have to lead *s* sooner or later. *Z* also plays badly: he should play 8*s* from Dummy, take with *Qs* and lead *Qc*, discarding *Kn d* from Dummy, and then, as he has the game safe, can lead 10*h*, taking finesse if he likes.

Trick 5: *B* plays very badly: *Qc* is marked in *Z's* hand (see Tr. 2). *As* is also marked in dealer's hand (as *A* would have led it in preference to the 10 in Tr. 3). *B's* only chance of saving the game is to take the trick with *Kh* and lead *Ad* before Dummy can discard the *Kn d*.

Against a *h* declared by Dummy, the longest suit is as a rule led, but *K* from *A,K*, or even *K,Q*, can be led. When Dummy's cards are exposed, the play depends on his hand, but, at the score love-all, the effort should be to make the fourth trick and so save game.

## GAME V.

Score: Love All. *Z* declares N.T.

| | *A* | *Y* | *B* | *Z* | Score. *AB* | *YZ* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | **Qc** | 3*c* | 2*c* | 6*c* | 1 | 0 |
| 2. | *Knc* | 7*c* | **Kc** | 9*c* | 2 | 0 |
| 3. | 4*c* | 2*d* | 5*c* | **Ac** | 2 | 1 |
| 4. | *Knh* | **Qh** | 2*h* | 10*h* | 2 | 2 |
| 5. | 4*d* | 10*d* | *Qd* | **Kd** | 2 | 3 |
| 6. | 2*s* | 7*d* | **Ad** | *Knd* | 3 | 3 |
| 7. | 4*s* | 7*s* | 3*s* | **As** | 3 | 4 |
| 8. | 3*h* | 8*d* | **9d** | 3*d* | 4 | 4 |
| 9. | 8*s* | *Kns* | 6*s* | **Ks** | 4 | 5 |
| 10. | 8*c* | 6*h* | 4*h* | **6d** | 4 | 6 |
| 11. | 10*c* | 7*h* | 5*h* | **5d** | 4 | 7 |
| 12. | 10*s* | 8*h* | **Qs** | 9*s* | 5 | 7 |
| 13. | 9*h* | *Kh* | **Ah** | 5*s* | 6 | 7 |

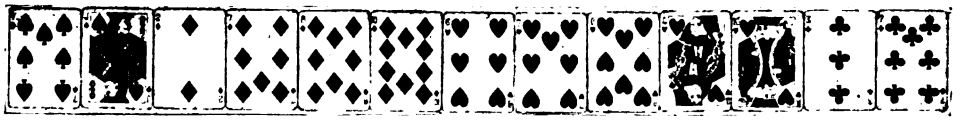
## NOTES TO GAME V.

*Z* calls N.T., being protected in three suits, and hoping to find some protection in *h* in *Y*'s hand.

There is always an advantage to the dealer in the play of the hand in a N.T., and, at love, the risk of the other side going out is less; but with this hand the dealer would probably call N.T. at any score under 18, at 18 probably *d*, and certainly *d* at 24 or more.

Trick 1: When N.T. is not doubled the first player leads from his longest suit, and, having *Q Kn* 10, leads *Q*, which *Z* does not take, as the *A* must always make, since it cannot be trumped. *Z*'s object is to prevent the suit being established, and through his play *A B* only make two tricks in *c* instead of four.

Trick 2: *B* plays *K* not to block *A*'s suit—which he infers to consist of five. *Ac* is now marked in *Z*'s hand, for, although *Q* is generally led in N.T. from *A Q Kn* to 7, it must be followed by *A*, to which partner drops *K* if he has it. But here *Q* followed by *Kn* shows leader has not *A*.



*Y's hand in Game V.*

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Trick 3: *B* now infers that the remaining two *c* are in *A*'s hand.

Trick 4: *Z*, who has by no means an easy game to play, leads 10*h* to keep the lead away from *A*, also to disguise his weakness in *h* and not to part with his strength in *s*. *A* with *Kn* 9 3 plays *Kn*. *Y* takes it with *Q*, which wins, as *Z* does not take the *Q* with *A*, lest the *h* suit be established against him. Dealer infers that *B* has *Ah*; if *A* had it he would take the trick with it, make his two *c*, and so prevent *YZ* getting game.

Trick 5: *Y* leads 10*d* to establish the suit if possible. *Z* infers *Ad* is with *B*.

Trick 7: *B* with best *h* and best *d* tries to put *A* in with a *s*, so that *A* may make his two *c*. *Z* takes with *A* not *K*, which would show *B* that he had *A*. *Z* cannot risk the *Qs* being in *A*'s hand and making, for two *c*, best *d*, *Ah* and 9*h* (*i.e.* best and third best) are against him, and *AB* would be game if *A* made *Qs*, led his two *c* and played a *h*.

protection in three suits, and some protection in *d*, and so calls N.T.

*A* doubles, as he has the lead of *AKQKn* in *d* with a suit of 8, and unless the remaining 5 are in one hand must make 8 tricks, which would only count 24, and would not, therefore, take him out; so he doubles, in the hope of going out. *Y* re-doubles because he thinks he is sure of making the odd trick.

*A*, having his partner's consent to play, leads a *d*, but knowing that the caller (*Y*) does not re-double unless he is protected in each suit, which here in *d* means that he has the remaining five, hopes to, and does deceive *Z* by playing a small *d* before his honours in *d*. In other words, *Z* not knowing that *Y*'s 10*d* would take the trick, passes it. When Dummy's cards are exposed, *Z* being void of *d*, thinks that *B* must take the trick with an honour and return a *d*, for if *B* does not return *d*, *Z* can make 8 tricks from *Y*'s hand. According to the same

*Y's hand in Game VI.*

Trick 8: *Z*'s lead finally establishes his suit, and he makes odd trick. *A* keeps his *c* on the chance of making a *s*.

### Game VI.

The other hands are:

*A*: 3,4*c*; 4*h*; *A,K,Q,Kn*,9,8,7,6*d*; 9,5*s*.
*B*: 5,6,7,8,10*c*; 2,3,5,7*h*; 2,3,4,6*s*.
*Z*: *Q,Kn*,9,2,*c*; 10,9,8,6*h*; *Q,Kn*,10,8,7*s*.

Score: Love All. *Z* leaves it to *Y*, who declares N.T. *A* doubles; *Y* re-doubles.

| | *A* | *Y* | *B* | *Z* | Score. *A B* | *Y Z* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | **6d** | 2*d* | | | 1 | 0 |
| 2. | **Ad** | | | | 2 | 0 |
| 3. | **Kd** | | | | 3 | 0 |

and so on for eight tricks.

### Notes to Game VI.

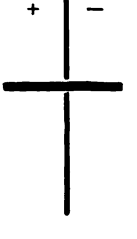
*Z*, with his score love, leaves it to *Y*; but if his score was 28 would certainly declare *s*, and probably at 26, to prevent a possible *d* call by his partner, which might be doubled, when, as he has no *d*, the adversaries might easily make three tricks and go out.

As a rule, unless a hand has four aces (100 points) it declares *h* with the four Honours (64); but here *Y* has absolute reasoning *Z* thinks he must make *Y*'s 10*d* at the fifth *d* trick.

*Z*'s argument is not correct. It is almost an article of faith that the first hand does not double a N.T. unless he has a suit of seven headed by *AKQ*, and and that on a suit of six headed by *AKQ* he should not double (though on different grounds third player would). If, then, as the dealer may reasonably suppose, *A* has 7 *d* at least, there is no *d* for *B* to return, so *Z* should play the 10*d*, for even if *B* takes it he cannot return it, but must lead into *Y*'s hand. Thus, through *Z* not fully grasping the play, *AB* makes two re-doubled tricks (96) and game.

### How to Score.

Start with a blank form like this:—

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Suppose you win ten tricks in Hearts, *i.e.* four count, and score 32. This goes under the *thick* line. You have the 30 requisite for game, so draw a *thin* line to mark one game. Suppose you had four honours yourself and partner had one, = 72 above the line, thus :—

| *Win.* | *Lose.* |
|---|---|
| + | — |
| 72 | |
| 32 | |

In the next game, suppose the adversaries make the odd trick in diamonds which you have doubled, they score, *i.e.* you lose 12. If they hold, say, three honours ("simple honours") between them, they score 12 above the line. The score is now thus :

| *Win.* | *Lose.* |
|---|---|
| + | — |
| 72 | 12 |
| 32 | |
| | 12 |

The game is not over. In the next deal, suppose you or partner call N.T. and make the odd trick, you score 12 below for the odd trick. Suppose they score 30 for three aces, above. The score now is :—

| *Win.* | *Lose.* |
|---|---|
| + | — |
| | 30 |
| 72 | 12 |
| 32 | |
| 12 | 12 |

Still the game is not over. Suppose in the next deal they make twelve tricks in clubs, with 5 honours in one hand; you have no trump. You lose 24 below, and the second game is over. You lose 40 in honours and 20 for Little Slam, but you win 8 for Chicane. Thus :

| *Win.* | *Lose.* |
|---|---|
| + | — |
| | 20 |
| | 40 |
| 8 | 30 |
| 72 | 12 |
| 32 | |
| 12 | 12 |
| | 24 |

Now for the last game. You call N.T., having four aces in your own hand, and make 13 tricks. You win 84 points (7 × 12) : 100 above for your four honours, and 40 for Grand Slam. You win this game, and having now won two games you score 100 for rubber. Thus :

| *Win.* | *Lose.* |
|---|---|
| + | — |
| 40 | 20 |
| 100 | 40 |
| 8 | 30 |
| 72 | 12 |
| 32 | |
| 12 | 12 |
| | 24 |
| 84 | |
| 100 | |
| 448 | 138 |

Now add all on the + side : it = 448
" " — " = 138

You win —— Total points 310

B. W.

## SONG.

BY MARIE VAN VORST.

LOVE, where you go
December's air grows sweet,
Birds bend the barren branches, with their song,
Flowers spring up your coming steps to meet,
Bursting the bars of ice, and frosty thong;
And over by-ways, prisoned in with snow,
They fling a garden, in old winter's scorn :—
Saying, "*Oh, lovely Spring is here, we know!*"
The sombre heart of midnight pales to morn,
Love, where you go!

Love, where you go
Grows my heart glad enow;
My being wakes to the new ecstasy,
I find a ballad on each bending bough,
I take my lute from off the greenwood tree;
I'll sing you all the melody I know,
Flinging songs broadcast to the heavenly blue
Where the stars think your eyes are stars below;
My soul finds its one Paradise with you,
Love, where you go!

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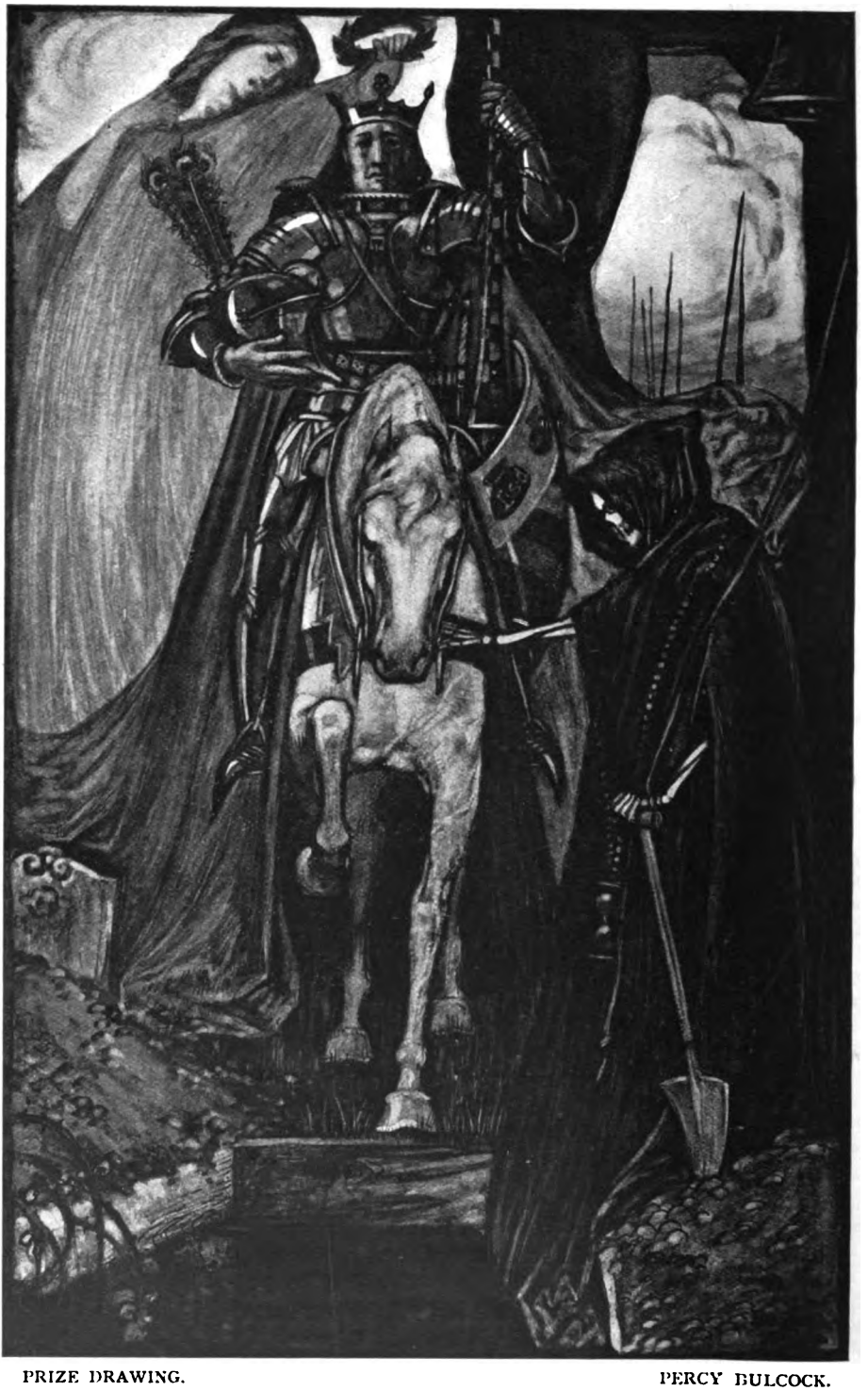

PRIZE DRAWING. PERCY BULCOCK.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

GRAY'S ELEGY.



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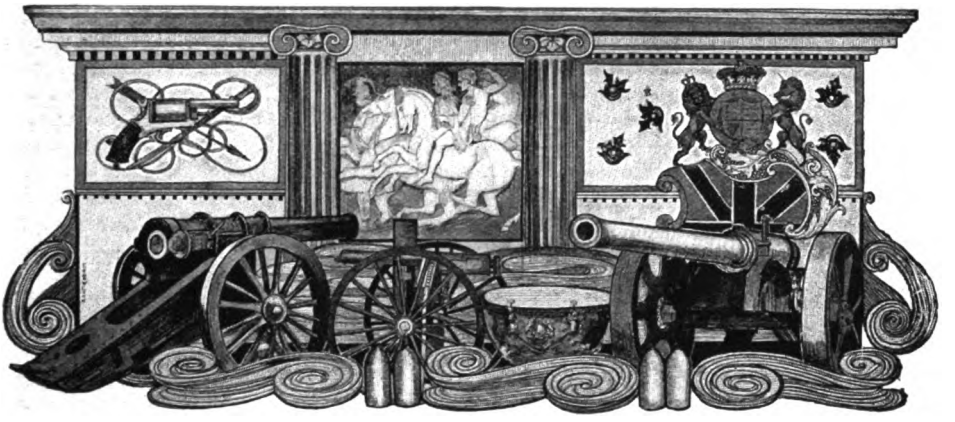

# "FOR KING AND COUNTRY."

## *A SOLDIER'S FEELINGS UNDER FIRE.*

BY LOUIS CORBALLY.

"Thy soul is by vile fear assail'd, which oft
So overcasts a man that he recoils
From noblest resolution" (*Vision of Dante*).

HE was a mere boy—some twenty years of age, physically slight, delicate-looking. He was sensitive, full of dreamy conceptions, full of sentiment. England was at war: how glorious to fight for his country, how magnificent to die! He was an only son. His mother wept at the parting, but she told him to go and fight England's foes, as his ancestors had done. Tears were welling in his eyes when she gave him the last kiss; he felt a hero: it was immense.

He joined his regiment at the front, and this was his first day under fire. His company was to cover the sappers who were making trenches within range of the Boer rifles.

Before dawn he was aroused from a dead, dreamless slumber. He threw off his blankets, which were encrusted by the frost; his servant handed him his carbine.

As his hand touched the cold metal, he shivered; the shiver ran up his arm and right through him. The chilly greeting of his weapon inspired a vague fear; his teeth chattered a little—it might have been the cold: it was the cold, he told himself. But cold and fear are twin brethren.

It *was* bitterly cold. All the ground was covered with frost that glistened near at hand, and became grey in the semi-darkness beyond. There were brown patches where he and the other officers had slept under the scant shelter of some rocks. There was a heavy mist; the figures of men moving about, appearing and disappearing, seemed ghostlike in the eerie stillness, which was almost intensified by muffled whisperings. It was still night: sensation was as yet at rest, before its excessive reaction—the time when sensibility flashes to its zenith.

Some biscuit and jam washed down by a drink of the contents of his water-bottle was breakfast, and shortly word was passed round to fall in. There were none of the loud-voiced orders of the barrack square. The sergeants moved silently along their sections, glancing at each man, seeing who were present, that they had their arms and emergency rations, etc.; then they quietly reported to the officers. One only saw one's immediate neighbours, but discipline taught every one where every one else must be. "All present, sir—all right, sir." Then came the order to advance and extend.

* * * * *

The boy officer was leading his men. He was altogether engaged in the immediate requirements of duty: to guide his section in the right direction to keep in touch with the others. His eyes were straining through the mist, watching the officer on his left, for his section formed the right flank of the advance.

The ground was rising, and presently he found himself above the wet cold



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clouds. Away on every side rolled the sea of sooty snow. Here and there appeared dark, jagged rocks, sharp, vicious islets; while in front, seeming quite close —almost overhanging — a huge black, rocky headland loomed, grim and threatening, which in the over-sensitive moments of the dawn-time impressed him with a seeming awful significance—that it stood there to defy, mayhap wreck, the enterprise in which he took part. It was the summit of the Boer position. They reached the crest of a ridge, and for a while advanced over some level ground frequently broken by anthills and outcropping stones. Soon the order was passed along to halt and lie down.

The boy soldier lay down behind an anthill on the right flank of his men; and with his heart—yes—fluttering, and his mind wildly combating dim forebodings and horrible sensations, he awaited the dawn of a day of battle.

The cloud sea in the east became white, and then tinted with saffron and rose colours: slowly yet perceptibly the sun moved up from the horizon—a great orange-red disc that seemed to hang suspended in the atmospheric middle distance; its rim was clear cut, its light a dull glowing. Soon it was hidden beyond the rising clouds, that now cloaked the hill-tops, the rocky summits and angry peaks; and there was only seen the undulating, peaceful country, the yellow sand and withered grass.

He watched the mist lifting, vanishing into air. It seemed full of prophetic meaning. To-day a new battlefield would be baptised: its name would be marked on the records in the red life's blood of the victims of its christening feast; and the clouds seemed as the souls rising from the altar of sacrifice.

Soon all the land lay naked in the thin, searching atmosphere. The crowning fierceness of the hills appeared, sharply defined; dawn became day: peace—war.

There was that impressive, almost oppressive stillness, "when Day in breathless passion kisses Night." He lay behind his anthill breathing in the wonderful air, the sparkling nectar of the morning breeze; which was dissipating the numbness, mental and physical, wrought by the extreme cold of the morning frost. He was waiting; feverishly waiting for—— "Crack-huk—z-z-zip!" some dust was knocked up, and something, like an eccentric giant wasp, viciously hummed away. His first bullet: there was an echo in the hills; his heart thumped responsive.

In the early morning human vitality is at its lowest ebb: the circulation is torpid, and the heart's action lowered. That is why it is most often in the dawn watches that death beckons the sick slumberer. It is the hour when even under normal conditions we are only "half ourselves." The nerves are unstrung, the will is weakened, and mental equilibrium is non-existent. At that hour we are most unreasonably subject to external influences: liable to strange fears and starts, which a little reflection would chide without the power to control. It is the hour when wise people are asleep—a fact which justifies as well as saves their reputation. It is a humiliating thought, that courage, the attribute most widely admired by all races in all ages, should be so largely dependent on such material conditions as food and warmth. But unfortunately experience emphasizes the sad truth, that a man warm and well fed may be splendidly brave, and that the same individual in the cold hunger of a morning fast may be guilty of thoughts, if not of actions, which a fireside critic would call those of a coward. That is, of course, in the case of a person of ordinary sensibility; for, even still, there really exist men who don't know the meaning of fear.

The boy-soldier experienced his first bullet at the most trying moment. His first sensation was fear, hideous fear, that made him feel the fatuous instinct of an ostrich. He pressed his face to the grass; he clung to the ground as if he would like it to cover him. He might have run away, were he on his feet—the sense of panic. His position saved him: it gave him time. He made an effort to think—"I won't be a—*coward*," then—"what am I afraid of?" And self-respect, that great, kindly, old-fashioned influence, that so frequently succeeds when philosophical principle and moral code have failed, scored yet another triumph.

That first shot was quickly followed by many, and soon the whole air crackled with sound, like the tempest rending the immense fabric of a mainsail.

A whistle blew somewhere. An order was shouted; the officer heard it, and called to his section: "Individual firing. At the rocks half-way up the hill, in front.

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Range, fifteen hundred yards.—Ready—Commence!"

He caught excitement from the sound of his own voice; from the rattle of steel as the men obeyed. Then, the sharp snaps of the rifles, and the roar of the echo. He forced himself to adjust the sights of his carbine carefully; to be absurdly slow in doing it. The first cartridge slipped from his fingers as he took it from his bandolier. He snatched another and hurriedly shoved it home. He took slow, careful aim at some rocks—the sights would wobble about—a bullet grazed his anthill, and richocheted past his ear, and his rifle went off. Then he fired, and fired, and wondered what was happening.

Presently he stopped and tried to think. He looked along his men—they were going through the firing-exercise as if they were at the rifle butts. He asked himself what they were doing, and tried to realise that something awful was going on: but the only reply was the sound of the rifles, and the discordant singing of the bullets like strained harp-strings, vibrating, rasped by a file edge.

He heard a squeal, quite close: it was like a wounded hare—that hare he shot last season at—at—— Then he asked the corporal next him what had happened.

"Brown hit, sir," replied the veteran. "Head, sir. I think he's pegged—dead, sir, I mean."

"Dead," he thought,—"dead,"—and he repeated the word—what did it mean? The corporal pushed a cartridge home and continued the firing exercise, as if to be dead was quite a natural thing—almost as significant as lighting a pipe.

The boy became angry with himself because Brown's death did not affect him to any genuine emotion. He tried to concentrate his thoughts on the word "dead." It was merely a word—any word—like, like "thing"—no, no, not like that. Dead, dead, dead,—what was it like? Why, nothing. Dead was nothing; it conveyed no meaning. He could make a sentence about corpse and soul; it sounded all right. He repeated it; it was doubtful. Again: it seemed absurd, mere nonsense; it annoyed him. "Yes; dead. Brown is dead," and he loaded his rifle angrily—"z-z-zip," a little dust; a bullet—"If that hit me, say here,"—pressing his finger to his forehead,—"I should be dead, dead, ha! ha!—dead!" and he fired again.

The soldiers lay in the grass taking cover behind stones and anthills; and they fired at a hill full of the noise of Mausers. For hours they fired, and sometimes some one squealed or grunted, or jumped up, to fall down again, to writhe like an injured worm, perhaps to lie still. Again some one would say, "Oh! my God!" in a voice of strained intenseness; or curse or cry out in pain.

"Eh, Tim?" No answer. "Tim!" (louder), and the speaker looked harder at a comrade lying a few yards away, with his mouth full of blood and dust, and his "crooked hands" gripping tufts of grass.

Then the soldier turned to his neighbour on the other side, "Eh, Bill?"

"Aye."

"Tim's snuffed it."

"Eh?"

"Tim's pegged out!"

"Poor bloke!"

And the sententious tract-monger of the regiment murmured, "Take heed! Mayhap it will be thy turn next. Thou knowest not the day nor the hour!" and the Bills and the Tims and the Jacks grinned at each other, as the regimental wit made some joke, in which the humour—in their judgment—more than atoned for the questionable taste: the regimental rake, however, reproved him in mock solemn tones; which fairly created a burst of articulate grins.

The Colonel smiled, and said, "Brave lads! Splendid lads!" and the adjutant, who had an inkling of the cause of the mirth, suppressed a laugh.

Another hour dragged on. The sun was high in its path, no longer clearly defined, no longer glowing. It was a spot on fire, flashing around, paling the sky in its neighbourhood; its rays darting mercilessly down on the rocks and the veldt. The day had become terribly hot; there were no cool azure depths in the heavens. It was indeed cloudless overhead; but the whole sky seemed to sweat; it heated one to look at it. The flames—acrid, pungent—of the cordite pervaded the air; they nauseated sense, and seemed to bear into the soul the atmosphere of modern battle—cold scientific deadliness; men acting as parts of a huge machine, trying as a collection of units to be as a huge maxim gun: not fighting, merely shooting.

The boy soldier had passed to a stage of *ennui*. He was tired of it all.

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His thoughts were stupidly pottering about in a world of incongruous recollections. Then he began to feel that this fighting was a queer affair; the cordite was affecting him. He thought of the battles he used to love reading about: of knights in plumed cases of steel charging; of pennons streaming, and the welkin ringing with war cries, and the din of strife; the clang of steel on steel; the thunder of hoofs, the crash of conflict as tumultuous torrents of chivalry rushed on each other, colliding with a volume of sudden sound that even silenced the noise of the elements—for, of course, there was a thunderstorm; the wild confusion of it all; its madness; the lust of battle,—that *was* warfare; but this? This was a test of mechanical skill. A general plots, and the soldiers pull triggers.

The dust leapt up in jets! The bullets hissed like deadly snakes, and spat and sang discordant threatenings. A cloud of white smoke suddenly appeared against the darkness of the Boers' position: the boy wondered what it could mean. A roar reverberated through the hills; something was approaching with the delirious conception of the rush and whirl of an awful express train, shooting through a covered-in station at an impossible speed; some huge, unseen wickedness, with a murderous scream, hurtled by; there was a loud report in the rear; the air hummed and shivered; something fizzed into the grass—his first shell.

His eyes started painfully from their sockets; the atoms of his body seemed at war; he felt a strange upheaval within him; his belt seemed to be loosened; he felt as if he had no clothes around his middle: he trembled all over.

Then he smiled a tired, mirthless smile; he told himself that shells were less dangerous than bullets: that one had burst and gone; he also laughed—a strained little cackle, for he was wearied of it all. He felt that the sun was hot; and was drowsily aware of the bullets; he took no interest in them; his brain was full of restless sleep, and only duty kept a few of his senses awake.

More shells followed: they only bored him, the moment they had passed; he was a little tremulous as they approached, he didn't know why; he took a sleepy, impersonal interest in the bullets—"Shall I be hit?—That was very close." Was he a spectator of himself? he wondered. Was his mind or soul free watching his body; laughing at its physical fears? No, no! his soul was asleep, it must be that: he felt weary, so weary.

The order came to cease firing. The cavalry were making some flanking movement, and might come into the danger zone. He mechanically called out, "Cease fire—unload!" He felt disinclined to move: but the cessation of fire had awakened him. He remembered his instructions—he was warned of the danger of panic, and of the necessity of his being in his proper place behind his men when they were lying inactive under fire. He hated the very idea of stirring from his place. Was it because he was afraid of being hit? "No," he told himself indignantly. He was lying down: assisted by time and monotony, he had to a great extent become master of himself: standing up now meant facing some new danger as indefinite as it was horrible; and then he was tired.

He made a quick, impulsive resolve, and did what many British officers are accused of doing through silly and sinful bravado: he stood bolt upright, and walked slowly to his place behind the centre of his section. It was a great effort of a sterling mind conscious of physical poverty. By his action he felt that the soldiers would think him brave; that he would inspire courage in them, and this gave him strength.

Bullets rained round him. Let them rain! He was indifferent. He gained the shelter of some stones and lay down; but, as if still fearing himself, he half knelt up again, resting his chin on his hand. His face worked; his lips twitched. Then he smiled and lay down again.

Then he relapsed into a state of semi-insensibility. He only felt that the sun was hot, and that bullets were a nuisance—like midges in the summer.

But reaction followed quickly. A light breeze eddied among the hills, and drifted along the veldt. It made the grass shiver and rustle a little; but it was so delicious, so refreshing to breathe in it; to shut his eyes and let it kiss, ever so delicately, his poor tired eyelids; to raise the front of his helmet, and let it play over his forehead and creep through his hair.

He found himself thoroughly awake. He hated it. He was again nervous, but not so confused. Thoughts began to course through his brain. He tried to

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get away from them, but they forced themselves on him. He also felt—a kind of presentiment—that he was sure to be killed. When the dust flew and the bullets pinged, he found himself saying, "Death, death—that is the mission of the bullets, that is their song. When one hits me, I shall be dead! Dead! what an awful word! This heart will stop; these temples will become cold; my brain will—what? My brain surely cannot die? —yet—yes, it must, it is merely pulpy matter in my head—but no! it must be something else—soul—yes, soul, that's what it is. Soul is self: that bullet couldn't kill myself.—But of course not: kill only means to separate myself from my body."

A man was lying in front of him, stretched out with his face to the ground. Was he dead? or was it sleep? He noticed a jagged tear in the back of his helmet, round which the khaki was stained a brownish red; also a red stain on the collar of his tunic. Yes,—there was something stiff, strained, in the man's position: it must be death. "He is dead! In an hour perhaps I shall be dead. I shall be lying still like that—that—thing; perhaps in half an hour,—ten minutes,—five." A shivering sense of death passed through him. The idea had reached its climax and vanished into the world of passed thoughts. But the impression remained—"I shall be dead."

Then he began to wonder what effect his death would have on others. The feeling of its sure approach did not move him to fear or trembling. "I shall be dead, yes—then what will happen? What will others think?"

His thoughts wandered to his home in England. A quaint, high-gabled, rambling house. It was early summer-time; roses profusely garlanded the porch, and hung in irregular festoons and bunches over the trellis-work that skirted the walls. The birds were piping in the hedgerows; the fruit-trees in the garden were decked in festive brightness. All the country-side seemed to rejoice in the happiness of peace.

He looked into the morning-room, with those old hunting pictures hanging in its beech panels. The table was ready for breakfast; his place was laid; his chair was there. The quaint old silver teapot was on its stand, muffled in a knitted cosy; and the sugar-basin, its *nouveau riche* relation, of the same stock but not quite the same family, more ornate, less severely respectable; he remembered breaking it, as a child. A child! but a few years ago; now it seemed centuries. It seemed as if he had crossed the chasm between time and infinity, and was gazing back across it.

His mother was listening with wistful expression, while his father was reading out the day's war news with the zest of an old Crimean. When the casualty list was finished, his mother smiled, and her eyes said a prayer of gratitude.

Then the old Colonel twirled his white moustache, and began the report of an engagement, which he punctuated with many a contemptuous interjection.

"Engaged the enemy at two thousand yards. That's not like the fighting in my day—volley if there was any powder left, and then cold steel. What's this? The Boers have not shown themselves; but a searching artillery fire has been going on all day. Firing at mountains. Why the dickens don't they find 'em, and root 'em out?"

* * * * *

In a day or two they will receive the news of my death. They'll get a wire from the War Office, or perhaps first see it in the morning paper. "Killed. At Dampster Brig. 20th Fusiliers. Ripton, George, 2nd Lieutenant." Killed!

Mother will cry softly; and dad? Dad will keep silence for a while, and his eyes will become bright: he will twist his neck sharply, give his head a few little half-angry, half-sad shakes; then perhaps he will say something awfully seriously, maybe about "God's will," saying it with old-fashioned, conservative respect.

God's will! "O! my God——" He began some prayer he had learnt and loved as a child; but thoughts returned to the picture they were tracing.

He was dead. Still the silver teapot did its daily work. Still the thrush on the holly-tree outside the window sang as sweetly as ever.

There was perhaps more silence in the house—more prayer. He was dead! His place was no longer laid at the table; his mother's sweet face seemed often even sweeter in its sadness.

The "grandfather's" clock in the hall, with its impenetrable brass face, seemed perhaps a little more ominous in its eternal "tick-tock, tick-tock." "Life—death, life—death," it seemed to say. All the same—"Death—life."

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And Hector, the great St. Bernard dog, was lying in the porch. He knew: dad told him, and he wagged his tail. "Dead! Was that like a juicy marrow-bone?" And Hector "lay down dead," and thought of marrow-bones, and flopped his tail luxuriously. And all the world went on.

Then imagination gave way. And thought darted on through intricate ways that it alone understood, where it could not be watched or followed; and it stopped suddenly, and, as it were, eddied around a recollection. Then he felt that he would like to pray.

For a supreme moment he knew, he stood face to face with, a God he had before only believed in; and he said a real prayer. The moment passed: his lips began a prayer of words; but soon they too were still, as thought wandered further in realms of reminiscence.

There was a girl he loved—loved with the passionate zeal of youthful ardour. He knew her from childhood's days; the old, old story of the affection of children—the friendship of the middle teens—changing, becoming degenerate. The romance had ended abruptly. She had gone abroad for the winter, and, shortly before her intended return, he had received a friendly letter from her, saying that she was engaged to be married—"but, my dear Georgie, we must be the same to each other as ever—like brother and sister, etc."

It was bitter; but he had forgiven her. He told himself that "love lasts for ever," that surely love like his could never die.

His prayer had been interrupted; his thoughts had wandered. They were of his beloved: they caressed the recollection of that happy springtime, when they were ecstatic, when every word seemed as a poem. Then prayer mingled with thought. He was speaking to God about his love.

Again for a moment the immensity—the awful reality of the transcendent Being overwhelmed him. His lips, his thoughts, were still: he bowed his head and felt ashamed.

In that moment when he faced his God, when a flash from truth enlightened his senses, the fabric of realistic imagination was rent to shreds; real feelings were disrobed, stripped of that tinsel splendour with which Youth loves to adorn them—to idealise them. His love was no longer a "Light from Heaven," a thing sacred and eternal, an immense, magnificent reality. How small, how poor it seemed,—the paltry passion of youthful desire!

He saw its contemptible poverty, its unworthiness, thinking of it in the presence of God. Then he began to sum up his case as a pleader before submitting it for issue to the judge. He saw things plainly, and knew a great part of their meaning.

Then he went deeper into the scrutiny of thought and motive; but soon he wearied of it: ideas became too involved, thought-changes too rapid: he was tired of it all, and lapsed into a state of mental stupor, sometimes interrupted by a sketch of fancy, pretty, delicate and passing.

Then the air became cool, and though all around "the noise of battle rolled" among the hills, the bullets became less frequent, and the shells went elsewhere.

After some time the bullets almost ceased: only an occasional one, that seemed to have strayed from afar, passed by, lamenting in a tired, querulous voice. The shadows of the hills crept over the ground, and the sun sank through streaky layers of cloudland and dropped behind a mountain, leaving a wonderful legacy of colour, a magnificent momentary picture—crimson, purple, orange, saffron, green, blue, and a thousand intermediate tints.

There was a bustle and stir; a party of the bearer company had arrived. Fatigue parties were told off to assist them in their kindly labours; others for the more silent duty. Armed parties also came up, to relieve the company and form pickets for protection during the night.

An order was shouted, "Fall in there, the remainder! About turn! Quick march." The young officer repeated it to his section, and led them back over the ground, that he seemed to have crossed in a dream. Then he became awake, and wondered at all that had happened.

He felt pleased—he couldn't say why. He didn't talk much at the little fire round which the officers sat on the ground smoking and drinking coffee out of tin pannikins. But he felt strangely elated, as if he was talking a great deal and was conscious of his own brilliancy.

It was only when he rolled himself up in his blankets and, resting his head on his haversack, gazed into the star-spangled infinity, that he became serious. He said a tiny prayer of gratitude: then Sleep breathed on him, and thought was still.

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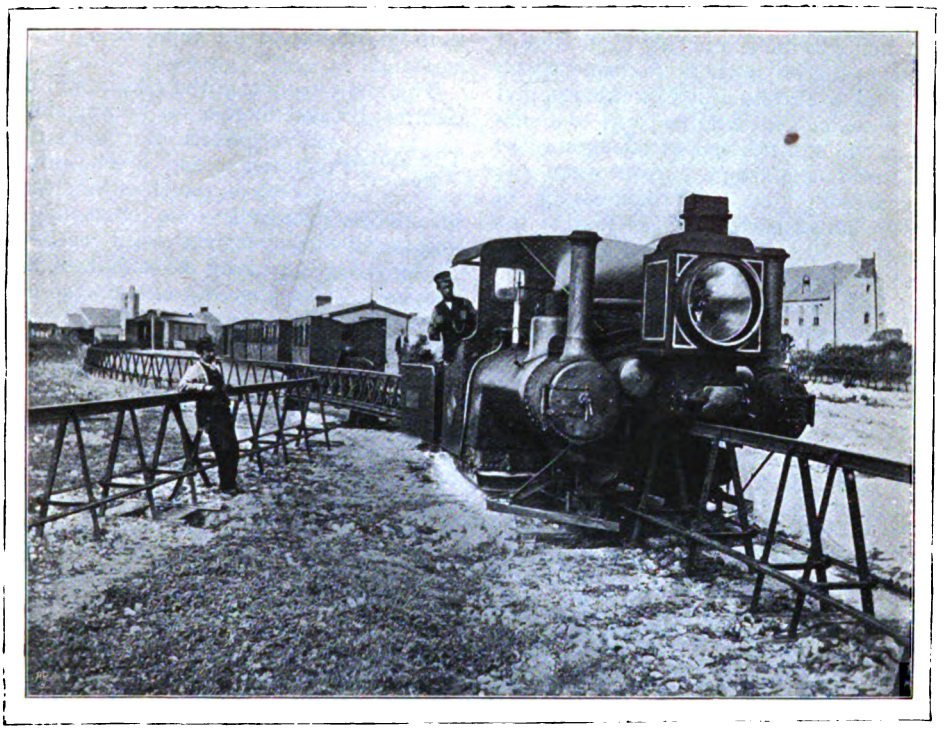

*A "Monorail" at work, Ballybunion.*

# OVER A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

## THE STORY OF THE MONORAIL.

*THE MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL ELECTRIC EXPRESS RAILWAY.*

[With Illustrations kindly Supplied by the Inventor.]

"WHY Monorail?" That is what everybody asks when conversation turns upon the subject of the wonderful new express electric railway, which is to carry passengers between Manchester and Liverpool at a speed of anything between 110 and 120 miles an hour. The Bill for enabling this very odd sort of railway to be made has been before Parliament these two sessions. The scheme secured the assent of a Committee of the House of Lords before Whitsuntide; and by the time these lines see the light, it may either have passed the Commons Committee, or have been sent back for another year. So deliberately are these things done in this crowded old land of ours, where every square foot of soil bristles with vested interests, and every proposal to perform some old public service in a new and better way is certain of the stout opposition of those who for various reasons would vastly prefer that things should remain as they are. You cannot make a railway of any kind without buying the land necessary for the line and the stations; and you cannot buy the land you want unless you have a special Act of Parliament compelling owners to sell it upon reasonable terms. Parliament is very discriminating in granting these powers for the compulsory purchase of land; and never bestows them except for ample cause shown, and under the conviction that the sacrifice of private right is expedient in the greater interest of the public.



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It costs something to force this conviction home to the thoroughly disinterested minds of the Members of Parliament who serve upon Private Bill Committees, and constitute, at considerable pains to themselves, the best tribunal of common-sense the world can show. And when the scheme submitted to Parliament is of so very novel a character as that of the Monorail Electric Express Railway, the mere fact that it has received the approbation of a Committee of either House is to be received as strong presumptive proof that there is something in it. How much, of course, cannot be exactly stated; because the passing of a Railway Act merely clears the way for experiment.

**Passengers Only.**

Here it will be a gain to the cause of clear explanation, if the several elements that enter into the combination which supplies the title of this article are taken separately, in their order. The proposal to make a new railway between Manchester and Liverpool is natural enough. The first complete railway of the modern type connected these great centres of population, commerce, and industry; and the precedent can be cited as sufficient inducement for the location here of the pioneer line of a new transportation system. Notwithstanding the existence of railway facilities that have cost £6,000,000 sterling to provide, there are people who think there is room for another link between the populations on the Mersey and the Irwell; and they are ready to back their fancy. The new line will differ very materially from the ordinary railways—a circumstance which is far from disarming the enmity of the old railway interest. It will carry passengers only, in cars running singly, at short intervals all day long, and the usual speed will be, as already stated, 110 to 120 miles an hour—which is just half the best time of the first-class railways. There will be no intermediate stations. That is, to all intents and purposes, the only consideration which directly concerns the public, who are expected to justify by their patronage the venture of the promoters. If there is sufficient attractiveness in the offer of through transport between Manchester and Liverpool in the brief space of eighteen or twenty minutes, with no waiting at the terminal stations, then it is only a question of the number of people who will want to use the line as to whether it will pay or not. There is no doubt as to the possibility of the thing being done as stated.

**The Motive Power.**

The motive power of the railway will be electric; because there is no known alternative means of getting the required speed. The limit of rate of travel of a steam locomotive over rails—one or many is immaterial—has long ago been reached. It may be surprising to non-technical people to hear that the famous express locomotives built for the Great Western Railway by the late Sir Daniel Gooch, fifty years ago and more, have never been surpassed in this regard. There are many technical considerations which combine to prevent the steam locomotive from hauling trains at much more than the ordinary express speed; and it will be noticed that nowadays the only way that long-distance journeys are quickened on the big lines is by eliminating stops. The cost to the Great Western Railway Company of emancipating themselves from the primitive ten minutes' halt for refreshments at Swindon is a familiar instance that goes to show, among other things, how hopeless it was to make up for that detention by any improvement of running. The more speed, the more power is required to maintain it—not in a simple arithmetical proportion, but as thrice the amount of acceleration. To triple the speed requires nine times the power. Obviously, the size and therefore the power of the machinery that can possibly be packed into a locomotive to run on the standard English gauge railway is strictly limited. That gauge is too narrow, by the way: Brunel's broad gauge was the correct thing for enabling the locomotive and the line to do their best. But we have the narrow gauge with us for good and all; and must make the best of it—which, as regards speed, is not much more than sixty miles an hour at the outside.

**A Question of Speed.**

There is no such limitation to the rate of travel of an electrically-driven car. Limitations there are, of course, as will doubtless be ascertained in due time; but so far as technical knowledge of the working conditions at present extends, there is no reason why electric railways should not be worked at a regular speed of a hundred and twenty or a hundred and fifty miles an hour. Indeed, the latter speed is talked of for a passenger line

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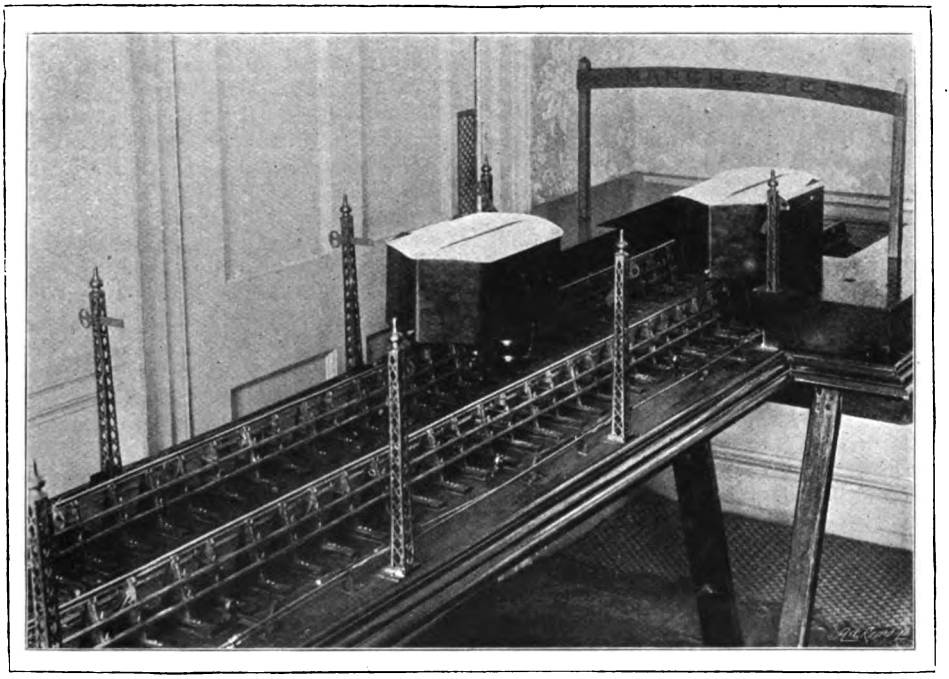
between Vienna and Buda-Pesth; as well as between Berlin and Zossen, and from Brussels to Antwerp. Unless the Manchester and Liverpool express railway people hurry up, they will be beaten on the post. All the world does not stand at gaze, and gape upon English railway engineering now, as it did in George Stephenson's time. There is a certain modicum of comfort in this knowledge; for it reassures us as to the practicability of our schemes when they are not peculiar to ourselves. Peculiar engineering is suspect.

trains, while the people outside wait *for* them. Has it never occurred to you, reader, while wasting your precious time at a roadside station, that if trains were run on the "little and often" rule, instead of the traffic being fed rather after the *boa constrictor* model—"once a month and nothing between"—it would be a blessed reformation? It is easy to show why heavy trains, if few, must be the rule of traffic-management for a railway worked by steam locomotives. The loads must be accumulated for the engines, which cannot go running about



*The model of the Monorail for Manchester.*

*Photo by W. & D. Downey.*

**The Idle Track.**

The characteristic feature of electric locomotion differentiates it so completely from steam locomotion, that the divergence goes right through the whole system, from rolling-stock to ticket taking, making of the electric line a new creature. To begin with the permanent way: obviously, when no trains are running, the line is earning nothing. All the capital is lying idle, in land, and bridges, and tunnels, and rail-metal; the signalmen are waiting at their posts; the directors in their parlours, the porter at the gate; and all and everything is there waiting *on* the with single trucks or coaches. The locomotive engine has the defects of its qualities, one of which is that it can only operate where it is. If you want it to work at its best, hitch it on to ten or more coaches; if at its worst, for itself and owners, increase the number of locomotives and give them a coach apiece.

**The Electric Locomotive.**

An electric line, on the contrary, has its motive power constantly laid on everywhere, to the uttermost extremities. All that is wanted is a means of helping one or any number of coaches on the line to the power lying

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in readiness in an adjacent conductor; and off she starts. There is no necessity for waiting. The electric locomotive is a comparatively small affair, which may either lie *perdu* in the carriage itself—as in street tramcars—or be carried separately, as in the "twopenny tube" lines. Wherever it may be it requires to make contact with the live conductor, which is charged with power anywhere by means of a central generating station; and it simply responds to the distant dynamo. There being no rapid to-and-fro motion, as in steam motors, there is no oscillation to import an unnecessary obstacle to the generation of high travelling speeds. So far as the motive power is concerned, therefore, one may go as fast and as often as one likes, on an electric railway. Imagine what a comfort it would be, if this facility prevailed over all railways, so that the annoyance of losing trains, the vexation of waiting for them, and the martyrdom of catching them, were all done away with together!

**Monorail—Why not?**

But what of the line? Well, after all this preliminary discussion of the other elements of the proposed solution of the problem of rapid interurban passenger transportation in the Lancashire district, we can hope to find an intelligible reply to the question, "Why Monorail?" To which the originator of this kind of railway, Mr. F. B. Behr, would unhesitatingly answer, in the disconcerting manner of the immortal "Alice" company—"Why not?" If a single rail is as good as two, why spend money on the superfluity? What can two, or twenty rails do more than one, assuming that the carrying of a travelling vehicle through the intermediary of wheels is all that is required? Really, in face of so simple a "poser," it is extremely difficult to think of any convincing objection. Further pondering only gives rise to the suspicion that there is no such objection. Boiled down, one's first startled antagonism to the idea of the single rail is found to have no other base than the unusualness of the project. Trains always have been run upon two lines of rails; and it seems to belong to the very nature of things that they should continue to so run to the end of time. But the engineer, who has fully inherited from his martial uncle, the sapper, the propensity to set all conventional notions at naught, blandly asks if we are quite sure that railway trains *do* run on two rails. They *rest* on a pair of rails, it is true; but the engineer suggests that all four-wheeled carriages owe their stability at high speeds to the generally unsuspected fact that they then run upon what is essentially a *single* track—the width of their wheel-base. In the case of the ordinary railway, the track is five feet wide. The circumstance of the middle portion being cut away is immaterial. It is made one track by the rigidity of the axle of the vehicle. At anything like a high rate of speed, the railway carriage becomes virtually a bicycle—that is to say, it runs on one linear path, and is as safe from overturning as a well-driven hoop. If anybody wishes to know what happens when a carri ge really runs upon more than a single linear track, let him try rounding a corner sharply, or negotiating a rough road on a tricycle. If still unsatisfied, let him replace the rigid axles of a four-wheeled vehicle with ropes, and go for a sharp drive—the doctor following in a cab.

**The Balance.**

The Monorail, therefore, is simply a railroad track reduced to its simplest expression. Cars can run upon it securely by virtue of the adoption of the principle of the old rope-walking toy of our infancy—the tin Blondin with the curved balancing pole, which brought the centre of gravity beneath the point of suspension. The House of Lords Committee made this principle of balancing a *sine quâ non* of the Bill. For the rest, the Behr monorail is a stout metal, borne at the apex of transverse **A** standards, upon which the carriage wheels sit. On each side of the standards run supplementary guide rails, whose office is to engage corresponding rollers on the carriage frame, which keep the vehicle upright, and prevent it from swaying unpleasantly when going round curves. But for these curves, there need not be any guide rollers. The standards are bolted down to sleepers of the ordinary pattern, so that, as the picture shows, the permanent way is one long, low metallic viaduct. It is impossible to deny the quality of comparative cheapness to such a construction, having regard to the enormous solidity essential for an express railway of the ordinary description.

A good deal has been said about the signalling and stopping arrangements for

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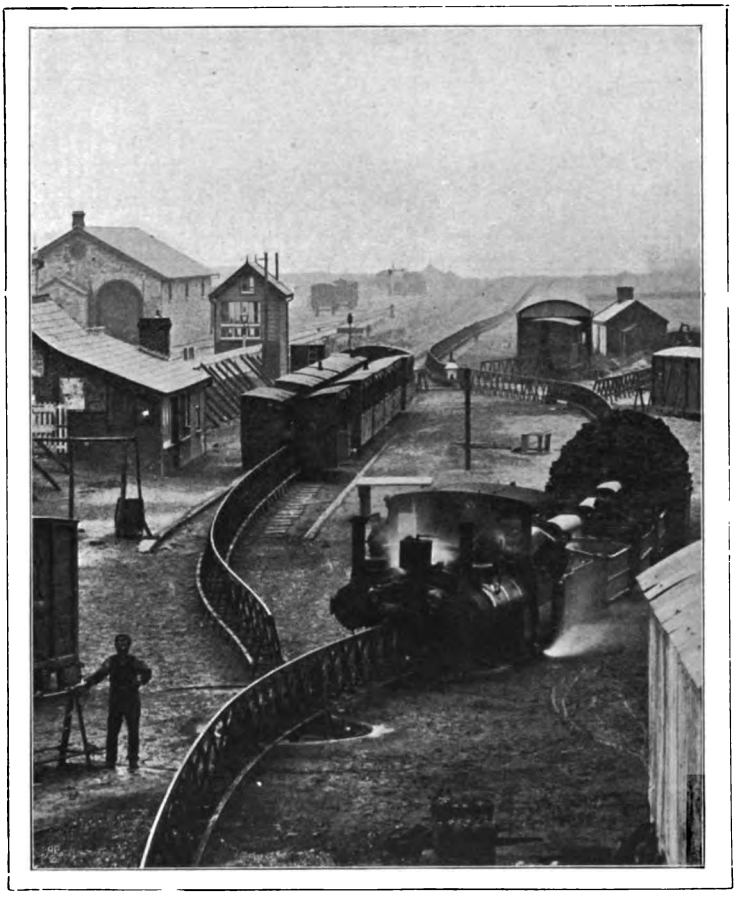
such a line as that in contemplation. So far as any question of the successful working of monorail lines goes, ample experience exists to prove that they give less trouble than ordinary railways. The Ballybunion and Listowel Light Railway is the proof. Doubts have been reasonably expressed, however, as to what

**Signalling and Stopping.**

no mixed traffic on the express railway, stops by signal are not to be expected as ordinary incidents of a run. The signal stations are spaced seven miles apart. Every car as it passes one of these stations automatically blocks the last two sections over which it has passed. Thus there cannot be a less distance than fourteen miles between car and car. In the event



*The Monorail junction, Ballybunion.*

might happen at a speed of a hundred and twenty miles an hour. The subject is not an easy one; but, after all, the gap between what has been accomplished in this way and that which remains to be done is not so tremendous that one need despair of the competence of modern science and invention to span it. An interesting detail is the proposed method of signalling. As there are no intermediate stations, no junctions, and of a car running past an adverse signal, three things immediately happen: a bell rings violently in the car; the motor is automatically cut off from the conductor, thus stopping the supply of driving energy; and an electric brake is applied. At the same moment the signalman's own bell is rung, and he can telephone all through the system the intelligence that there is a stoppage. These stopping evolutions do not depend upon the



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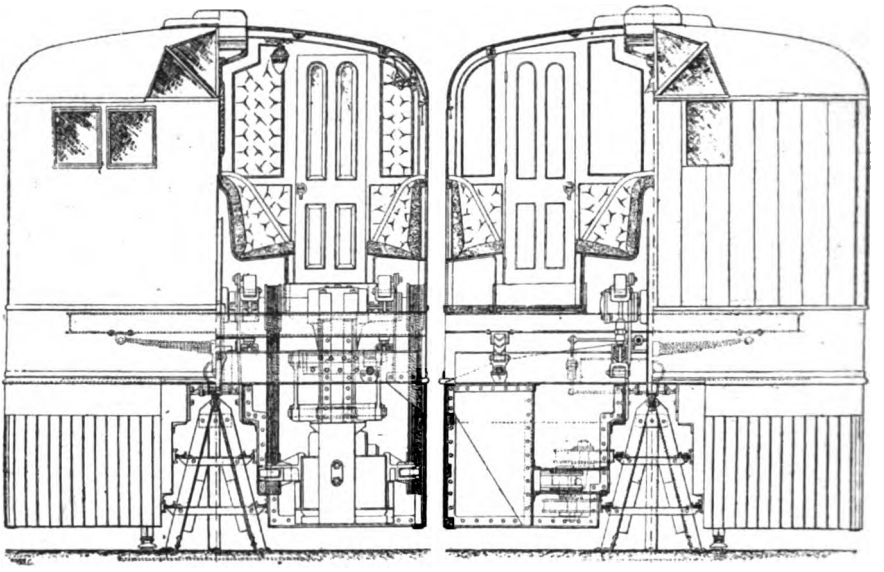
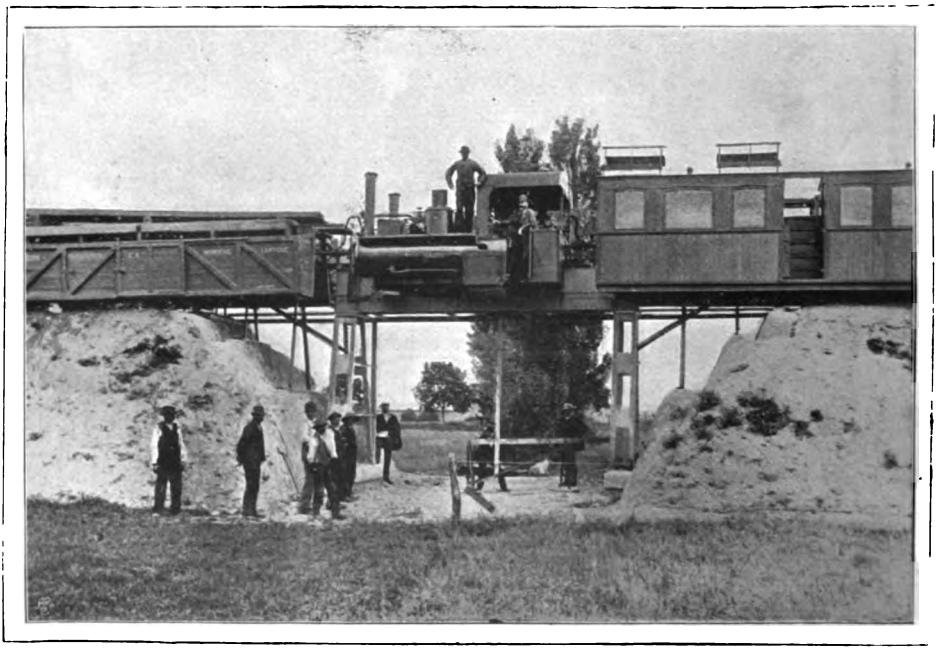


*The interior of the carriage and the rail on which it runs.*

volition of the guard of the car. A travelling electric battery does all the work. The most liberal estimates of the time to be occupied in bringing the car to rest from a speed of a hundred and twenty miles an hour allow that this can be very comfortably done within a distance of three-and-a-half miles. Hence there can be no "overtaking collisions," humanly speaking, on this line.

If this pioneer line is made and succeeds, others will be made in many places: London, say, brought within half an hour of Brighton, and Portsmouth only ten minutes farther off. What a delightful prospect!

WAYLAND SMITH, JUN.



*The Monorail at work in Belgium.*

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BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

OF course I should never have consented to the secrecy, but indeed at that time I had no choice. The promise was wrung from me by pleading lips and eloquent eyes, at once startled, shy, and trustful. It was the trustfulness that submerged me against my judgment, and even my conscience, in a private conspiracy against the Countess of Orvill. Sylvia had swayed me often enough since those days when I had begun to notice that her frocks had gone down and her hair had gone up. She had a sweet and mutinous mouth, the perfection of colour, and bright and diffident eyes. It was a wood-nymph captured in my arms, that palpitated against them, and struggled for liberty, that dark December evening in the long gallery of Orvill Hall. She had just stepped wonderingly out of that strange swift passage into womanhood, and laughed and was happy at one-and-twenty—a famous age in boy or girl. Yet, being so greatly her elder, I certainly should not have yielded to her most fascinating persuasions. There were no arguments, but eyes and the soft pressure of warm fingers. Yet resistance was impossible—judge you between us!

The mischief fell not then, but six months later, with the return of Lady Orvill to their country seat. Sylvia and I had corresponded, and I think I had written the better part of the letters, for she hated a pen; and we had met more than several times in Town. Indeed, we may be said to have gone through the season more or less in company. Yet nobody noticed—not even Sir James Garland, who had begun to watch the child like a dog. This condition, however, could not continue, as I had always seen, and it was I who insisted upon the disclosure of such important facts as we had kept close in our bosoms for so long. It was only fair to the Countess. With trepidation my Sylvia promised to break the news, and (upon my pressing her) that very night. It was the night of her return and our reunion. She had never looked prettier, and her fears became her handsomely. As a matter of fact, I did not envy the poor girl her task, but I would have taken it off her hands if she would have allowed me. She had, however, some idea that she might manage to cajole her mother, while I certainly had no such hopes on my part.

It was not Sylvia who brought me news of the result, but Bates, who, besides being an old friend of the Orvills, had the privilege of having known my father, and was to boot as perfect a Paul Pry and as meddlesome a gossip as any old man in the kingdom.

"Very bad, very bad, Sydney," he said, shaking his head, and enjoying himself. "I'm sorry to hear it. I was surprised at your underhandedness. You know what Lady Orvill is. Well, I needn't specify her peculiar properties. But when Lady Sylvia told her, she nearly had a fit. The fatigue of the journey, and her troublesome cold, sent her to bed early, and that was where your Lady Sylvia found her.

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I give you my word, my dear boy, I hadn't a notion, and I'm pretty observant. But when poor Lady Sylvia stammered it out, the Countess's face grew scarlet."

"You did not by any chance see it yourself?" I asked dryly.

"Well, not personally, of course, my dear boy. I need not explain that it was not personally, but by proxy. Well, the Countess, it seems, lay thumping the bed and abusing the poor child, until the noise brought in Orvill, who happened to be in the neighbourhood. 'What's the matter, mother?' says he.

"'There is nothing at all the matter,' says Lady Orvill, shrieking, 'save that that wretched Squire of yours has seduced my daughter.'"

"Good heavens, Bates!" I began.

"Fact, my dear Sydney—fact," purred old Bates; "those, my informant says, were her very words. And Orvill yelled out just as you did. I don't believe the poor girl understood. 'Good God, mother!' said he.

"'Yes, from my affections and the course of duty,' says Lady Orvill.

"'Oh, damn,' says Orvill, and walked away."

I stopped old Bates at this point, having no desire to hear him mangle facts, which I should, of course, learn presently from Sylvia herself. That Lady Orvill would be opposed to our marriage I had always been aware. She was of an excellent type of matron that guards its young like a hen, and abandons the nest only when they have been paired off suitably. It was obvious that she would not think Sylvia and myself a suitable pair, and consequently that she would peck and fight. Unhappily the storm had burst upon innocent Sylvia's head, and not on me, the proper and prime offender. I was at least resolved that this injustice should not continue, and a lachrymose note from Sylvia crystallised this purpose. She wrote (poor child) in physical tears, and had blotted her dear name into a smudge. The agitation, too, into which her mother's cruelty had thrown her, had influenced her spelling in one or two instances. But that was of no consequence, as no eye but mine would rest upon that affectionate epistle.

"Dear," she wrote, for I have corrected her spelling, "it is horrid. Mamma has behaved even worse than we thought. She won't hear of it, and says that I am a fool, and you are *something worse*. I can't repeat what she says about you! I wish it was all over and settled, Dick. It is *dreadful!* She won't let me see you, and says I am to go to Aunt Elizabeth's if I dare do so. And as soon as she's well enough we're going to pack up and be off, *although there's some people coming down to-day on her invitation!* You can imagine how I feel, and how lonely I am! The Hall is a *desert*!! She's quieter now, thank goodness; but I suppose that's her liver, which is very bad. I asked Orvill to help me, of course, but he says he can't be bothered, and you must look after yourself.—Always your SYLVIA."

"P.S. Mamma called the Grange a 'beggarly little mousetrap,' and said you had no doubt baited it well, with 'sentimental nonsense and romantic humbug.' It is *cruel* of her!"

The letter decided me, and I started forth from the Grange, resolute to challenge the Countess. After all, who were the Trents, with their peerage scarce a century in date, and their origin unknown earlier than the seventeenth century, to set themselves up against Sydneys who have been Squires since the reign of the first Edward? The Countess was sharp, as a rule ceremonious, knew her own mind, and was wholly devoid of sentiment. She was not formidable save for the last two reasons, but in my new mood of anger I would have braved her, had her properties been tenfold what they were. I set out briskly, and took the cut across the fields for the Park. From the banks of the stream I had a good view of the western terrace, which was still in shadow that June morning, and as I crossed the little wooden bridge by the grove of trees I looked towards the towers of the Hall, and discerned two figures on the white terrace. The one, even at that distance, I made out as Sylvia's pretty, pliant form, ever in motion, and turning in a perpetual round of graceful attitudes. She had her elbows at this moment upon the terrace wall, and her face went swiftly about to confront her companion. Immediately upon that she vanished, and there remained the tall and grey-clad woman whom I did not know. I passed up to the door, hoping that Sylvia had seen me and run to meet me—a hope which might

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have been justified by the interest in me clearly displayed by the stranger on the terrace.

I asked for the Countess, and the servant returned with a message that her ladyship was ill, and was able to see no one.

"Well, I should like to see Lord Orvill," said I.

The man respectfully informed me that his lordship was out.

"Very well," said I, impeccably calm, "then Lady Sylvia Trent."

I was an old friend, and had run in and out of the Hall since my childhood, which I suppose was the sole reason why the poor footman carried my bold message to his mistress. It was not he who came back, but after a long pause I saw advancing down the hall the stranger of the terrace. She had a splendid head, moved with a large grace, and had frank, engaging eyes. She was, I judged, somewhere near seven-and-twenty.

"I am Mrs. Glen-Warrington," she began, with easy friendliness. "You are Mr. Sydney? I'm sorry Lady Orvill is confined to her room; but she has asked me to see you, if you don't mind putting up with a proxy." She smiled pleasantly, and seemed to wait for an answer. I will confess I was at a loss. She appeared to take it for granted that I could tell my business to her.

"Oh," said I, "it's of no consequence, thank you. I came to make my inquiries after Lady Orvill, having heard she was not too well."

Mrs. Glen-Warrington invited me with a gesture to follow her, and led the way out upon the terrace. For an instant, I had a suspicion that she meant to lecture me, and thought I could endure it with better temper than if she had been Lady Orvill. It seemed she had no such intention, but when I saw the steps descending into the garden, and looked across the park towards the Grange I began to see that this might very well be a civil method of showing me the door. But Mrs. Glen-Warrington sat down on one of the garden chairs. I looked at the other.

"Might I ask if Lady Sylvia is in?" I said slowly.

Mrs. Glen-Warrington glanced at me and at the chair. "I believe she is," she answered, after a slight pause.

"Would it be possible for me to see her?" I said plainly.

Mrs. Glen-Warrington leaned back in her chair. "Mr. Sydney," she said, faintly colouring, "will you be good enough to credit that I do not at all like my task, when I say that it is just that request I am asked to say 'no' to?"

"I will not only credit it," I answered; "but I will go further, and say I would rather hear it from you than . . . . well, than from any one else."

She eyed me inquisitively, as if she did not quite understand, or understanding was puzzled.

"I'm glad you make my task so easy," she murmured.

"Of course you know this is no use," I went on.

"No use?" she asked.

"None whatever," I said. "Lady Orvill is just going the right way to make me fight. Sylvia is worth fighting for."

Mrs. Glen-Warrington moved her long magnificent limbs. "Yes, she is," she observed critically; "but I don't think——"

She paused, and I struck in: "I shall declare war upon you, of course."

She flushed, and, it seemed, with annoyance. "Oh, pray don't confuse me with Lady Orvill's motives," she said coldly.

I could conceive that she might be a motive in herself to some one, but I knew nothing of her.

"Is Sylvia to be locked up?" I asked.

"That is somewhat ridiculous, Mr. Sydney," she said curtly.

"Oh, very well," said I; "but if it is to be war, I suppose there will be no scruples. Besides, I know Lady Orvill."

"It's an extremely uncharitable and unneighbourly statement to make to a perfect stranger," she retorted sharply.

"And yet," said I, "you refuse to be identified with the enemy."

"Most certainly," said Mrs. Glen-Warrington. "I have nothing to do with it. It is no concern of mine."

"May I ask if Lord Orvill objects?" I asked.

"I don't know: I'm given to understand so," she said; and then, "But really I don't see why I should discuss your—your love affairs, Mr. Sydney."

"Pardon me—nor do I," I told her; "but you began it. It was you thrust yourself into a matter that has no relation to you."

"I did nothing of the kind," she burst forth haughtily, and rose in all her angry beauty. I rose with her. "Then I am

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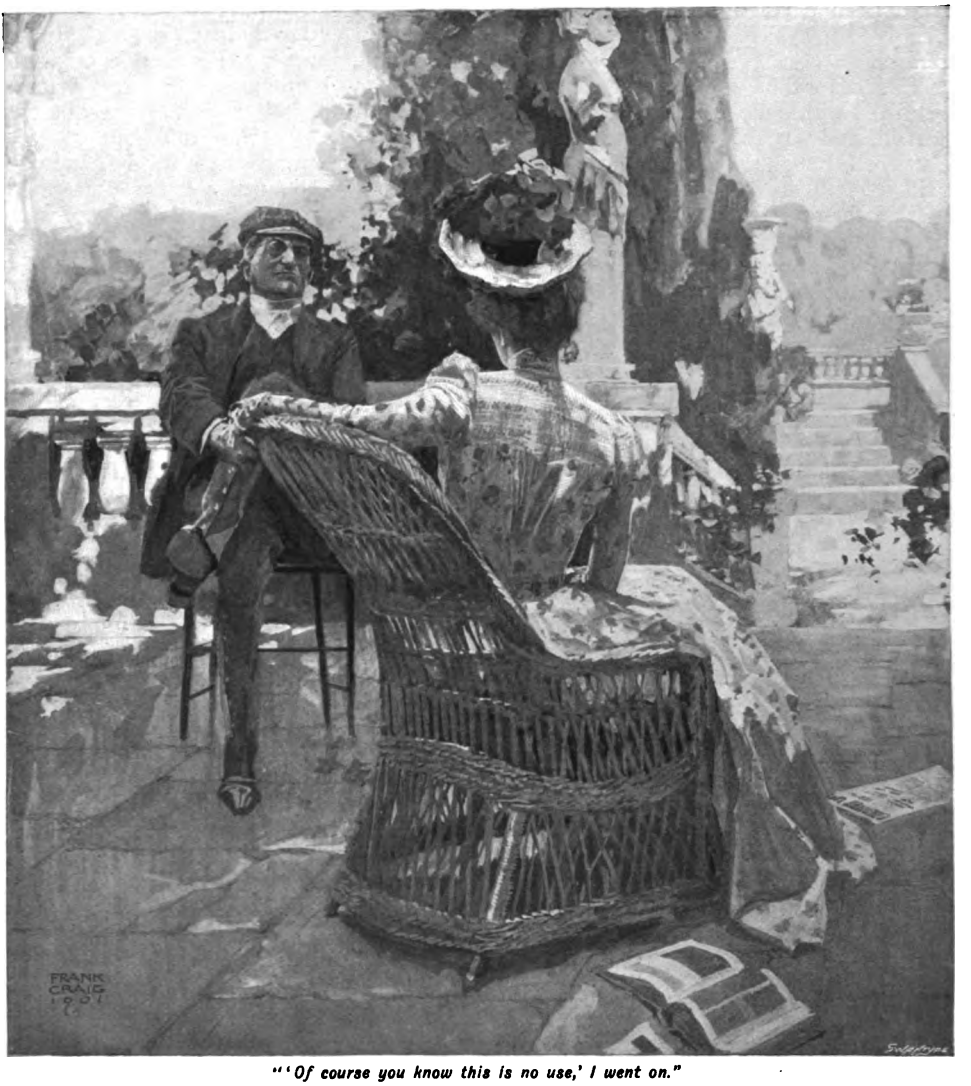


*"'Of course you know this is no use,' I went on."*

to tell Lady Orvill that you refuse to acknowledge her authority?" she said with equal dignity, as she turned to go.

"Tell her, please, that I shall have the honour of waiting on her to-morrow, in the hope that she will be better," I replied, and with a sweep of my hat I went down the steps.

That fool Bates met me in the park, full of chatter and sympathy.

"Didn't manage to see her, I suppose, Sydney? Well, I'm sorry for you, my dear chap. I'm afraid it's no go. Lady Orvill's a woman with a will."

"A man may have a will too," said I sulkily.

"No doubt, no doubt," agreed Bates, and rambled on. I gathered that he considered my case the more desperate as Sir James Garland had arrived at the Hall. "She's going to fire both barrels," said old Bates, gleefully. "One at Garland, with his £30,000 a year, and t'other at Mrs. Glen-Warrington."

The name brought me up. "Whom did you say?" I asked.

"Why," said Bates importantly, "Mrs. Glen-Warrington, you know, the rich widow. There's another £20,000 for Orvill, d'ye see?"

I shook him off. I did see. They were going to sacrifice sweet Sylvia to the

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lumpish Garland, that decent clod of English clay. And so Mrs. Glen-Warrington was a widow!

I put my teeth together, and went over to the Hall next day, as I had threatened. The Countess was still in bed, but had written me a letter, which was placed in my hands by Mrs. Glen-Warrington. I read it on the terrace, to which we had drifted instinctively. "My dear Mr. Sydney," it opened. (It had usually been "Dick.") There was certainly nothing in the letter to resent. Lady Orvill was frank in stating that she had learned from her daughter with surprise that we had had a secret understanding for six months, and she was hurt at the thought that we had considered it necessary to keep from her a piece of news which affected her so vitally. There were many reasons, she said, why she could not regard the somewhat startling information with composure; and she hoped that, as a gentleman, I would recognise in the circumstances the inadvisability of communicating with Lady Sylvia until her mother was able to see me and explain her views. When I had finished the letter I looked up, and found Mrs. Glen-Warrington's eyes on me.

"It is polite," I said, "but hardly satisfactory. I am not to see Sylvia, then?"

"I hope you will acquit me of any responsibility in the case," she said smilingly.

"My dear lady, I can see you have behaved with absolute discretion and fairness," I answered. "But you have hidden Sylvia."

"Mr. Sydney," she said, "I am right in supposing you to be a good deal older than Sylvia?"

"Fifteen years, as near as possible," I answered.

"Don't you think that, perhaps, it is a little unfair on a girl so young to be asked to make up her mind all at once?"

"She has had two seasons in Town," I answered meditatively; "and I am not a grandfather, though I may seem so to you, Mrs. Glen-Warrington."

She coloured slightly. "I am not talking of myself," she said. "I, like yourself, am of mature years. Sylvia is different, and she is young for her age, moreover."

"The point, I take it, is rather one of affection," I said.

She tapped her foot as if with impatience. "I suppose I shall not see Sylvia, then?" I said. Mrs. Glen-Warrington said nothing. "I consider, as a gentleman," I went on deliberately, "that I am justified in ignoring this letter. I will write to Sylvia, and appeal to her."

A faint smile showed on Mrs. Glen-Warrington's face. "You shall do as seems best to you," she said. "I do not enjoy playing duenna, I assure you."

At this moment there was a sound of whistling from the house, and we both turned towards the windows. It was Orvill who came out, dressed for horseback. I was somewhat interested to see how they would meet, those two who were destined for each other, and would make so satisfactory a match. Orvill was awkward, and his short voice was even shorter than usual.

"How are you, Dick?" he said, nodding; and there was a blank pause. "Going on all right?" he asked, with artificial cheerfulness. He looked at Mrs. Glen-Warrington, and she looked away. Following her gaze, I saw a sight which whipped me at once to action. In the distance, and descending by the steps of the nether terrace, was Sylvia, and with her was the ridiculous Garland.

"Excuse me," said I: "if you haven't the courage of your opinions, Orvill, I have," and I ran lightly along the terrace towards the others.

Garland stared at me with stolid annoyance, but Sylvia was fluttered. During our brief interview her glance danced fearfully towards the windows of the house.

"If you will allow me," I said civilly to Garland, "I have something to say to Lady Sylvia."

He muttered something, and stood aside. "Sylvia," said I, "this can't go on"

"My mother, Dick——" she began eagerly.

"I do not care one button for your mother," I interrupted rudely; "it is only you I have in mind. She has the honour to have given you birth, but apart from that the Countess of Orvill is no more to me than the gargoyles on the terrace. She is a part of the Hall furniture—that's all."

"Oh, Dick, you oughtn't to say that," said pretty Sylvia, with one frightened glance at the windows. "She forbids me to see you. I am doing wrong in

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letting you talk to me now," said poor Sylvia.

"Wrong!" I said scornfully. "Aren't you your own mistress, child? Don't be tied to Lady Orvill's apron. We have our own lives to live, and are going to live them."

"Ye—es," said Sylvia weakly.

"Of course," I went on, looking into her pretty, troubled face, "of course, if you have mistaken your feelings in regard to me——"

"Oh no, oh no," said Sylvia hastily: "I do—I do care for you very much."

"You don't forget that evening in the long gallery, dear?" I asked her.

Sylvia's beautiful eyes were lifted to mine, and dropped again; they were humid and bright, and that was answer enough.

"I must really go," she said anxiously.

"If it wasn't for this hulking fellow here, I would kiss you," I said, wavering, for she looked amazing, and tempted me.

Sylvia hurriedly withdrew a step. "You mustn't, Dick; oh, you mustn't think of it!" she cried fearfully.

"Well, my mind is made up," I said confidently, and watched her go. She threw a little shy smile of affection at me as she turned to go with Garland. When I passed along the terrace again, Mrs. Glen-Warrington was still there, but Orvill was gone.

"I'm afraid I shall have to report this, Mr. Sydney," she said sweetly. She had a book in her hand, and the morning breeze played in her soft brown hair.

"You are at liberty to do all that is proper to the position to which you have been appointed," I said bluntly.

"Well, I don't think I am asking for permission," she said dryly, though she had flushed slightly; and, bowing stiffly, she resumed her book.

It was clear that from that time a better guard was taken. I got no sign of Sylvia, and only one frightened answer to my several letters. She begged me to wait; said that mamma was still ill, and hoped that it would be all right when she was well. I did not see why it should be, but after all, it seemed that I had no alternative but to wait. I understood Orvill to say frankly that he would be hanged if he'd interfere. There was no help, therefore, from any one, unless the help were to come from Sylvia herself. A week later I met Orvill riding with Mrs. Glen-Warrington, and the former drew in. I saluted and looked at the lady, who attentively stroked her horse.

"I say, Dick, I've been telling Mrs. Glen-Warrington about that oak room of yours and the carvings. She'd like to see it."

I said I should be charmed, and she glanced at me for the first time. "If we are enemies, we can patch up a truce for an afternoon, Mr. Sydney," she said, with a little laugh.

"Certainly," I answered politely. "Will you bring Sylvia?"

Orvill threw back his head and laughed loudly. "You're a caution, Dick!" he said: "you have the cheek."

"I don't know that the truce could include terms so unusual," said the lady pleasantly. "You see I'm not in full power. The Commander-in-chief would have to be consulted."

"If Orvill had had a spark of courage, he would have kept the command in his own hands," I said.

"Oh, come! oh hang it, Dick!" protested the Earl. "I leave it to you and Sylvia. You can have my blessing if you want it."

Mrs. Glen-Warrington gazed from one of us to the other, and I wondered what was running in her mind. Her smile was enigmatic, but very friendly, and as dulcet as an angel's. They rode on, and I watched them disappear at a bend in the lane.

Not Mrs. Glen-Warrington but Sir James Garland visited me at the Grange that same week. He came after dinner, drank a good many liqueurs of my special brandy, and smoked three strong cigars from his own case. He talked at intervals, very heavily and in mighty earnest, and it was hours before I discovered what he wanted. He had come, if you please, to talk about Woman! Although it is permissible to speak of women in the way of gossip, no one over thirty should talk about Woman; everything has been said before that age, and the problem either solved or given up. But Garland aired his views with complacency. He liked spirit, he said, in a woman, and beauty, of course. But give him a woman of character, after all.

This was not very lucid, nor original, nor interesting; and I suggested that you could not be certain how much character a woman had until you married her, or

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*"He had come, if you please, to talk about Woman!"*



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some one else did. There he smiled with greater composure than ever.

"Precisely," he assented. "There you have it, my dear fellow. Unless you or some one else marries her. You never said a truer word."

I was naturally glad to receive Garland's intelligent approbation, but I was not aware that the statement was signally remarkable for its truth. However, I acknowledged the compliment, and waited. I wondered, as a matter of fact, what bearing this had on Sylvia, and eyed him carefully with a view to evading an indecent conflict of words. But it was not of Sylvia that he was thinking, as I discovered, for he began to ask me some questions about Mrs. Glen-Warrington.

"I'm told she has twenty thousand a year. I know nothing," I said; "but every one gossips about his neighbour or his stranger. I never set eyes on the lady before."

"No," said Garland, scanning me heavily; and he lit a third cigar, and chuckled, "We all know where you're gone."

"I'm glad to be so easy of interpretation," I said frigidly, "as I evidently must be. It seems my affairs are public property, like the King's."

"Oh, come, Sydney," he remonstrated, "you gave yourself away, you know. Lord, I shan't forget," he said, with a grin of appreciative recollection, "how sick I was when you ran into my little tea-party. But I will say this, Sydney, and that's that you've been rather hardly treated, by Jove. I don't see what's wrong with you myself."

"Don't you?" I retorted, keeping my anger within blankets. "And I suppose you don't know, not seeming to be extremely intelligent, why you're down here, and how much your infernal rent-roll is?"

"Hang it all, Sydney," said Garland uneasily—"shut up; after all, you've got a good enough income."

"After all," I said bitterly, "I haven't got thirty thousand a year, and my grandfather didn't make his money out of silk."

"I don't think that's fair," protested Garland, with his big face red.

"Perhaps it isn't," I admitted. "At any rate, you're all right wherever you go, and thirty thousand pounds will buy a good deal."

He was not offended, being dull and insensitive.

"Hum!" said he reflectively, "I don't know that it will buy what I want. You see, you say she's got twenty thousand on her own."

I stared at him. "You mean to tell me," I said coldly, "that you've transferred your young affections to Mrs. Glen-Warrington."

"Hang it, don't be so satirical," he said, with some impatience.

"I daresay thirty thousand pounds can buy twenty thousand," said I, slowly.

Garland had seemed a greater ass to me than usual, and I was relieved to think that Sylvia, at least, was to be freed from his gross paws and importunities. Mrs. Glen-Warrington might guard herself from her lubberly admirer as best she could. I saw neither of them for a week; and Orvill only once, when he was bad-tempered, and swore more than usual.

It was on a hot afternoon in July that I came upon the Hall party next, and to my satisfaction I observed that Sylvia was with the others. They were four, and included, besides my poor girl and Mrs. Glen-Warrington, Garland and old Bates, and they were all riding. I struck my heels into my own chestnut, and went over a hedge or two towards them. The lane into which they had turned descended far below the level of the fields, like the road that winds to Hades on an easy gradient. But from the meadow it was another matter, and Roger took the jump with a snort of fear. I knew every foot of the district, however; and down he came, practically all four feet at once, into the deep ditch, scarcely twenty paces in front of the party.

Mrs. Glen-Warrington cried out, Garland said "Good Lord," and Sylvia, who had seen me do the same thing a dozen times, went red and hung back. Old Bates was greatly flustered.

"Mrs. Glen-Warrington," said I, "I have not yet enjoyed the honour of that visit," and with that turned to Sylvia. "How are you, Sylvia dear?" said I; and Sylvia went redder.

"Mr. Sydney, pardon me, but this is not permissible," said Mrs. Glen-Warrington's prim voice. I threw a glance round at her.

"Is it to be *force majeure*, then?" I asked flippantly. She looked at Garland, who was grinning, and shrugged his

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shoulders. "Although I don't particularly admire women on horseback," I went on, scrutinising Sylvia, "I do think you look extremely sweet, dear child."

"Mamma has told me——" began Sylvia tremulously.

"I have heard Mamma's messages until I am sick," I interrupted; "besides, she has delegated her authority, I understand," and I looked at Mrs. Glen-Warrington.

"I have nothing to say," said that lady with asperity, "except to report to Lady Orvill that we were held up by a highwayman."

"I'm sure I don't mind," I said, "nor does Sylvia: and without your permission I will take leave to accompany you on the way a little."

Mrs. Glen-Warrington eyed me, and then suddenly turned her horse's head round and continued on her way. Garland followed her, and old Bates hung back to keep Sylvia and myself company. We didn't want him, and I told him so most plainly.

"My dear Sydney, it's not right," he stuttered. "Lady Orvill will——"

"That's her business and mine," I said. "Go away. Sylvia, tell him to go away."

But Sylvia was grievously embarrassed.

"Really, Lady Sylvia——" protested old Bates.

I gave his horse a crack across the loins, and he went leaping forward, with old Bates—an infamous horseman—clutching at the reins. I turned to Sylvia.

"Sylvia dear," said I, "I have somewhere about two thousand pounds a year, the Grange, and not a penny more. Are you willing to sacrifice more glorious prospects and defy your mother for my sake and that?"

"Of course I—do care for you, Dick," protested Sylvia. "I don't care how little money you've got. Only Mamma——"

"Look here," I broke in, "let us give Mamma a rest. She needs it. And you and I will ride straight away to Orvill and put it to him. He has promised us his blessing."

"But Orvill's in Town," said Sylvia; "and, besides, we're going on to the Downs."

"All right," I assented cheerfully. "Then I'll go to the Downs with you, and we'll go to Orvill together later." And I rode on to Mrs. Glen-Warrington.

"Lady Sylvia and I have arranged that I shall accompany her on the ride," I explained, "and let Lord Orvill decide to-night."

"I cannot prevent your following us," said Mrs. Glen-Warrington coldly.

"You think I've behaved badly?" I asked. Garland had fallen back to Sylvia and Bates.

"I have my own opinion, but I do not know that it is necessary to publish it," she replied demurely.

"I do not see that there's anything specially wrong in it," I observed meditatively. "I gave Lady Orvill fair warning through you that it was to be war."

"The war of a man of the world against an innocent girl," she retorted shortly.

"Pardon me, no," I answered; "but the war of one poor man against two strong women." She smiled. "In any case," I continued, "there's no harm done by this. You and old Bates are chaperones, so to speak."

"Come," said Mrs. Glen-Warrington, whipping up her horse, "I'm not a grandmother yet, although I may seem so to you, Mr. Sydney."

When she slackened speed I drew near again. "I see you think I have taken an unfair advantage," I said, "and so I'll meet you half-way. I'll give you my word not to ride with her."

"What do you mean?" she asked, turning on me her full eyes.

"I'll ride with you," I said.

Mrs. Glen-Warrington broke out into laughter. "I think your impudence is bewildering," she said, but she did not refuse.

By the time we had surmounted the Downs, the horizon southward lowered upon us. A thick blackness marched steadily across the sky, heralded by a cold and whistling wind. It fell presently as dark as nightfall, and very soon the storm was upon us. The rain lashed about our faces, and the thunder blared forth, terrifying the horses. The Downs here were open, and the water poured upon us in streams.

"This way," I shouted,—"we can find shelter here," and I beckoned Sylvia forward.

Mrs. Glen-Warrington looked helpless, for the first time in my experience of her. On the borders of the dark pine-wood stood a keeper's cottage, and here

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we sheltered till the storm passed. It was long in passing, but the time did not hang. I think we should have been comfortable enough if it had not been for our wet clothes. Poor Sylvia's hair was out of curl, and she looked at me piteously. I urged the woman of the cottage to supply wraps and to light fires.

"Bless you, yes," she said heartily: "I'll soon have the little miss dry."

Garland was in conversation with Sylvia, who had mustered spirit enough to make a little grimace at me; and Bates hovered, unnecessary and officious, about us all. Heaven knows what tale he would have to forward to Lady Orvill. But my conscience was, of course, clear.

"You see I am carrying out my compact to the letter," I told Mrs. Glen-Warrington.

*"'Sylvia,' I said, 'the time has come.'"*

"If you heard that," said Mrs. Glen-Warrington to me, "it should surely give you pause in your wicked design."

The good woman halted before us. "And I can see your good lady would be the better of a change also," she said cheerfully.

"If you heard that——" said I; but Mrs. Glen-Warrington had turned away, and I had only the glimpse of a pink cheek.

"What compact?" she asked indifferently. "There's only a compact when there are two parties to an agreement," she added; and then looked at me hard. "I congratulate you on your strength of will. You resist temptation amazingly."

The voice seemed somehow to contain a mocking note; but I had no time to consider that. The rain had taken off, it was getting late, and we must be starting.

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We plunged into the long reach of the forest, which, what with the darkened sky and its own natural shadows, was like a piece of the dominion of night. The roads were but tracks that crossed and recrossed to the valleys below; but I was no stranger in that neighbourhood. As I led the way on the narrow path, with Mrs. Glen-Warrington beside me, I was aware that Garland's big bay was thrusting towards us. The nose of his horse was at my crupper, and ere I was aware my companion had fallen back to Sir James. I was evidently to enjoy the solitude of pioneer. When we had gone a little farther Garland dismounted to attend to his horse's foot, which had caught up a stone, and the rest of us went on. We came to a place where four roads met in the wood, and where were the remains of a finger-post. I dashed downwards towards the valley, and the others followed. I felt Mrs. Glen-Warrington drawing close to me, and heard her voice.

"Does Sir James know that we have taken this road?" she asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," I replied. "It's the proper road."

She meditated. "I think we ought to see that he doesn't miss his way," she said presently.

"There's a sign-post," I said indifferently.

"You know very well that it's battered out of recognition," she said with asperity.

"I can't wait," I said. "It's my duty to get you and Lady Sylvia home. There'll be some more rain before long. Look!" She did look. "I'm not responsible for Sir James," I said pleasantly. "You will admit I've given him every chance this afternoon."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Glen-Warrington faintly, and gently arresting her horse she fell back to the others.

I saw her out of the tail of my eye engaging them in talk, and I noticed that she pointed her whip upwards into the gathering darkness. I saw old Bates shake his head, and on an impulse I waited for them. Mrs. Glen-Warrington's eyes questioned me.

"I'm now going to take my chance," I said in passing. "You will admit I've been quite fair."

She watched me with a puzzled expression as I reined in by Sylvia. Sylvia was laughing; she enjoyed a ride, she liked adventure, and she didn't mind getting wet. But she was afraid of her mother.

"Sylvia," I said, "the time has come." She looked startled. "We must come to some conclusion, you know."

"I thought we had," she said weakly.

"What conclusion?" I asked.

"Well, Mamma——"

I don't remember how I interrupted her, but Sylvia looked shocked.

"The question is," I pursued, "are you going to give me up for Mamma?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Sylvia; and irrelevantly, but with interest, "Did you really lose Sir James on purpose?"

"Yes, I did," I answered shortly. "I thought he had enjoyed your society as much as he ought."

"Oh!" said Sylvia, with a little merry laugh. "I wonder if he'll ever find his way home?"

I said I didn't care. That was the best of Sylvia. She had an eye for a joke, which was more than could be said for Mrs. Glen-Warrington. But I brought her back to the point.

"The question is, Sylvia dear, whether you are going to sacrifice me to your mother. Let us come to an understanding."

Sylvia was confused. "We needn't decide at once," she said. "There's no hurry."

"Oh, but there is," I protested irritably. "Here have I been put to your doors for the last three weeks, used as a beggar-man, while you have been playing columbine——"

"You mustn't say such things, Dick," interrupted Sylvia severely. "If Mamma——"

I said something.

"Do you know what you're saying?" said she with asperity. "I can hardly think you know what you're saying."

I told her that Orvill ought to have accustomed her to the word by this time.

"It makes me wonder——" began Sylvia primly; and then continued, "You seem quite different. You really are unkind; and I never thought you were. Just look at what you did to poor Sir James just now."

"Oh, Sylvia, Sylvia!" said I; "and who burst out laughing?"

"I did nothing of the sort," she said indignantly. "I only laughed at the *idea*."

"Oh, well," I said helplessly, "let us come to some conclusion. Shall I put

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the question? Are we to be married? Those in favour of the motion please signify——"

"Now you are insulting," she said, on her dignity.

"Well, I withdraw. But I want a plain answer."

"You see," said Sylvia, rubbing her whip gently across her horse's neck, "I don't believe we are really suited to each other, Dick. You have a very bad temper, and Mamma was saying——"

"I think we ought to manage this without Mamma," I managed to interject with exemplary calmness. "Yes or no?"

"If you are so rude, then, *no*," said Sylvia, with spirit.

"Very well, so be it," I answered, and pushed forward my horse to Mrs. Glen-Warrington and Bates.

"May I suggest, Mrs. Glen-Warrington," I said, "that the Grange is yonder, and that you are all tired and wet, and would be the better for tea, or brandy, or something of the kind."

Mrs. Glen-Warrington's lips parted as she gazed at me with hesitation.

"There are also those oak rooms to see," I went on; "and it is more than a mile to the Hall."

"I should like to see the rooms," said Mrs. Glen-Warrington.

"If I might advise——" began old Bates fussily.

"We don't want your advice," I interposed brutally: "And your face would be all the better for a wash," I added with intention.

"I think perhaps we ought to take advantage of Mr. Sydney's offer," said Mrs. Glen-Warrington tentatively.

As old Bates was now occupied in an attempt to discover where his face was dirty, and simultaneously to hide it, there was no opposition, and we reached the Grange. Tea and brandy were both served, and Sylvia drank one and Bates the other. As I passed the former on the way to the oak rooms, she whispered, "You're not angry, Dick?"

"Not in the least," I answered. "Only sore."

Sylvia's pretty eyelashes drooped, and then her pretty white teeth met meditatively in a cake she held. Mrs. Glen-Warrington and I went into the farther rooms, which she was pleased to say delighted her. We lingered looking out on the view, which was wonderful in the falling afternoon.

"Do you know," I began suddenly, "that I've come to the conclusion that you're right about Sylvia. She *is* too young."

Mrs. Glen-Warrington started almost imperceptibly. "Indeed!" she said, after a pause. "But after all I'm no judge. I was just regretting I had been dragged into the affair at all." She smiled on me faintly. "You have your chance. Really you ought to be with her now. I think I should look over it, especially considering the storm."

"Oh, I've no longer any right there," I replied. Sylvia has told me as much. I wear the willow."

She gave me a glance. "Then there is certainly no harm in your joining her," she said. "I'll explain to Lady Orvill."

"I had much rather be here," I said, and Mrs. Glen-Warrington turned her head to the door.

"Isn't that Sir James's voice?" she asked, very interested

"Yes," I assented. "He has blundered on us somehow."

She laughed. "You are very spiteful. And he is left alone with Sylvia?"

"You forget old Bates," I said.

"Oh, he will be chaperone—he will know his duty," and we both laughed.

There was a pause, in which she stirred. She moved slowly towards the door, but involuntarily my hand went out as if to detain her, and I found her fingers in mine.

"Mr. Sydney!" she said, in uncertain tones of surprise.

"I am not ashamed," I said boldly.

"You—you are outrageous," she said, with an awkward laugh. "You have no manners, and, it seems to me, few morals."

I still held her hand firmly, and she ceased to struggle.

"I have what I want *now*," I said.

"You had what you wanted an hour ago," she replied, and her colour deepened.

"I have never had it," I said quietly.

She looked down at the hand which held hers. "Is this Sylvia's discards?" she asked softly.

"Yes," I said boldly.

Mrs. Glen-Warrington laughed low. "Why did you do it?" she asked. "How vain men are!"

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"No," I reflected. "I think it was only obstinacy."

"I knew it wasn't——" But here Mrs. Glen-Warrington stopped abruptly and blushed. The sound of voices from the other room came in to us. "We must go back now," said she, and her hand was no longer captive.

"May I come and see you in Town?" I asked quickly.

She shot a glance at me. "Yes, if you think I am not too old. . . . I go to-morrow."

"And Lord Orvill?" I queried.

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Glen-Warrington, lifting her eyebrows.

"Poor Lady Orvill!" I said with sympathy.

"Indeed! As apparently Lady Orvill has succeeded in . . . has succeeded, she should be congratulated," she said.

"Succeeded!" I cried. "Well, poor Sir James, then!"

Mrs. Glen-Warrington treated the remark as if she had not heard it. We joined the others.

Sir James also left for Town the next day, and Lady Orvill got out of bed for the first time. I never heard what she said, for old Bates wasn't present. But we are now on excellent terms, and Lady Sylvia is a great favourite of my wife.

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BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

THE high pagodas of the pine
Through whose dim floors the south wind sings,
Whose jewelled tassels toss and shine,
Astir with airy whisperings,—
There, where green jalousies divide,
Shift—for an instant blown aside—
I see a glint of rainbow wings.

All day until the sun has set,
"The pines are full of birds," they say.
But I know better: never yet
Shone feathered folk in such array.
When the moon rises round and low—
O, then I see—O, then I know
The Little People dance and play.

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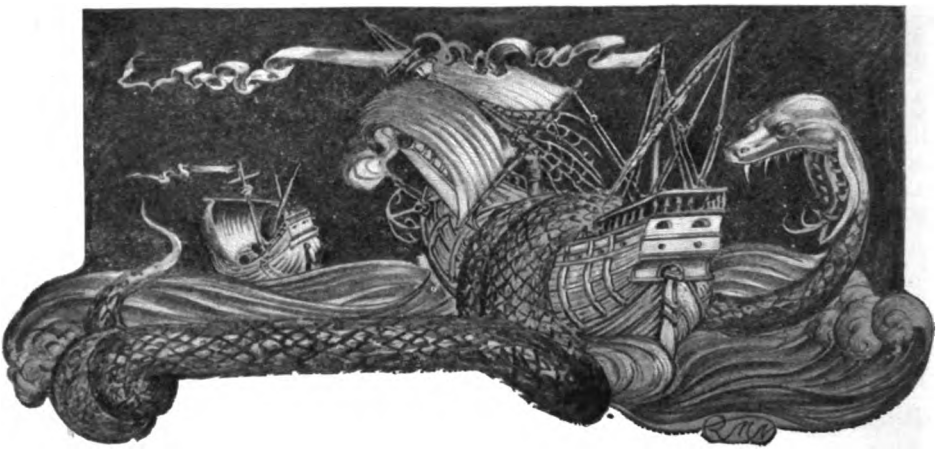

# STUDIES UNDER THE SEA.

## *I. THE INVASION OF THE DEVIL-FISH.*

BY MATTHIAS DUNN.

I SHALL call the whole of the sea monsters I intend to mention in this paper by the name of "Cuttles." This appellation evidently comes from the Old English word "cuddle," to hug or to embrace; and as all of this family are fond of this work, I fail to see how the name "squid" can equal or rival it. Of course this word is derived from "squirt," and has reference to the creature throwing its ink at a distance among its enemies; but this habit is not shared by the nautilus family, therefore the first name is the *most* appropriate, because it covers the habits of the whole species.

In this group the dwarf and the giant are both extreme. The little sepiola is not a finger's length, and is as timid as a mouse. When driven hard it will excavate a shelter in the sand by blowing water violently on it through its funnel. The kraken with its compeers rivals the whale in length, and is as daring as the most violent of the sharks.

The senses of the cuttles are of a very high order. To look at the tongue is enough to satisfy an expert that its tasting powers must be exquisite. The eyes are generally large, brilliant, and of wide compass, in many respects superior to those of some of the vertebrata, but presenting peculiarities of great interest to the anatomist. The ears consist of two circular cavities behind the eyes, in each of which is found a sac, containing a clear fluid, and an earstone or otolith, composed of carbonate of lime. The sense of smell seems to belong to a pair of organs close below the eyes and rather behind them, each in a depression with swollen borders containing a soft knob or wart-like protuberance, and which are supplied with special nerves. The sense of touch is found on the whole skin of the animal, but more especially in the arms and tentacles.

As far as we know, they have no completely closed bloodvessels, hence their blood is transparent, violet or green, but seldom red.

They have the economy of constantly changing their colour and assimilating it to every feature of their surroundings. When life is in full swing, the surface of their bodies is often covered with spots, which are continually altering their position, size, and colour, often running into each other and playing freaks of the most astonishing character. This phenomenon is brought about through the structure of the skin, which contains elastic cavities in which are found many coloured fluids, all of which are under the nerve force of the creature and therefore subject to the ever-varying emotions of the animal.* In the capture of my first octopus it almost tricked me

* Also see Gosse's *Marine Zoology*, vol. ii. p. 132.

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through its cunning and the use of these colours in mimicking its surroundings. On the coasts of Cornwall, in the still summer sea, there are niches and coves of wondrous beauty, decorated with such a variety of stately weeds that at times it impressed me with the idea that I was gazing down into the interior of some weird palace in the sea, awaking depths of such intense soothing wonder in my personality as I never dreamt were hidden there, which finally melted into awe and worship of the Maker of such magnificence. Into one of these coves the nursehound sharks yearly come and arrange their accouchement-beds, and before leaving tie their eggs to the blue and green iridescent scintillating seaweeds, which add still more beauty to the scene.

As this sanatorium was only about a mile from my home, I eagerly looked and longed for a time when, by a combination of happy circumstances, the sea should recede so far out as to give me the opportunity of walking among these new and glowing phrases of life.

After waiting long, the opportunity came, and I shall never forget the day, when in the sunlight I wandered among such a variety of almost fantastic beauty. Besides these splendid seaweeds * I was struck with the masses of the anemone, and their beautiful and varied colours; also, on turning over a few stones, with the grace and loveliness of the fishes, nearly all of which had suckers on their breasts; but most of all with the sea urchins. The habits of these creatures are passing strange, for they can climb up the steepest precipices with ease, ahd on this occasion they were as large as basins, and were there by the score, in blue and mauve and pink; no doubt these dresses belong to their procreative periods of life, for their colours at other seasons of the year are very quiet.

Evidently when under the influence of this instinctive congressive problem, which in the Genus *Homo* is sometimes called love, they had travelled in miles from the outer depths to meet their companions in this paradise of the sea. How they managed to see and know each other, it is difficult to tell; and how the intuition of approach is manifested is just as difficult, for they have no known eyes. Yet here they were together, having travelled all this distance on their tiny stumps or spines, which could not have given them greater progress than a mile a month. The eloquent historian of British Star-fishes (Professor Forbes) observes: "The skill of the Great Architect of Nature is not less displayed in the construction of a sea-urchin, than in the building up of a world," and if the fabrication of this creature is so incomprehensible, possibly its habits and affections are no less wonderful.

When thinking what more I could discover without making any great disturbance among these now almost helpless families, I moved out to the point of the rocks, which formed one side of the cove; there I saw a small cavern with about three inches of water in it; and on stooping down and looking into it, I found myself face to face with *Octopus vulgarius*, of about three and a half feet stretch of arms. This quickly brought me to myself, as more than a year ago the late Frank Buckland had given me an order for one of these creatures to be sent to the Brighton Aquarium; but up to that date no fisherman could get me one. Fortunately I had brought a three-gallon pail with me, and as there was a boat within hail, which could quickly take me across the bay if I could secure my prize, I quickly put myself into shape. As there was good standing-room in front of the cavern and a plateau of rough rocks breast high by the side of me, I soon had my coat off, and seizing the monster between the head and the body, in an instant I had landed it above on the rocks. Evidently I had taken the creature by surprise, for it never attempted to throw ink or water at me: when it found out its position it made a desperate effort to reach the sea; but I was more than a match for it by violently seizing its outstretched arms and continually turning them back on itself. Quickly I called the boat alongside, and as soon as the creature was in the pail, and that filled with water, we made tracks for home. In among the rocks behind the pier at Mevagissey, at high-water neap tides there was a beautiful

* The Laminaria was there in many varieties, and in the more open ground were the *Sea Thongs* (*Himanthalia lorea*)—also in all their beauty was the *Cystoseira ericoides*, with all their full rich tints of blue and green, which at times when under the sea flashes these colours, like phosphorescent gleams from some marine animal.



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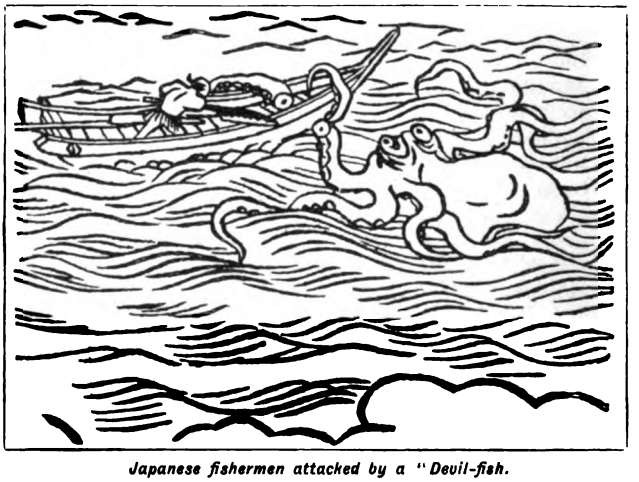
clear pool, about five feet long, three feet wide and three feet deep, with its sides covered with seaweeds and its bottom with small white and brown stones. Soon I had safely lodged it there, and it seemed to take well to its resting-place, not even searching out its corners or intricacies, but appearing as if dazed or bewildered, and all the time peeping out of the corners of its eyes on the monster who had so successfully bearded it in its den. I am sure it was as much amazed and astonished at my upright glaring form (so opposite to its own) as I should have been on seeing some daring native from another planet.

Seeing that it appeared quiet in its new resting-place, I hastened away to get a carter and a large iron tank in order to reach the train and transmit it quickly to Brighton. Soon I was back at the spot, but imagine my consternation when I discovered that not a sign of the brute could be found anywhere! The sea was full forty feet away, with a cove and a ridge of rocks between it and the pool. I at once hunted the cove in all its corners, and the holes in all the rocks, but nowhere could I find it. Going back to the pool to consider my position, I chanced to look intently at the shingle on its bottom, and among it I saw an eye peeping up through the stones. In the bottom of the pool was a crevice in the rocks which I was not aware of. On my leaving the beast, it must have found this out, and removing the sand and shingle it got into the hole and covered itself so dexterously and mimicked the stones so cleverly with the colouring-matter in its skin, that it could not be distinguished from its surroundings; and but for its eye, it might never have been found.



*Japanese fishermen attacked by a "Devil-fish.*

Turning up my sleeves to my armpits, I began to bale out the water. When I could reach the bottom, I again made a sudden grab at the octopus; but this time it was almost equal to the occasion, for it instantly seized my arm with its tentacles and at the same moment tried to smother me with ink. As I dragged it out of its hiding-place, I shall never forget the deadly sensation of its suckers, so clammy and vicious, and as immutable as fate. However, with help and much force, I soon got it off my arm into the tank and away. Shortly before this time, Victor Hugo had published his thrilling novel "The Toilers of the Sea," in which an octopus embraced, held down and drowned one of the leading characters of the book. Hence the public were anxious to see this Devil-fish, as it was called there. But, strange to tell, the Brighton Aquarium authorities failed to get one from our English shores. After much trouble one was brought across from the French coasts, which excited much curiosity. On the day mine arrived in Brighton, the French octopus died. The next day the London *Times* came out with a leaderette on the subject, headed with the expression "The King is Dead! the King is Alive!. Long live the King," which gave a pithy account of the violence and vicissitudes in Devil-fish life.

It will be seen from these incidents how scarce *Octopus vulgarius* was on the English and French coasts only a few years ago. It is very different now: evidently they are here in thousands, as will be seen as we proceed, and are much larger than we formerly had any conception of. In the autumn of 1899 Mr. Richard Hunkin, owner of the little

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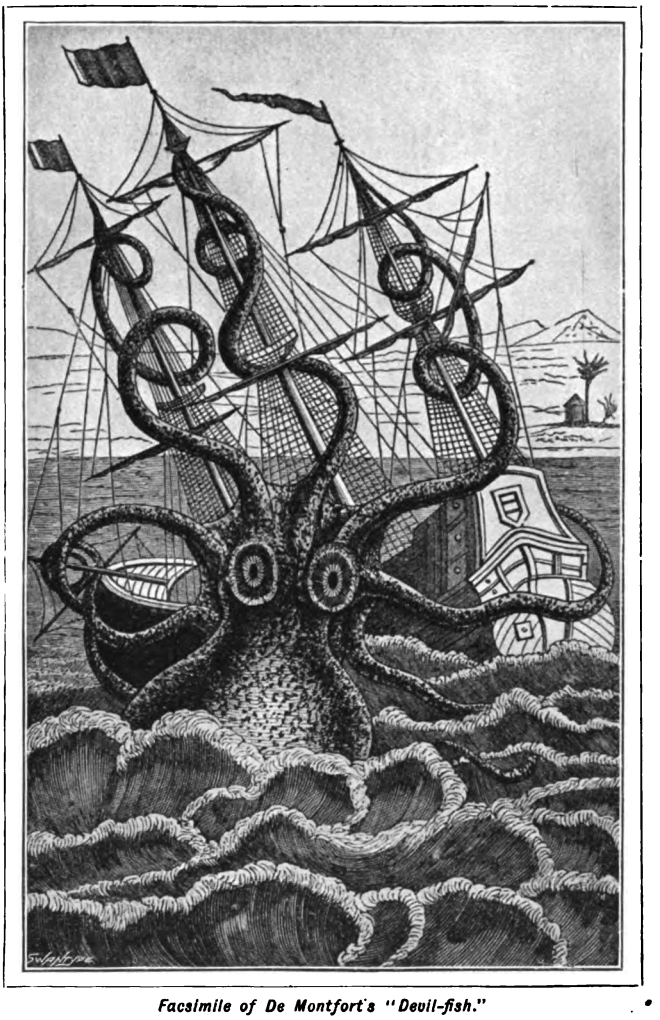
fishing boat *Unique*, when fishing a few miles to the east of the Deadman Headland, Cornwall, had a dull heavy drag on his line, and on pulling it up from the bottom, he found one of these cuttles, which instantly attacked the boat, and stuck its tentacles on it so violently that he could not proceed. Quickly, with gaff in hand, he peered down into the sea, when he saw the monster with its arms around the sides and bottom of the boat, so he dragged his gaff into it, and used all his strength to draw it on board. But he might as well have tried to draw up the sea bottom; no strength of his could start it. After waiting some time, he had to disengage his instrument, cut the line, and let the beast go.

One dark night, about the same date, Mr. Samuel Kelly, of Mevagissey, was out fishing in a little boat by himself, about a mile from the Gribbin Headland, Fowey, Cornwall; when one of these devil-fish took his bait, and with the usual effort was hauled on board. His difficulty now was to get the hook out in order to continue his work; for he had been successful in catching several other fish. But the moment he touched the brute, some of its clammy tentacles were thrown around his arm, holding him to the spot, while its other arms remained around the thwart. Presently the beast



*Facsimile of De Montfort's "Devil-fish."*

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became so violent that it really made him respect it. At last he made a supreme effort to get his hook, when the creature fastened his largest suckers on the back of his right hand, and in the battle he had to drop his line, and, with the nails of his left hand, dig the suckers out of his flesh, for they seemed to bury themselves there. After this experience there was no more doubt or indecision in the fight, for, seizing a sharp knife, he quickly cut the hook from its hold, upon which the cuttle crept away to another part of the boat.

But this did not finish Mr. Kelly's night's work. On again throwing out his line, he had a still heavier haul, and when it came to the water line he could not get it an inch further, although he used all his strength, for the line was new and stronger than he could break.

In this dilemma he had to hold on tightly, and on looking over the side, by the aid of a flickering light, he found himself glaring into the eyes of another Devil-fish, a much larger one than the first. He further found that the creature had taken the boat for its enemy and was attacking it with all its force, its tentacles embracing the stern on the one hand and running to near the middle section of his boat on the other.

Remembering his recent trouble with its neighbour, and the waste of time likely to ensue in a still longer encounter with a stronger brute, he decided not to risk another fight, but to turn its violent onslaught on the boat to his own advantage. Taking his knife and watching his opportunity, he quickly cut the hook out of the intruder, who, on being liberated, immediately dropped out of sight.

The next day I verified most of Mr. Kelly's statements. The arms of the dead octopus in the boat stretched over seven feet, and on the back of his hand was a very black bruise, more than half an inch in diameter, corresponding with the inner circle of the largest suckers of the octopus, the outer edges of which would cover a five-shilling-piece.

With the year 1900 we were still more pestered by these creatures, for they appeared in such numbers, and attacked the crabs and lobsters with such vigour, that the crab fisheries along the coasts of Devon and Cornwall generally lost fully fifty per cent. from their violence. Throughout the summer it was nothing uncommon for fishermen in one day to find from five to ten of these slimy monsters in their crab-pots, either eating the crabs or resting after their orgies. Throughout the season it was not rare to see single specimens stretching six feet and a half in length. These had no difficulty in attacking the largest crabs. A fisherman recently declared to me, that he had seen a fine, well-conditioned crab (*Cancer pagurus*), with a hole in its back made by an octopus as if bored with an auger.

The year 1901 has opened with the grip of the Devil-fish still tightening around us. As proof that these creatures have undaunted courage, backed by desperate purposes, hear the story of Mr. M. Dower, of Devonport. Accompanied by his brother, he was in a small boat in Plymouth Sound on the afternoon of March 24th, 1901. Although the weather was very cold, he thought he should like to bathe. When near the rocky bridge between Drake's Island and the mainland he undressed and had his dip. After swimming about for a few minutes, he was conscious of something giving him strange sensations around the chest, but thinking it was caused by the intense cold and aggravated in some way by some strange seaweeds, which he thought in swimming had got around him, he lulled his mind into quietness for an instant. But these feelings getting terribly intensified, he became alarmed, not knowing what to attribute them to. He hastily made for the boat, and, assisted by his brother, he was quickly tumbled into her. Judge of their horror and surprise to find he had been attacked by an octopus, which still clung to his body! With his brother's aid he soon ripped the tentacles from their deadly position; and after dressing and a little exercise he appeared none the worse for the adventure; but we may guess the end if his brother had not been there to assist him, as the creature was very large.* On the Cornish coast the season has an ominous outlook, the crab fishermen not getting ten shillings per week, although the spring fishery should be in full swing. Many men are seeking

* Mr. Dower has verified these facts to me by letter, after their appearing in the *Western Mercury*, Plymouth. He has the brute still in spirits.

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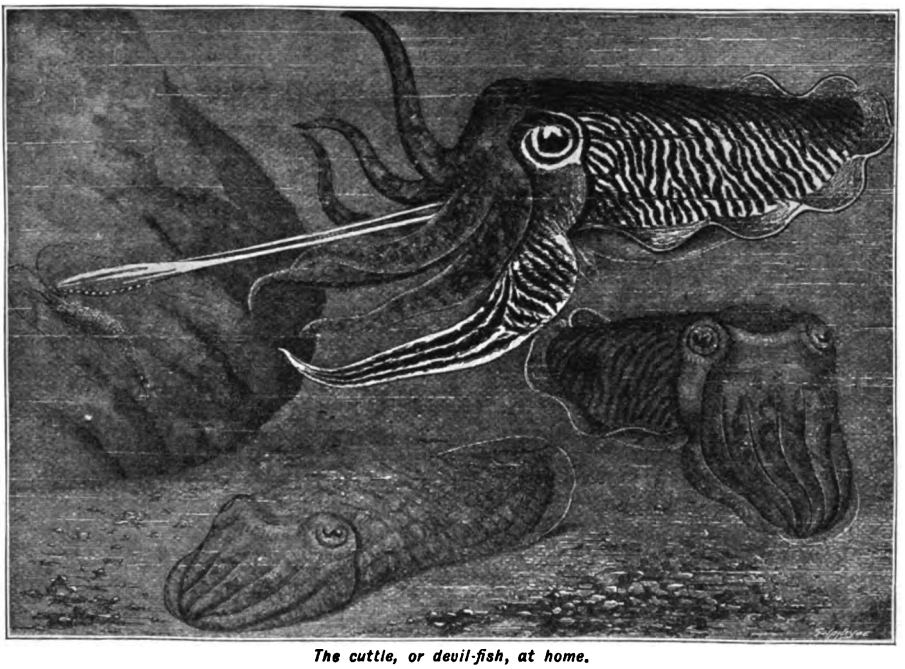
other employment, and the octopi are everywhere.

Mr. Pezzick, the Cornish Fishery Inspector, states that only recently some lobsters were left in store for a few days,



*The cuttle, or devil-fish, at home.*

when the octopi broke in and devoured the lot.

The cause of the increase of these creatures is apparent to all who watch the fisheries. Throughout all time in these western seas the conger has been the police of the crab, shielding it from these head-footed animals.

Now, the conger has the most sensitive lips of all the fish I am acquainted with; possibly it would not object to eat crabs if it could tell how to get hold of them; but the moment a crab is touched by the conger it would be sure to bite it on the lips. This would terrify the conger beyond anything I can imagine,* and as crabs and congers are neighbours, from this cause alone they live in peace together. And as the conger delights in all kinds of cuttles, and prefers them to almost any other kind of food, so the octopus delights in the crabs as food, and seeks them before anything else. Consequently the conger is always hunting the octopus and its congeners, whilst the octopus is always hunting the crab, as in the past the congers have been a thousand times more numerous than the cuttles. The conger, up to a late date, has always kept the octopus very much under, almost giving free-trade to the crab. But now there is a fear that man has broken up the balance of nature, and through that is introducing the very Devil-fish among the crabs. Formerly these crustaceans just knew there was such a force in existence; but now the evil is ever with them, and is daily exterminating the race. The cause is easily discovered. With the advance in the price of conger, through greater railway facilities and an increasing population, all the inshore fishermen have increased their fishery power by setting long lines; and three men, instead of using ten or twelve hooks on their handlines, as was the case in olden times, now practise fishing with some five or six hundred hooks. Consequently, they have almost

* Congers are so sensitive in the lips, that should a fisherman happen to prick one with his hook in the lip early in the evening, it is almost sure to spoil his night's work, as when it gets again on the sea bottom, it will be so *vicious* that it will bite at every kind of fish there and drive them away.

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denuded our inshore waters of conger. Herein lies the secret of man disturbing the relative life of the sea.

I have been led to believe that the French fishermen, through the earlier use of the long line, have cleared the conger off their coasts to a still greater extent than has been done here, and that the octopus has become a perfect plague there.

It may be that the mass of these cuttles upon our coast are only a vast shoal of migrating cuttles from the French shores, and that we may yet have conger enough left to exterminate them in a year or two. Let us hope this may be the case. It is the only ray of light visible in this looming tragedy.

In further remarking on these Devil-fish, I may state that the late Frank Buckland, on first reading Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," considered the local colouring respecting these creatures to be extreme. But at a later date, on seeing an octopus sent him from Cornwall, having over a thousand suckers on its eight arms, some large enough to cover a penny, he altered his opinion, and stated in the pages of *Land and Water* that Victor Hugo was right and he was wrong, and that the octopus in question, if it had the opportunity, *could* drown a man. And the late Henry Lee, Superintendent Naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium, held the same opinion. There is no doubt these gentlemen were not mistaken, as there are authentic cases of creatures of this family having done so. Mr. C. Laming, in his work "The French in Algiers," states that soldiers were in the habit of bathing in the sea in the evenings, when from time to time several of them disappeared. Fearing some unknown cause of drowning, bathing was forbidden by the officers. In spite of this, one evening several of the men went into the water. Suddenly one of them screamed for help. When others rushed to his assistance, they found an octopus had seized him by the leg with four of its arms, whilst it clung to the rocks with the remainder. The soldiers caught the monster and carried it home, and finally ate it. This adventure accounted for the disappearance of the men.

The Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, missionary among the inhabitants of the Hervey Islands, also states that a servant of his went diving for cuttles, leaving his son in charge of the canoe. After a short time he rose to the surface, with his nostrils and mouth covered with a large octopus. If his son had not promptly torn the living plaster from his face, he must have been suffocated—a fate which actually befell a man previously, who foolishly went diving alone.

In Appleton's *Journal of Science*, Jan. 31st, 1874, a correspondent describes an attack of an octopus on a diver off the coast of Florida, when a powerful Irishman was as a child in its grasp, and would have been drowned if he and his assailant had not been quickly dragged upon the raft; he fainted, and his companions were unable to pull them asunder, until by heavy blows they stunned the baggy beast.

This brings us to consider the larger forms of the race. Among the legends and traditions of Norway and Sweden, stories of the existence of a marine monster of enormous size, a terror to the fishermen, found a place. From its actions arose popular wonder, superstition and dread. Its desperate character is exemplified in the following "tale of the sea." Three men were out fishing on a calm day, when a shapeless prominence was seen above the surface of the sea, some thirty or forty feet away; fearing danger, they were about to get up the anchor, when suddenly, like lightning, a rope-like fleshy instrument was shot into the boat, which fastened itself around Hans Oolsen: no effort of the other men could hold him; he was dragged from them into the now seething sea, and what appeared like writhing serpents lashed the water into fragments and twined themselves around their shipmate, and as they gazed, helpless in horror and bewilderment, the monster sank with a mighty swirl, the sea closing for ever over their companion.

This creature was evidently a "kraken." Eric Pontophidan, Bishop of Bergen, describes it as being a beast of vast extent, having arms or tentacles with which it gathered its food; its excrement was thick and turbid, having a very agreeable smell. The Rev. M. Triis of Bordeon Nordland also tells of a young kraken, which filled up a narrow channel among the rocks, in which it got entangled, where it perished and putrefied, the stench of which was almost unbearable. The creature had tentacles with which it gripped the trees above high water.

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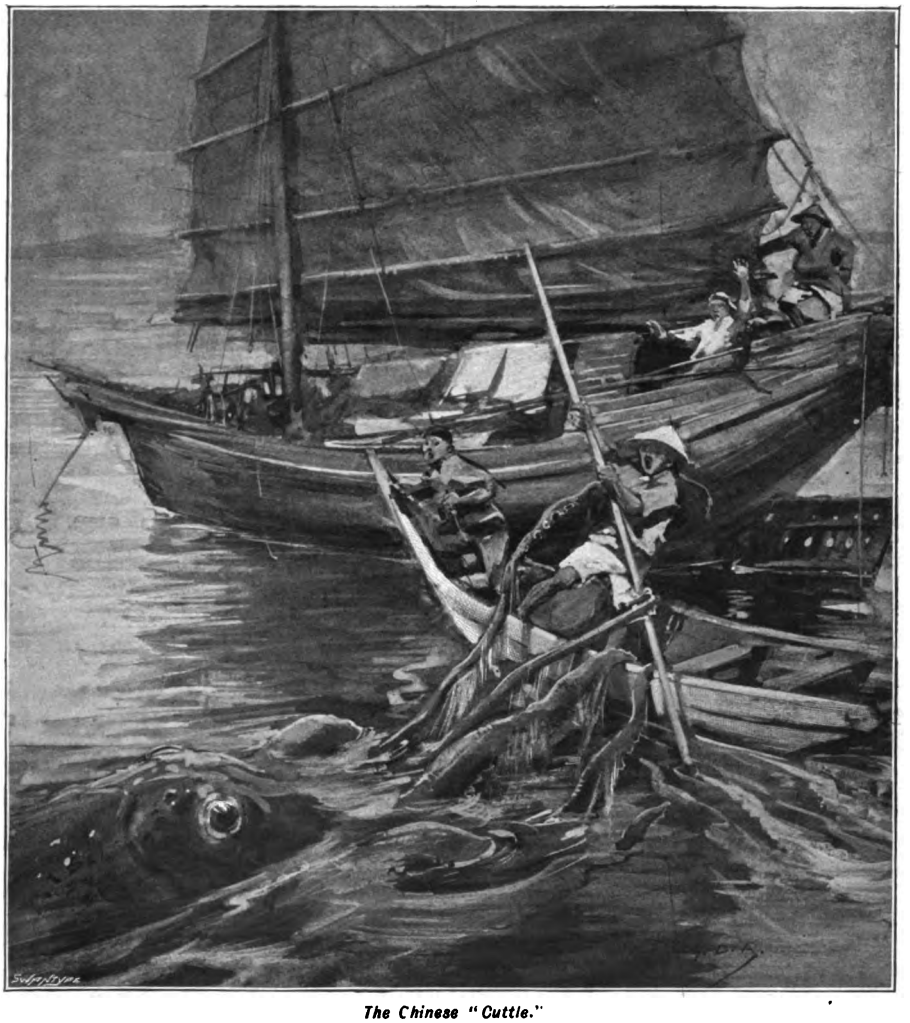
After these records by these Norsemen there seems to have been a long period without any facts being collected respecting the personality or the habits of these massive molluscs; and science even doubted their existence, when a succession of incontrovertible facts was brought



*The Chinese "Cuttle."*

to the front, proving their existence in our northern waters. Thus the Rev. M. Harvey, of St. John's, Newfoundland, records the following: On October 25th, 1873, two fishermen were out in a boat, near the eastern end of Conception Bay; observing a floating object on the water, they rowed towards it, and struck it, on which it immediately shot out two vast tentacles around the boat as if wrestling with an antagonist. Fortunately they had a hatchet on board, with which they cut the arms from the creature; which, after blacking the sea with ink, made off. One of these magnificent fragments was measured by Mr. Alexander Murray, geologist, and Professor Verril of Yale College, Connecticut, who found it to be seventeen feet long and three feet and a half in circumference. It is now preserved in St. John's College, Newfoundland. Since then scientists have further considered the subject, and concluded that the beast in its entirety could not have been less than forty-four feet long.

Mr. Harvey also produces additional evidence of other gigantic cuttles seen on

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the coasts of Newfoundland. One, cast ashore in the winter of 1871, near Lamelin, measured forty-seven feet, and another was stranded two years later in the same neighbourhood, whose total length was eighty feet. This was verified by the Rev. M. Gabriel. Another instance is given by Professor Verrill of a great cuttle found alive in Coombs Cove in 1872, whose cups on its tentacles were serrated, and whose total length was over fifty feet.

On April 26th, 1875, a very large cuttle was seen on the north-west of Boffin's Island, Ireland. It was thought to be a wreck, and a boat pulled out to it; but much to the rowers' astonishment, they found it was an enormous cuttle. Approaching it with caution they lopped off one of its arms, about eight feet long. The creature rushed out to sea at a tremendous pace. They followed it for five miles, until it appeared a little tired, when they again attacked it, and cut off its head and another tentacle. Then the beast sank. This cuttle could not have been less than from thirty-five to forty feet long. The remains of this adventure are now in the Dublin Museum. Passing by the massive cuttles, of the same character as those given above, found on the coasts of Zealand, Jutland, and the Shetland Isles in 1847, 1855, and 1860, all these facts seem to point to a large octopus of a very dangerous character once existing in the North Atlantic, whose ink had a musky odour, probably akin to the *Elodone Moschatus* of more southern seas. Personally I have no doubt that, even now, there are in the deep waters outside the Pole, cuttles longer than we have any conception of, and that surprises in the future are yet in store for the scientific world from this source. That the monsters had their enemies in these seas, is apparent from the fact that they were known to use their ink frequently, and it is now further known that the ink of all cuttles is a reserve force only used by these creatures as a last resource when in deadly peril. Who its enemies are it is not difficult to suggest. Seeing the whales are kept from being in excess in the sea by the sword-fish, what more natural than that these massive cuttles should be kept from overcrowding these northern waters by the narwhal? Scoresby describes these as being powerful and active creatures of almost incredible swiftness, but which at times are extremely playful, elevating their horns and crossing them with each other, as if they were fencing. They have never been known to attack a ship with them; hence we may reasonably conclude, their horns are not used on the whale, but on some other creature in these waters, more formidable and aggressive.

Comparing the two creatures and their weapons, the extreme length of the sword of the sword-fish is five feet, while the pointed horn of the narwhal has been known to reach over eight feet, and belongs to a much heavier and stronger beast than the sword-fish; consequently we may conclude its duties are more difficult and daring than even killing whales.

Turning away from the kraken and the North Atlantic, molluscs of great size and daring have been found elsewhere in that great dark mysterious undiscovered sea. Captain J. M. Dens, a French navigator of repute, states that when off the coasts of Africa one fine calm day, three of his men were scraping the sides of his ship, when they were attacked by one of these violent creatures, and in spite of every effort made to save them, two of them were drawn away under water, and the third, whom he rescued, died during the night. In the fight one of the creature's arms was cut off; it measured twenty-five feet, and had suckers on it as large as pot-lids.

We have also the statement of the officers and crew of the French steamer *Alecton*, Lieutenant Bouyer commander, who, on November 30th, 1861, fell in with a great cuttle between the islands of Madeira and Teneriffe. It was seen about noon floating in the surface of the sea alive. Many bullets were put through it without doing it much seeming injury. Eventually the steamer was stopped. At this juncture the creature discharged its ink bag, deeply colouring the water, and a strong smell of musk was perceptible. Harpoons were now thrust into it, but they would not hold on its yielding flesh. A rope with a running bow-line knot was, however, slipped over its fins; but when an attempt was made to hoist it on deck, the enormous weight of the creature caused the rope to cut through its flesh, when the body fell back and disappeared in the sea. Its colour was of a deep red, and the body without head or tentacles was estimated to be eighteen feet long, hence this beast must have had a total

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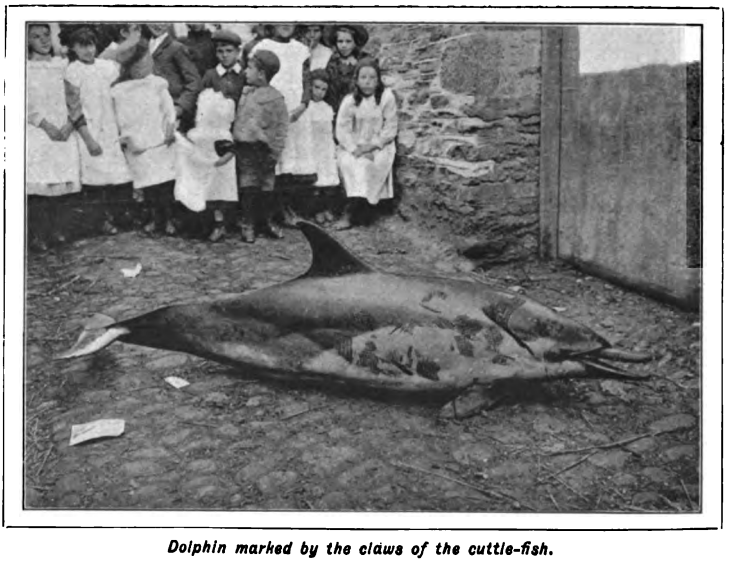
length of nearly fifty feet. M. Bentholot, the French Consul at Teneriffe, saw its fin ten days after, and sent a report of the occurrence to the Paris Academy of Sciences.

My next remarks will be on the Onychoteuthis cuttle and the whale (*Delphinus delphis*). The former instead of suckers have sharp pointed hooks or claws on their tentacles. Professor Owen, in his description of these hooks and arms, intimates that there is no known mechanical contrivance which surpasses the ingenuity of their structure.

Now let us turn to the dolphin. These little whales are often seen in the English Channel. Although seldom exceeding eight feet in length, they seem to enjoy life very much by continually evincing excessive activity and playfulness. When fishing craft are running some eight or ten miles an hour, they will gambol around them, as if to show up the slowness of the boat in comparison with their own fast life under the sea. It is evidently done for pleasure and pastime. When this is going on in the summer sunshine, it is difficult to imagine a more beautiful sight. Evidently they delight in mackerel as food. Fishermen may be almost sure of a good catch if their nets are put out at night, when these creatures are seen by day.

Early in September 1900, when the fishing-boat *Vulcan* was fishing for pilchards off the Deadman Headland, Cornwall, she had one of these whales entangled in her nets (see cut below). Although the beast was beautiful in form and colour, it was at once seen to have over forty patches of scratches over various parts of its body, some of which were actually bleeding at the time of its being caught, which much puzzled our local authorities. At a later date it was found that in 1897 the French had observed like marking in one caught on their coasts, and Messrs. Richard and Newille had a paper on it in the *Revue Soc. Zool.*, France; they regarded these deep close markings, so pertinent in this figure, as due to the cat-like claws of the cuttle fishes; and some of our English authorities seem to agree with these opinions. Personally I am doubtful of these Onychoteuthis cuttles being the cause of these many indentations in this whale, as I know of no such cuttle inhabiting the English Channel or its neighbourhood. My opinion leans towards the idea that these scratches were done by an old male dolphin. These creatures have about a hundred and fifty beautiful sharp teeth, which fit into each other like a gin, and when biting each other by the side the marks left must be similar to these.

This pretty little whale is in the University Museum, Cambridge.



*Dolphin marked by the claws of the cuttle-fish.*
*Photo by S. Dalby-Smith, Mevagissey.*

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# ENGLAND!

BY A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

AT Madeira seven of us were added to the first-class passengers of the *Cambuscan*, homeward bound from Cape Town; and even so the company made a poor muster in the saloon, which required a hundred and seventy feet of hurricane deck for covering. Those were days—long before the South African War, before the Jameson Raid even—when every ship carried out a load of miners for the Transvaal, and returned comparatively empty, though as a rule with plenty of obviously rich men and bediamonded ladies.

But every tide has its backwash; and it so happened that the *Cambuscan* held as many second and third class passengers as she could stow. They were—their general air proclaimed it—the failures of South African immigration: men and women who had gone out too early, and given up the struggle just when the propitious moment arrived. Seediness marked the second class; the third class came from all parts, from the Cape up to Pietermaritzburg, but they might have conspired to assemble on the *Cambuscan* as a protest against high hopes and dreams of a promised land. They stood aloof, watching the flashy gaieties of the hurricane-deck from their own sad penumbra—a dejected, wistful, whispering throng. "They simply don't occur," one of the bediamonded ladies remarked to me, and went on to praise the U—— Line for arranging it so. With nightfall—or a trifle later—they vanished; and at most, when the time came for my last pipe before turning in, two or three figures would be left pacing there forward—pacing and turning and pacing again. I wondered who these figures were, and what their thoughts. They and the sleepers hived beneath them belonged to another world; a world driven with ours through wave and darkness, urged by the same propellers, controlled by the same helmsman, separated only by thin partitions, which the touch of a rock would tear down like paper; yet, while the partitions stood, separated as no city separates its rich and poor. Only on Sundays did these two worlds consent to meet. They had, it appeared, a common God, and joined for a few minutes once a week in worshipping Him.

The bediamonded lady, however, was not quite accurate. Once, and once only—it was the second day after we left Madeira—the third-class passengers did "occur," to the extent of organising Athletic Sports, and even (with the Captain's leave) of levying prize-money from the saloon deck. Some four or five of us, when their delegate approached, were lounging beneath the great awning and listening, or pretending to listen, to the discourse of our only millionaire, Mr. Olstein. As usual, he recited his wrongs; and, as usual, the mere recital caused him to perspire. The hairs on the back of his expostulatory hand bristled with indignation, the diamonds on his fingers flashed with it. We had known him but two days, and were passing weary of him, but allowed him to talk. He apostrophised the British Flag—his final court of appeal, he termed it—while we stared out over the waters.

"We love it," he insisted. "We never

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see it without a lump in our throats. But we ask ourselves, How long is this affection to count for nothing? What are we to get in return?"

No one answered, perhaps because no one knew. My thoughts had flown forward to a small riverside church in England and a memorial window to one whose body had been found after Isandlwhana with the same flag wrapped around it beneath the tunic. This was *his* reward.

"Hey? What's this?" Mr. Olstein took the subscription list, fitted his gold-rimmed glasses and eyed the delegate over the paper. "Athletic Sports? Not much in your line, I should say."

"No, sir,"—and while the delegate bent his eyes a bright spot showed on either cheek. He was a weedy, hollow-chested man, about six feet in height, with tell-tale pits at the back of the neck, and a ragged beard evidently grown on the voyage. "I'm only a collector, with the Captain's permission."

"I see." Mr. Olstein pulled out a sovereign. "I don't put this on *you*, mind: I can tell a consumptive with half an eye. See here,"—he appealed to us,—"this is just what we suffer from. You fellows with lung trouble flock to a tepid hole like Madeira, when the Cape would cure you in half the time: why, the voyage itself only begins to be decent after you get south! But you won't see it; and the people who *do* see it are just the sort who don't pay us when they come, and damage us when they go back—hard cases, sent out to pick up a living as well as their health, who get stranded and hurry home half-cured."

A young Briton in the deck-chair next to mine rose and walked off abruptly, while I fumbled for a coin, ashamed to meet the collector's eye.

"Hullo!" Mr. Olstein grinned at me. "Our friend's in a hurry to dodge the subscription list."

But the young Briton turned and intercepted the collector as he moved towards the next group.

"It's your sovereign," said I, "that seems to be overlooked."

Mr. Olstein saw it at his elbow, and repocketed it. "Well if he hasn't the sense to pick it up, I've some more than to whistle him back. But that'll show you the sort of stuff we send out to compete with Germans and such-like. It's enough to make a man ashamed of his country."

This happened on a Saturday morning, and in the afternoon we attended the Sports—a depressing ceremony. The performers went through their contests, so to speak, with bated breath, and a self-consciousness which, try as we might, infected our applause and made it insufferably patronising. Their backers would pluck up heart now and again, and encourage them shrilly with Whitechapel catchwords, but anon would hush their voices in uneasy shame. Our collector, brave by fits in his dignity as steward, would catch the eye of a saloon-deck passenger, and shrink behind the enormous rosette which some wag had pinned upon him.

Next day I made an opportunity to speak with him, after service. It needed no pressing to extract his story, and he told it simply. He was a Cockney, and by trade had been a baker, in Bermondsey. "A wearing trade," he said: "the most of us die before forty. You'd be surprised." But he had started with a sound constitution, and somehow persuaded himself, in spite of warnings, that he was immune. At thirty-two he had married—"a deal later than most," he explained—and had scarcely been married three months before lung trouble declared itself. "I had a few pounds put by, having married so late; and it seemed a duty to Emily to give myself every chance: so we packed up almost at once and started for South Africa. It was a wrench to her, but the voyage out did us both all the good in the world, she being in a delicate state of health and the room in Bermondsey not fit for a woman in that condition." The baby was born in Cape Town, five months after their landing. "But they've no employment for bakers, out there," he assured me. "We found trade very low altogether, and what I picked up wasn't any healthier than in London. Emily disliked the country, too; though she'd have stayed gladly if it had been doing me any good. And so back we're going. There's one thing; I'm safe of work. My old employer in Bermondsey has promised that all right. And the child, you see, sir, won't suffer. There's no consumption, that I know of, in either of our families; and Emily, you may be sure, will see he's not brought up to be a baker."

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He announced it in the most matter-of-fact way. He was going back to England to die—to die speedily—and he knew it. "I should like you to see our baby, sir," he added. "He weighs extraordinary, for his age. My wife comes from the North of England—a very big-boned family; and he's British, every ounce of him, though he *was* born foreign." But the wife took a chill on entering the Bay, and remained below with the child; nor was it until the day we sighted England that I saw the whole family together.

We were to pick up the Eddystone: and as this was calculated to happen at sunset or a little after, the sweepstake on the saloon deck aroused a little more than the usual excitement. For the first glimpse, whether of lighthouse or light, would give the prize to the nearest guesser. If we anticipated sunset, the clearness of the weather would decide between two pretty close shots; if we ran it fine, the lamp (which carries for seventeen miles or more) might upset those who staked on daylight, even within fifteen miles of the mark. Our guesses had been tabulated, and the paper pinned up in the smoking-room.

They allowed a margin of some twenty-five knots on the twenty-four hours' run—ranging, as nearly as I can recollect, from 335 to 360; and the date being the last week of March, and sunset falling close on half-past six, a whole nebula of guesses surrounded that hour, one or two divided only by a few seconds.

A strong head wind met us in the Channel, and the backers of daylight had almost given up hope; but it dropped in the late afternoon, and by the log we were evidently in for a close finish. Mr. Olstein had set his watch by the ship's chronometer, and consulted it from minute to minute. He stood by me, binocular in hand, and grew paler with excitement as sunset drew on and the minutes scored off the guesses one by one from the list. His guess was among the last, but not actually the last by half a dozen.

We had reached a point when five minutes disposed of no less than nine guesses. The weather was dull; no one could tell precisely if the sun had sunk or not. We were certainly within twenty miles of the rock, and by the Nautical Almanack, unless our chronometer erred, the light ought to flash out within sixty seconds. If, within forty, the man sang out from the crow's-nest, Mr. Olstein would lose; after forty he had a whole minute and a half for a clear win.

The forty seconds passed. Mr. Olstein drew a long breath of relief. "But why the devil don't they light up?" he demanded, after a moment. "I call you to witness what the time is by our chronometer. I'll have it tested as soon as I step ashore, and if it's wrong I'll complain to the Company; if it's not, I'll send the Trinity House a letter 'll lay those lighthouse fellows by the heels! Punctuality, sir, in the case of shipping—life or death——"

The cry of the man in the crow's-nest interrupted him in the midst of his threats. Mr. Olstein broke off, threw a look aloft, and slapped his thigh triumphantly. He had won something like ten pounds, and was a joyous millionaire. "That makes twice in four voyages," he proclaimed. I congratulated him, and strolled forward. A group of third-class passengers had gathered by the starboard bow. They, too, had heard the cry. To all appearance they might have been an ordinary Whitechapel crowd, and even now they scarcely lifted their voices; but they whispered and pointed, as a spark touched the north-eastern horizon almost ahead of us—trembled and died—shone out, as it seemed, more steadily—and again was quenched.

"The Eddystone!"

I singled out my friend the baker. Before I could reach him he had broken from the group. I hailed him. Without seeming to hear, he disappeared down the fore companion. But he emerged again, and with a baby in his arms. Evidently he had torn it from its cot. His wife followed, weak and protesting.

The child, too, raised a wail of querulous protest; but he hugged it to him, and running to the ship's side held it aloft.

"England, baby!"

It turned its head, seeking the pillow or its mother, and would not look, but broke into fresh and louder wailing.

"England!"

He hugged it afresh. God knows of what feeling sprang the tears that fell on its face and baptised it. But he hushed his voice, and, lifting the child again, coaxed it to look—coaxed it with tears streaming now, and with a thrill that would not be denied.

"England, baby!—England!"

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*A castle in the north.*

# WITH ROD AND GUN.

## *THE COST OF A SCOTCH MOOR.*

BY J. WATSON LYALL.

ALREADY the twelfth of August is "in the air." Sportsmen's eyes are being turned to Scotland, for steps have been already taken to secure shootings for the fast approaching season. Visions of purple heather, and antlered deer, and whirring grouse, and lordly salmon, and lively trout, and rippled loch, and rushing river, are floating through the brains of busy business men, tied to their tasks in the sweltering city; and like a refreshing draught come recollections of former happy days in the north—that tramp over the heather for your record bag of grouse—that exciting stalk, at the end of which your rifle rang the death-knell of the big stag—that light and far cast over yon lovely salmon pool, where the thirty-pounder rose just at the far side, and almost out of reach of your cast, but *not quite*, as your screaming reel attested, while the tight line flew through your fingers. Pictures like these, hung up in the halls of memory, are things of beauty, "a joy for ever"; and to add to their number, sportsmen are longing for the time when they will be again careering north to bonnie Scotland, instead of wasting their energies in the grinding worship of mammon.

And, truth to tell, there is no way in which money could be spent which will so surely yield a harvest of health and thorough enjoyment, as this yearly visit to the moors and forests of Scotland. Money is a poor thing without health, and health is rarely sought in vain on the purple heather or Highland loch. And nobody knows this better than the sportsmen who yearly make their way to where the "moorcock craws," and where, amid scenes of glorious natural beauty, they have their worries blown from their brains, and new life and vigour infused into both body and mind.

Year by year the crowd of sportsmen going northward increases, and the demand for Scotch shootings gets keener and keener. This year the demand is greater than ever it has been in the experience of those most in touch with the subject; and at the present moment it is nearly impossible to get a good grouse moor in Scotland for love or money. Places large and places small have been greedily



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picked up at still advancing rents. Old-fashioned sportsmen growl at having to pay about double the rents they used to pay, and no doubt there is reason for their growl; but proprietors of moors naturally retort that a thing is just worth what you can get for it, and as they experience no difficulty in getting the rents they ask, it is clear that people think the places worth what they pay for them. The fact is that, Scotland is not likely to grow much bigger, while every year there is a crop of new rich men to whom money is of little consequence, and who find that taking a Scotch moor is one of their best investments.

*A typical Highland shooting box.*

A river of gold is poured into Scotland by sportsmen every year; but it is a mistake to suppose that all the money goes into the pockets of the proprietors of shootings and fishings. No doubt it goes there in the first instance, but a great part of it has speedily to come out again. After proprietors have paid all the expenses connected with keeping up their places a big hole is made in the rents which they receive. And this is as it should be—that the gold should percolate downward in order that all classes should participate in it. It is a satisfaction to the best class of sportsmen to know that while they are gratifying themselves, they are adding to the comfort of those who are lower down in the social scale.

The demand for Scotch places makes it necessary for sportsmen to take steps early in the year if a good choice be desired. It used to be thought that if a man made his arrangements for the Twelfth about May or June he did very well; but now if he be wise he will make his choice much earlier, for if he does not, he will have to be content later with "ither folks' leavins." Many of the best places in Scotland are now arranged for almost as soon as the season is over, and the chief shooting agents are almost as busy in December or January as they used to be in April and May. Those, therefore, who want to get a good choice should move in the matter as early as possible, and so soon as they find a place to suit them they should secure it, for they may rest assured that, if they have chosen well, there will be no difficulty in sub-letting if anything should happen to prevent them going north. Proprietors rarely or never object to a sub-let, as rents are all paid in advance, and a sub-tenant has to be approved by them.

Shooting lodges in Scotland are of various sorts, and are counted by the hundred. Rents vary according to quantity and quality of sport, nature of locality, and kind of lodge. Some houses are palatial, others are little better than cottages. Rents for the season—which is generally August, September, and October—range from £5000 to £250. Of course, the latter are chiefly low-country places, with few or no grouse, and a small bag of any sort, while the former have all kinds of game in profusion, with deer-stalking and salmon-fishing, and splendid mansions, with electric light and every up-to-date comfort.

Grouse used to be reckoned worth £1 a brace—that is to say, if a moor with an ordinarily good lodge gave, say, 500 brace of grouse, the rent should be about £500. Now such a moor would easily fetch £750 to £900—indeed, it may be fairly said that grouse are at present worth £1 10*s.* to £1 15*s.* per brace. If in addition to grouse a place has salmon-fishing, the rent is greatly higher; indeed, it may be said that if a proprietor has

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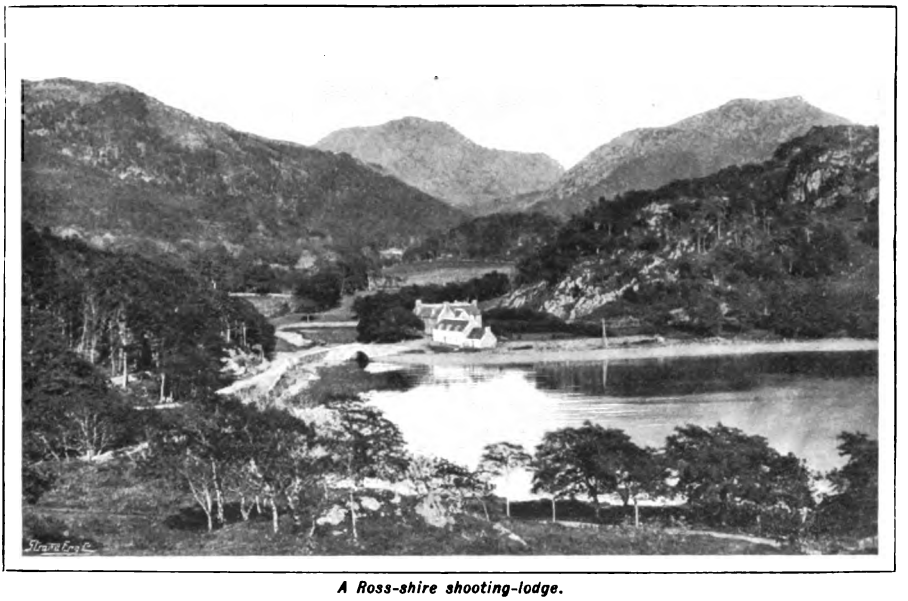
first-rate salmon-fishing to offer he may ask for it almost what he likes. Rents of grouse moors vary also according to locality. Perthshire may be regarded as the favourite county, and Inverness and Ross and Sutherland tread hard on its heels. Aberdeen, also, is a fine county, and of late years places there have been in great demand—the east coast of Scotland being regarded as more bracing than the west coast. The latter, however, easily bears off the palm for beauty and variety of scenery, while its yachting facilities add enormously to its attractions. Grouse, however, are not nearly so numerous on the west coast as in other parts of Scotland; and, as a rule, rents are not so high, unless for places of the best class, which command long rents anywhere.

Argyllshire has many very charming places, yielding good bags of grouse, whilst its deer forests are also excellent, and some of its salmon rivers, such as the Awe, give splendid sport. Caithness is a wonderful county for grouse, which, curiously enough, lie to dogs all the season through, as they do nowhere else in Scotland. Heavy bags are got over dogs, and driving is almost unknown. In other parts of Scotland driving is more and more coming into vogue, and proprietors who used to look askance on any proposal to drive, are now becoming converts to the doctrine that there is no surer way of improving a moor than to drive it regularly. By this means old cocks are killed off and a stronger and healthier breed of birds allowed to come on. Many sportsmen, of course, dislike driving, and are wedded to their old style of shooting over dogs; and hold, not without reason, that to see your dogs doing their work well is one of the chief pleasures of grouse shooting. And then, again, many a man who is a nailing shot over dogs fails to kill driven grouse, and naturally, therefore, dislikes it. Without doubt, however, driving is greatly on the increase wherever the lie of the ground is favourable, and the result is certainly good in almost every case. What stands in the way of its adoption on many moors is prejudice on the part of old keepers, and the difficulty of getting beaters, who year by year seem to think themselves entitled to higher wages—thus adding greatly to the cost of the sport. In out-of-the-way places, where beaters are difficult to be got, their wages are high—say 4*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* per day with luncheon and whisky—but lower wages are given where beaters are plentiful.

As to dogs, most sportsmen who take moors regularly have their own dogs, which they take from place to place; but when this is not the case good dogs can generally be hired. The keeper on a moor



*A Ross-shire shooting-lodge.*

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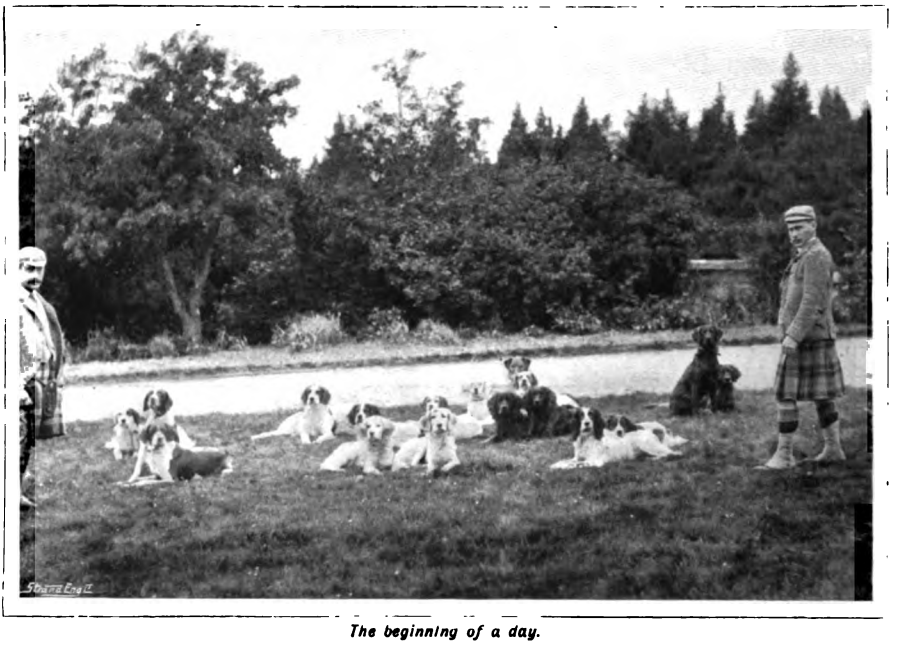
often knows where to lay his hands on dogs when they are wanted, or there are persons in various parts of the country who lay themselves out to supply sportsmen with dogs, the charge for the hire of which is from £14 to £16 per brace for the season. Much of the pleasure of a grouse moor depends on one's dogs, and too much care cannot be exercised in procuring good ones—otherwise one may find oneself in the predicament of a popular and learned judge still living, who has exchanged the Bench for the calm repose of the House of Lords, but who was in his younger days a keen sportsman. He tells the story himself with inimitable humour—that when he took his first small moor in Scotland he got a brace of what were reported to be first-rate dogs. One had come from Aberdeen and the other from Perth, both distant places. He sallied out very joyous on the Twelfth, looking forward to a glorious day's sport; but at his first shot, the one dog set off for Aberdeen and the other for Perth, and he saw them no more!



*The beginning of a day.*

The best grouse moors yield very heavy bags, say up to three thousand brace in a very good season, or even more; but such places are few and far between, and are very rarely in the market, being immediately picked up whenever known to be available. Five to seven hundred brace is reckoned a fair bag for a good moor of from five to ten thousand acres.

Deer forests are much more expensive than grouse moors. They range from £1000 to £4000, or even £5000 for the season, according to the sport obtained, and whether the place gives salmon-fishing and grouse-shooting as well as deer-stalking. For a place combining all the three, and giving good sport all round, almost any rent may be asked. As a general rule, it may be said that stags are worth £20 to £30 each, according to locality, kind of lodge, and number and quality of stags to be got.

There are about a hundred and fifty deer forests in Scotland, varying in size from six thousand to eighty thousand acres, and embracing within their limits the most glorious Highland scenery. Deer-stalking begins earlier in some forests than in others, and in some of them stags may be shot in August. September and the first ten days of October are, however, the cream of the season, and the number of stags killed in Scotland during that time is counted by the thousand. Some forests give greatly better heads than others, and also heavier weights, according to the nature of the soil, and richness

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or poverty of the pasture. In some forests stalking is continued till October 15th, but most finish on the 10th of that month. Hind-shooting takes place in winter, but does not attract sportsmen much, and is chiefly done by keepers. In some forests no hinds are shot, while in others it is necessary to kill a great many, in order to keep up a proper balance. In severe winters stags become wonderfully tame, and in many forests are fed artificially, as otherwise they would perish of hunger. This only applies to winters of unusual severity, and when deep snow lies for months.

*Keepers and gillies.*

As a rule no artificial feeding is necessary, as deer are perfectly able to take care of themselves.

The best deer forests in Scotland, such as the Royal Forest of Atholl, in Perthshire, belonging to the Duke of Atholl, the Marquis of Breadalbane's Forest of the Black Mount, in the same county,—Letterewe, in Ross-shire, and Ardverikie, in Inverness-shire, give over a hundred stags each season, while others range from thirty to eighty stags. The Forest of Glentana, in Aberdeenshire, which belonged to the late Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, Bart., whose will is at present being keenly contested in the law courts, was let after his death at £4000 a year for five years. In that case the salmon-fishing on the Dee accounted for great part of the big rent, stags being by no means very numerous in the forest. On the other hand, no place of its kind gives such splendid salmon-fishing in spring as does Glentana. For the spring months alone the salmon-fishing is worth nearly half the rent of the place, the sport then being magnificent. But in autumn the fishing is not nearly so good, although even then the sport is often excellent. Everywhere the rents of salmon-fishings are going up, as the demand is always ahead of the supply.

The Thurso, a comparatively small river in the far north of Scotland, belonging to Sir Tollemache Sinclair, is let for the spring fishing to a small club of sportsmen, who pay for it between £1000 and £2000 per season. The Tay also yields good sport in spring; but its autumn season is by far the best, and rents then are very high; which is not to be wondered at when the quality of the sport is considered, and the glorious surroundings amidst which it is enjoyed are taken into account. The sport got in favourable weather in September on the best beats of the Tay—such as Stobhall, belonging to the Earl of Ancaster, and Scone, belonging to the



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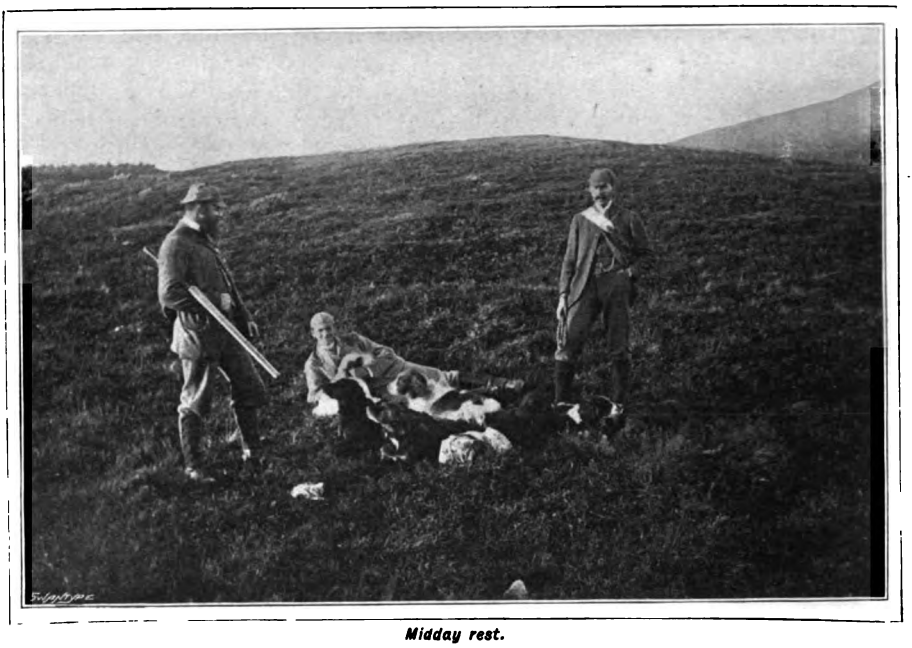

*Midday rest.*

Earl of Mansfield—is so good sometimes as to be almost incredible. More than twenty large salmon in a day is nothing uncommon, and much heavier baskets have been made—Lord Blythswood having in a year lately killed over thirty salmon in a day with rod and line.

This was of course done by "harling," as it is called, on the Tay, which is rendered necessary owing to the great width of the river making it impossible in many places to reach the lie of the salmon by casting from the bank. In "harling," a boat is used, which two boatmen row zigzag across the river and against the stream, apparently going up the river, but in reality dropping down inch by inch. The angler sits in the stern of the boat, and has three rods with over a hundred yards of line on the reel of each of them. He attaches one fly to the end of each line, and pays out thirty to forty yards to each. He then places a small stone with a "kink" on each line, the stones lying on the seat of the boat immediately in front of him. The zigzag motion of the boat takes the flies across and across the river; and as each side is reached the boat is allowed to hang for a minute or two, to allow the flies to get as near the edge as possible, for in deep water that is often the place where a fish will most readily take. And in boat fishing like this they generally take with great violence, pulling the stone on the line into the water, the boatmen adding to the excitement by their shout of "There's 'em!" The angler then is pulled ashore and landed on the bank, to play his fish as if he had hooked it casting from the bank; and many a tough fight has to be fought before the angler gets on terms with his prey, especially if the fish has got "foul hooked." All is plain enough if the angler has only one salmon "on" at a time; but then he may have two, or even three—one on each of his lines; and if he has three to deal with and only himself in the boat with the boatmen, it is an experience he will not forget all his life. In such a case the boat is pulled ashore as fast as possible, and the angler jumps out and works one fish, trying all he can, by running down the riverside or up as the case may be, to get away from the boat, out of which the boatmen also leap and throw out the anchor, and each snatch up a rod and play their fish until the angler has killed his and runs down to relieve one of them of his rod, who thus is at liberty to gaff the second and third fish if they hold. But this they rarely do, as the three careering wildly about the

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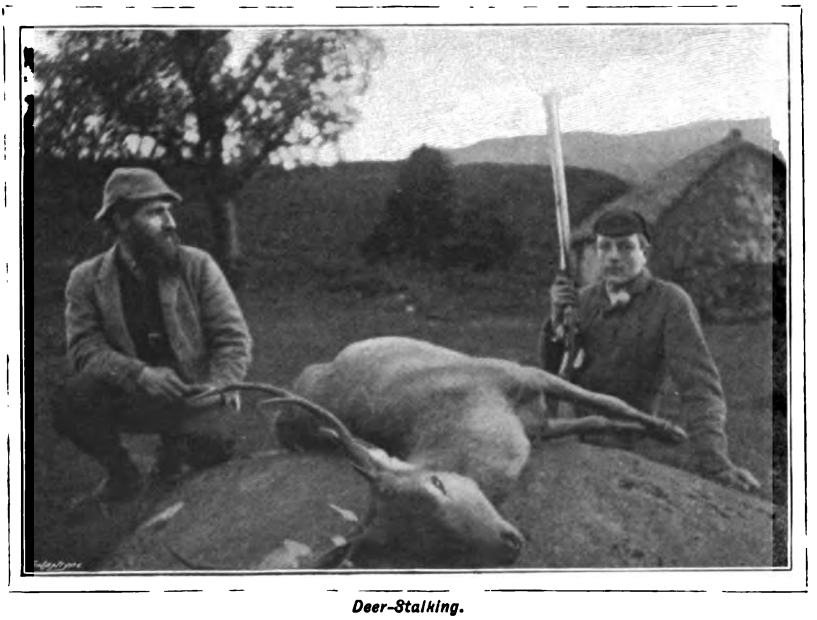
river almost necessarily entangle the lines, and some of the fish break tackle and away. Cases have occurred where, by great skill and good luck on the part of both angler and boatmen, all three fish have been landed, but that is rare. Two out of the three should generally be got, but all the three is a triumph for the angler which does not often occur. The writer has more than once under such circumstances landed two of three, and once all the three; but it is, of course, only when the water is in perfect ply, and plenty of fish about, that such sport is got, and it is only on such a large river as the Tay that it can be looked for. Some sportsmen "turn up their noses" at "harling"—and, no doubt, in some respects a salmon fairly hooked from the bank is worth several hooked by harling; but then harling has charms of its own, and difficulties of its own, which test the mettle of the angler as much as casting from the bank does. But both are better than either, and this the angler may have by first casting the water carefully from the bank and from the boat, and then later on harling it; and if the water and weather be favourable he will kill both ways, and pronounce both eminently sportsmanlike. If he be advanced in years, as sportsmen sometimes unfortunately are, he won't object to the rest he gets when harling, if he has been wielding an eighteen-foot for two or three hours.

The Tweed also gives splendid sport, especially in late autumn, and November, and the rentals of its best beats should easily run into four figures. Salmon may be roughly estimated as worth from £2 to £10 per fish, and many and many a sportsman has found that his salmon have cost him a great deal more. A noble lord lately, fishing on one of the best rivers in Scotland, had four or five salmon for his rent of about £500. Of course, this arose from continued bad weather and other unfavourable circumstances; but such things in a modified degree occur very often in salmon-fishing—its uncertainty, which is proverbial, being one of its chief charms.

Rent, however, is only one item in the expenditure of a sportsman going to a Scotch lodge for shooting and fishing. Scores of other things have to be paid for—wages of keepers and stalkers and gillies, and ponies, and carriages, and horses, and tackle, and ammunition, all run up the bill. And then there is the moving of large establishments to and from Scotland, with tons of luggage; and lastly the cost of living, which in remote districts is rather expensive, especially when a lodge is full of guests, as it generally is, and should be, to make the time a happy one.



*Deer-Stalking.*

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PRIZE DRAWING. F. H. BALL.



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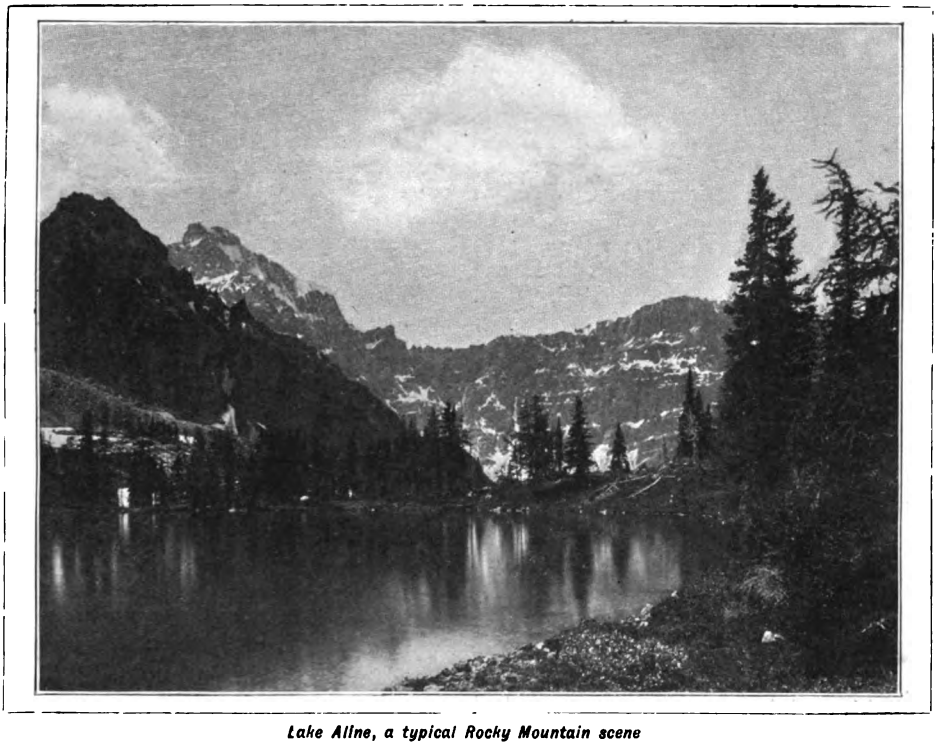

*Lake Alline, a typical Rocky Mountain scene*

# THE NEW SWITZERLAND.

## *THE CANADIAN ROCKIES AS A CLIMBING-GROUND.*

TWO THOUSAND MOUNTAINS AWAITING THE EXPLORER.

BY WALTER D. WILCOX, F.R.G.S.

THE Rockies of Canada will soon be one of the world's most popular climbing grounds. The climbing and exploration already done have led to published descriptions, and drawn attention to these Canadian Alps; while the settlers are beginning to realise that there is more gold in the pockets of climbers than in the mountains themselves. An enterprising spirit has recently led the officials of the Canadian Pacific Railroad to encourage this public interest by enlarging their hotels, and by opening new trails into the mountains.

Of the four great ranges which compose this part of the Rocky Mountain system, the Coast and Gold Ranges, near the Pacific, have only moderate elevation, whereas the Selkirks and the Summit Range, farther east, are composed of high and rugged mountains with glaciers and snow-fields of considerable extent. Interest naturally centres, for this reason, on the more easterly ranges; and it will be seen later that the Summit Range is even more popular than the Selkirks.

The Canadian climber often finds the actual ascent of his mountain a less important problem than to reach its base. The details of his work present many features that are common to other ranges: first a forest belt, then long scree slopes and rock slides, and finally the steep cliffs or glaciers of high altitudes. Most of the Canadian mountains are easily ascended, as they have at least one moderate slope, usually on the west or south-west side. Many peaks, however, are girdled with precipitous cliffs, and guarded by hanging glaciers, some of which will offer fine problems for well equipped climbing parties. An ever-present and



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serious danger in the high Rockies is the frequency of rock falls, and the exceedingly disintegrated condition of the limestone cliffs. Solid sandstone ledges appear in the lower valleys or in mountains of moderate height, but the great peaks are invariably capped with these dangerous limestone and dolomite formations.

Many excellent climbs may be made directly from hotels at Banff, Lake Louise and Field, in the Summit Range, and Glacier in the Selkirks. Mount Lefroy, near Lake Louise, where Mr. Abbott lost his life in 1896, or Mount Stephen at Field, will require eighteen or twenty hours of hard work; but as a rule the height of even the greatest peaks, though running up to thirteen or fourteen thousand feet above the sea, is not more than six thousand feet above their surrounding valleys, and the entire climb can be done in one day. In the Selkirks almost all the climbing has been done from Glacier House as a base. The forests are almost tropical in density, and moreover the absence of Indian trails will cause the primitive wilderness of this rain-soaked range to continue many years. Few have the hardihood to travel without a camping outfit, and endure exposure to frosty nights and stormy weather; and yet it would be quite impossible to take horses through a Selkirk jungle, where storms and avalanches have strewn immense trees upon the ground. Those climbers only know the supreme courage required to force a way through such savage forests who, when struggling among the spreading alders and moss-covered stones of a Selkirk valley, have chanced, in falling, to seize the coarse stalk of devils' club, armed with its innumerable needle-like and poisonous spines.

Thus all the easily accessible mountains in the vicinity of Glacier House have been ascended, and climbers are beginning to give more attention to the Summit Range. In these eastern mountains the climate is drier and the forests are more open. From time immemorial the Stony Indians have used this region as a hunting ground for the grizzly bear and mountain sheep. In the olden days they were wont to cross the range to barter furs and horses with the Kootenay Indians. So every pass or valley, where horses can travel, has an Indian trail—a well defined but narrow path which may, perhaps, have been first chosen in the dawn of humanity by primitive man, and bequeathed through successive tribes to the Stony Indians. Such trails are a blessing to the explorer, only fully appreciated after vain attempts to travel through a pathless forest. They aid rapid progress, serve as guides to fords in the glacial streams, and enable one to avoid dangerous peat swamps called 'muskegs,' which are very abundant in the Rockies.

The prospective climber must engage a camping outfit if he intends to travel far in the mountains. This can be done at Banff, the most important place in the mountains, and centre of the Canadian National Park. There he can provide himself with a pack train of Indian ponies and camp equipment, and engage Canadian backwoodsmen to act as guides to the expedition. The last few days before departure may be well spent in gathering special information and sketches of the particular region he wishes to visit; though the mountains are so wild that even short trips will often lead beyond the limit of previous excursions into an explorers' paradise.

A thorough knowledge of woodcraft is essential, not only to discover the shortest way to some distant lake or mountain, but often to avoid being lost in the wilderness, where every valley is covered with deep forest. The aneroid and compass should be carried by all climbers; for though an inexperienced person may sometimes follow a trail in bright weather, the task becomes serious when nightfall or storms and falling snow hide every landmark. How surprisingly deficient in this instinctive knowledge of direction are those not trained in woodcraft is well shown by the inability of Swiss guides to make any headway in these Canadian woods. Judging by some records already made, it would perhaps be well for climbers to adopt some such rule as this: Let the Swiss guide lead you when above tree-line, but never in the woods.

The climbing season commences about the 1st of July and ends near the middle of October. In June, the month of roses elsewhere, the winter is breaking—a period of sunshine and showers, of melting snows and great floods. Sometimes, even in the lower valleys, a heavy blanket of snow covers the June wild flowers and nesting birds. Not till July do the snow banks finally disappear below tree-line, or on

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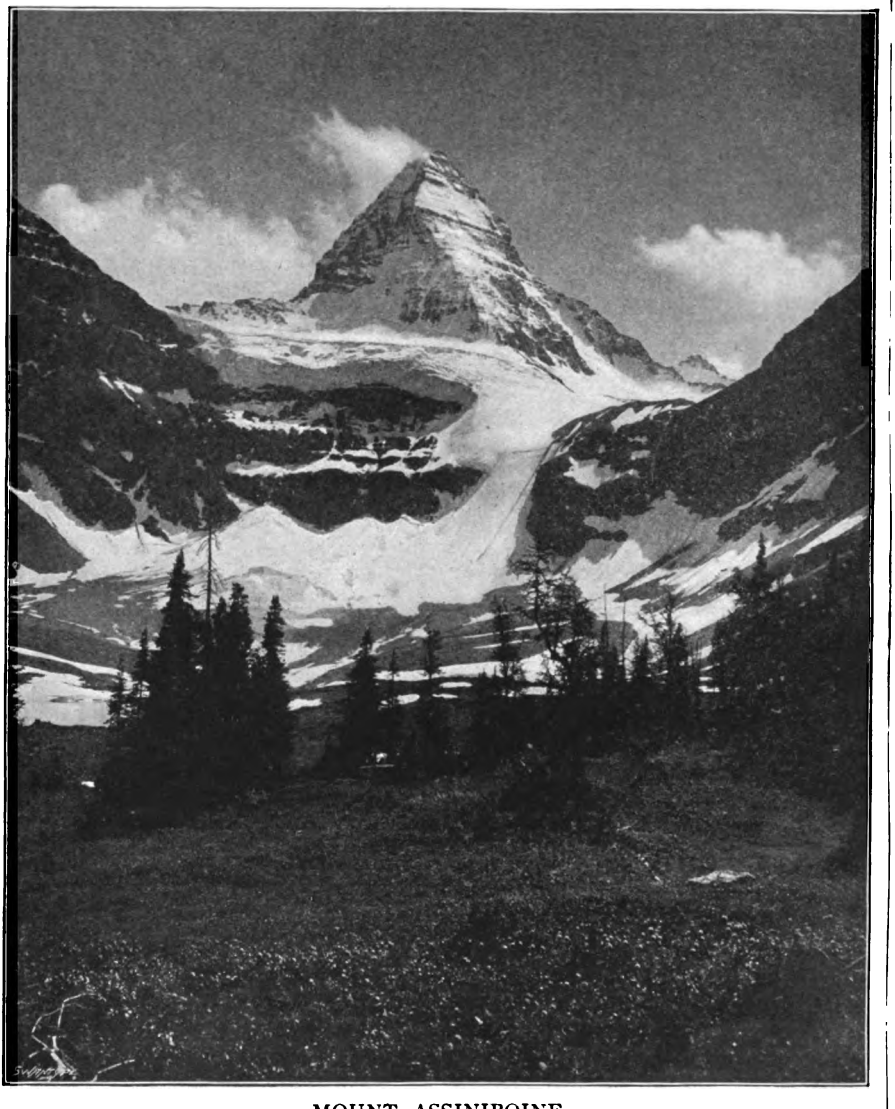

MOUNT ASSINIBOINE.

THE MATTERHORN OF THE ROCKIES.



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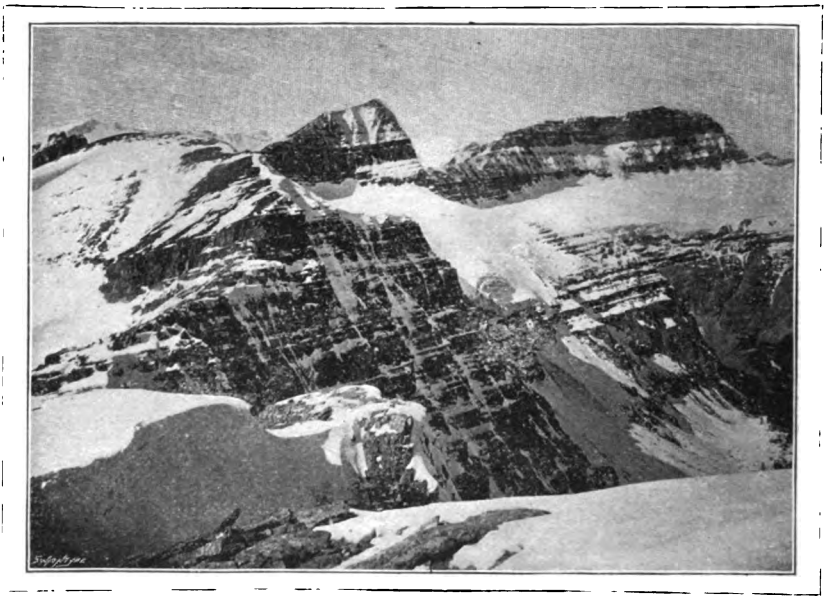
north-facing slopes, while many high valleys are impassable till much later.

July and August are the only warm months—a season of balmy nights, gay Alpine flowers and flooded river beds, when the glaciers are melting and avalanches thunder among the cliffs. August is the month of forest fires, when the virgin woods of the western valleys and the Summit Range are fired by the camps of careless lumbermen or by wilfully destructive prospectors. Lightning from thunderstorms that come crashing through the mountains in midsummer sometimes and films of ice form on exposed pools. In these short autumn days of deep valley shadows and a slanting sun the mountaineer is relieved of many discomforts of summer. The air is cool and bracing, the mosquitoes and flies have disappeared, and the atmosphere is so free of smoke or clouds that from an elevation peaks that are a hundred and fifty or even two hundred miles distant are clearly visible. Let the explorer beware, however, of wandering far from civilisation during latter October, for a heavy winter storm may develop suddenly



*The Waputeehk range.*

starts conflagrations that sweep through miles of unbroken forest.

A heavy rain generally comes about the end of August, followed by colder weather and a fall of snow above tree-line. This storm is the final breaking of summer heat, and gives the first autumn colours to the deciduous bushes. Faded blossoms in the meadows, a light yellow band high on the mountains made by frost-bitten larch needles and glacial torrents, arrested in their floods by the cold, all mark this sudden transformation from midsummer to autumn.

Then follows Indian summer, which in many respects is the best season in the Canadian Rockies. During long starlit nights heavy frosts settle on the meadows and cover the high passes with several feet of snow.

My own travels during several seasons in the Canadian Rockies extend from the Athabasca river on the north to the White Man's Pass, south of the railroad. This includes a general view of the main range for about two hundred miles of its length. In a north and south direction this is all that is accessible to the average climber, owing to the wild and rough nature of the country. Speaking in the broadest sense, there is a kind of sameness throughout this part of the Rockies. That is, the valleys are everywhere covered with the same kind of evergreen forests, destroyed by fire in some places, elsewhere sweeping in broad expanse of dark green to seven

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thousand feet above sea level, while above tree-line the rocky strata, bent and twisted by the geological changes which brought these mountains into existence, are so clearly marked that they may be distinguished almost as far away as the mountain itself is visible. But in the lesser details of mountain forms, of glaciers, cliffs and sparkling falls, of upland meadows and trout-filled lakes, there is never-ending variety. While, from their constant features, one would always realise that he was amongst the Canadian Rockies, he would likewise never tire of this sameness, which rarely becomes monotony.

*Typical high mountain scenery.*

The principal charm of this region, to the nature-lover, is one that is nowadays almost unique. It is not human interest, for the wild valleys are uninhabited; nor the romance of history, for the mountains have none, except perhaps the petty details of hunting adventures and bloodshed among savages. It is, on the other hand, the wildness of primitive nature and the atmosphere of mystery that rests on these secluded valleys, where no human eye but that of an Indian hunter, or of some bold prospector wandering far from civilisation in his solitary search for gold, has ever seen these hidden beauties of nature. This possibility of discovering lakes or glaciers hitherto unseen, or canyons, waterfalls, or even high peaks unmeasured and unclimbed, adds fascination to each day's march. This pleasure is not to be enjoyed in those countries where every detail is known and each one of a dozen different routes up a mountain is described in the guide books, where the railroad time-table is the only feature of uncertainty and the only field for exploration.

For the climber the mountains are divided by the railroad into a north and south section. The line crosses the main range through the well-known Kicking Horse Pass, named from an accident which befell Dr. Hector, an early explorer—more unfortunate, indeed, because an ill-sounding name must be for ever applied to it, than because of any injury received by its discoverer. This pass, called Wapta by the Indians, was never used by them, as it is far too steep and dangerous for horses. The example of the poor cayuse mentioned in Hector's narrative, which fell several hundred feet down these cliffs, was followed in railroad construction days by scores of other packhorses, which tumbled to their death into the rock-strewn cataract of the Wapta.

Directly north of this pass, where the

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steel rails are one mile above sea, and the waters separate into the Atlantic and Pacific, the main range is called Waputeehk, which in the Indian language means "white goat." Part of this range has been quite thoroughly explored by members of the Appalachian Mountain Club and others in recent years. None of these mountains seems to have offered difficult work, but rather long and tiring traverses of extensive snow-fields, which cover this range and give it a dazzling and wintry appearance in midsummer. On the west side of this range lies the canyon-like valley of the North Fork and its recently discovered waterfalls, which, for their vertical height and volume, are considered to be among the greatest in the world.

*Eastern spurs of Mount Assiniboine.*

Farther north, where the great Saskatchewan river takes its source, stands the lofty peak of Mount Forbes, estimated by Dr. Collie to be about 14,000 feet high. This is a triangular spire of rock so steep as to have its precipices always free of snow. It should be a fine prize for some future climber. The Canadian Rockies, however, reach their culmination of height and grandeur a little less than one hundred miles north of the railroad. A search for those fabled mountains, Brown and Hooker, has caused several parties to make expeditions into this comparatively remote region. While no such great peaks were discovered, other fine mountains have been seen and partially explored somewhat south of their supposed location. West of the Wilcox Pass, which leads from the Saskatchewan into the Athabasca, lies a fine group of mountains, several of which are supposed to be at least 14,000 feet high. One of these, which Dr. Collie's party ascended, might be called the very apex of the continent, for its melting snows flow by three different rivers into the Pacific, the Arctic and the Atlantic Oceans.

That part of the range south of the railroad is somewhat different, but no less interesting than the northern mountains. It is more accessible, because the railroad skirts the eastern side of the mountains for fully fifty miles before turning across the divide. Immediately south of the Kicking Horse Pass lies a very interesting group of rugged mountains near the far-famed Lake Louise. The three highest peaks, Lefroy, Victoria and Temple, have been climbed with or without Swiss guides. On the farther side of Mount Victoria, not more than seven miles away in a straight line, is Lake O'Hara, one of the most beautiful gems of mountain scenery in the Rockies. It was named after a nature-lover who crossed the ocean every year for many seasons to visit this

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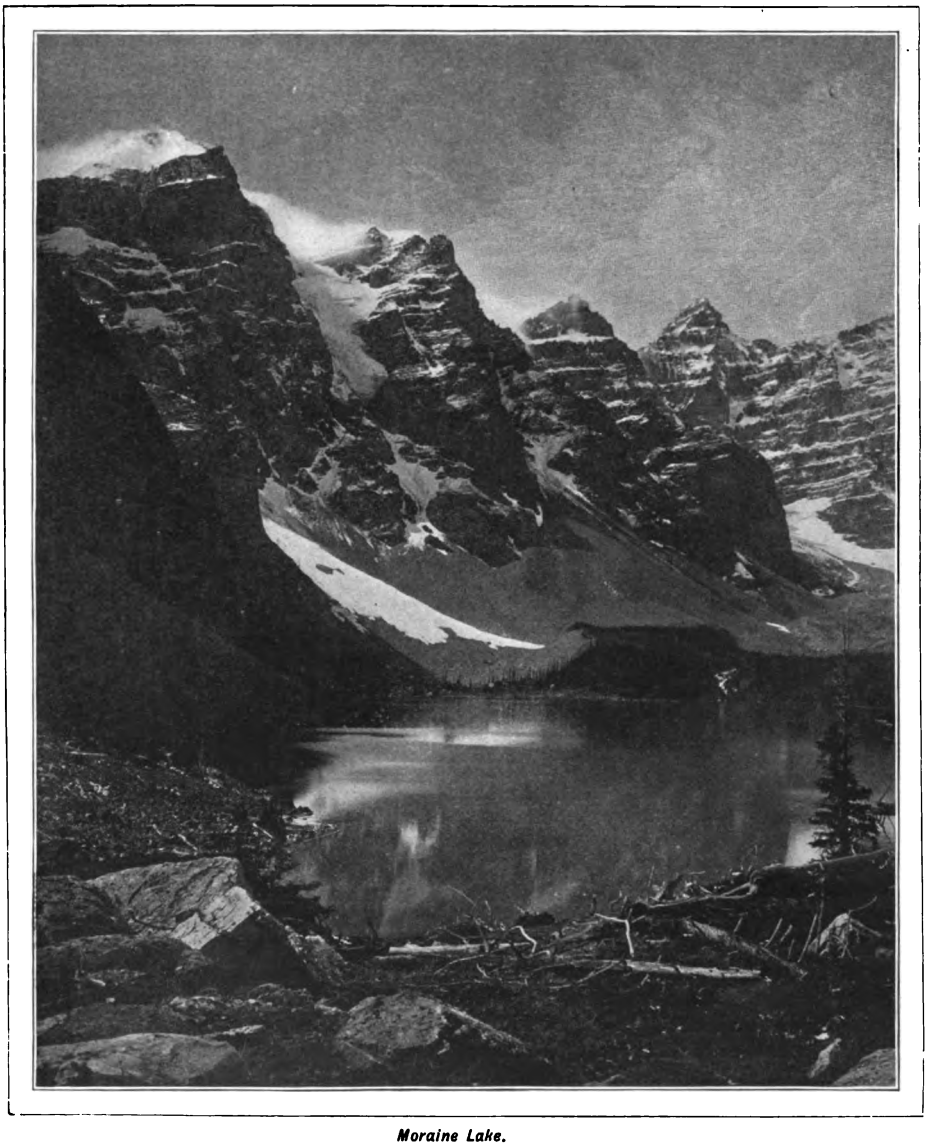
charming spot long before it became well known. Towards the east, but not much farther away, is Moraine Lake, comparable in grandeur to either of these. It would be safe to say that these three lakes have no rivals for combined beauty and grandeur in all Switzerland and the Tyrolean Alps, or possibly the world over. Elsewhere one may see water of turquoise or emerald green colour, as in these lakes, rock precipices like the imposing barrier which rises out of Moraine Lake, or the noble amphitheatre of mountains encircling its sister lake across the range; yet one cannot see in other lakes such rock-strewn primitive shores, where the wild aster and painted cup give a touch of colour to red sandstones or the gray hulks of fallen trees, or the birch and rhododendron bushes make a soft outline of foliage between sandy shores and the encroaching forest.



*Moraine Lake.*

Last season I spent some days at Moraine Lake, exploring the valleys on

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either side, and searching for some method of attack on the superb Wenkchemna group of ten connected peaks, south of the lake. One year before, on the occasion of my first visit, Moraine Lake, though not more than five miles from the railroad, was one of the wildest spots in the mountains. There was neither mark of axe, print of horse's hoof, nor charcoal of deserted camp, to indicate that any one, civilised or savage, had ever made the place a visit. Already these conditions are changed, for within the year a trail has been cut and travellers from the outside world have come hither. Not far to the east a little side valley opens back the slope, and slowly burying the pines and spruces, whose tall trunks, projecting from the moraine, mark the glacial advance. This is remarkable, because all other glaciers in the Selkirks and Rockies are supposed to be retreating.

Far up the valley are two little tarns of pure snow water, surrounded by bare cliffs, where whistling badgers and rat-eared picas are the only signs of life. These desolate lakes have a wild grandeur when the air is calm, and the wall-like barrier across the valley is reflected in the water. I climbed a mountain near this place to obtain a better view of the region, and was well repaid for the effort.

*The Wenkchemna range.*

into the mountains. We called it Consolation Valley, such is the tranquillity of the scenery. A broad and quiet stream, most unusual in the mountains, flowing from a glacier-fed lake, opens a vista through the forests, and discloses a superb Alpine peak near the valley end.

On other rambles I went in the opposite direction to the end of Moraine Lake, up a wooded slope and through the orchid-bearing marshes, near where the stream which feeds the lake bursts from an immense glacier. This mass of ice, four or five miles in length, is pushing a great moraine like an immense wave one hundred feet high against the forest, heaving large stones down the face of

Everywhere from east to south-west was a multitude of peaks that had never been climbed or even attempted. Mount Deltaform, the last of the Wenkchemna group, and its companion peak, Hungábee, almost identical in wedge-shaped summit and vertical north precipices, will be hard problems for the mountaineer. So far as I have seen them, the south slopes of these mountains offer very little opportunity for an ascent.

The mountains near the Vermilion and Simpson passes have been mapped by the Dominion Topographical Survey, but no one has as yet paid them any attention. Interest has been drawn southwards to the giant pyramid of Mount Assiniboine,

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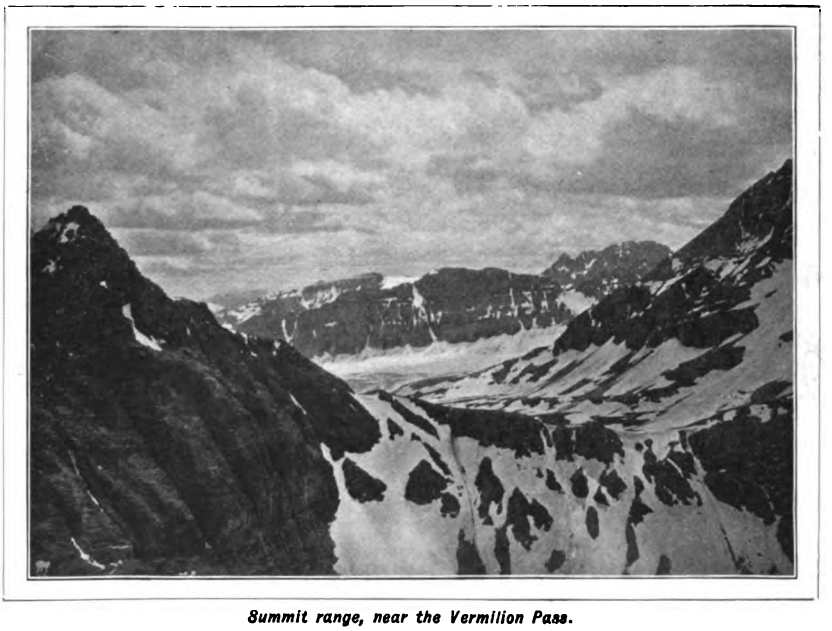
sometimes called the Matterhorn of the Rockies. This forbidding peak, located on the crest of the continental divide, may be reached in four or five days' journey from Banff. From the north, Assiniboine presents the appearance of a sharp rock wedge, rising from a snow-field to a height of about 12,000 feet. A wonderful view of this peak and its spurs may be had from a mountain a few miles to the north-east. Several thousand feet below this point is a densely forested valley, narrow and deep, containing three lakes, the last of which rests against the base of Assiniboine. A vertical rock-wall several miles in length connects the latter with a scarcely inferior summit to the east, and a group of snow-covered mountains. Beyond these the eye wanders to the south, into that unexplored part of the range where, before and since the days of Captain Palliser, no white man has ever ventured.



*Summit range, near the Vermilion Pass.*

Wishing to learn more of this remarkable mountain during our visit of 1895, Mr. Barrett and I decided to explore its south and west sides. Our old guide Bill Peyto accompanied us. From our camp at the north base of Assiniboine, we walked north-east, and in four hours reached the bottom of a deep valley that opens on the east side of the mountain. On this side Assiniboine presents the appearance of a nearly vertical precipice and a blunt summit. A steep climb brought us to a pass by which we turned the base of a long spur range and thence southwards in a rapidly descending valley, where the woods had been completely destroyed by fire. At nightfall, after many hours of hard work among the charred logs, we made a bivouac by a small stream where some overhanging limestone ledges gave us partial shelter. All our blankets and provisions were contained in the small bundles which we had carried on our backs. Cooking utensils were scarce, and we fried our bacon on thin slabs of stone. It was a curious chance that this rare experience occurred at the foot of a mountain named by Dr. Dawson after a tribe of plain Indians, the Assiniboines, which, according to Tanner's narrative, means the "Stone Roasters."

The next day, ascending a valley to the north, we saw from the top of a high ridge the south face of Assiniboine. This was doubtless the first time it had been viewed by a white man. It is almost bare of snow, and its slopes, though steep, seem to offer a fair chance for an ascent. No party of climbers, however, will probably ever have the patience to bring horses up this timber-choked valley, nor the temerity to risk an

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assault unless from a well-established camp.

The only other approach to Assiniboine, that from the north, is the most popular. Messrs. Bryant and Steele, in what was really only a reconnaissance, reached a height of ten thousand feet in 1899. The Messrs. Walling, with three Swiss guides, made the first formal attempt at an ascent last year. They got very little higher than the previous record. The Swiss guides had, at first, underestimated Assiniboine, and had to endure, upon reaching camp, the sarcastic flings of the Canadian backwoodsmen, who feel a natural pride in their mountains, at their utter failure. On the return journey to Banff these unfortunate guides, perhaps with the idea of showing their independence, rode too far ahead of the pack-train. They soon got lost in the woods, and were not discovered for three or four days, when it was learned that, in their distress, they had shot a saddle-horse for food. This adventure occurred on one of the best pack-trails in the mountains, not many miles from the railroad.

There is no danger that the Rockies and Selkirks will be soon overrun by tourists, the valleys crowded with villages, or the woods intersected by roads. The region is somewhat remote from centres of population, and the area is of such vast extent that, for years to come, the primitive wildness of these mountains will remain nearly as it is to-day. Within the short distance of one hundred miles from the railroad there are, in the Selkirks and Summit Range, about twenty thousand square miles of almost unexplored country. Probably less than three hundred mountains have been climbed hitherto, and the fact that there are at least two thousand five hundred distinct peaks in this area shows how much work still remains for the mountaineer.

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BY WILFRED DRAYCOTT.

A GIFT when the heart is the giver,
A kiss when the soul is a friend's,
A word for Love's lips to deliver,
A message that sympathy sends:
Love's lips breathe in kisses, "remember,"
His arms with "forget-me-not" cling,
A bud from his garland he gathers,
A blossom of spring.

The flower of Love may be rootless,
A bloom of a night and a day;
Its autumn be barren and fruitless,
Its winter be dust and decay:
Yet take to-day's gift that Love offers,
His heart on thine altar enshrine;
Though poor be the worship he proffers,
Its incense is thine.

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# A DOLL'S DRESS.

BY OWEN OLIVER.

JANE is a good girl, but she has no sense. She is always telling people that I am "out" when I am "in," and "in" when I have told her that I am "out." That was what made the trouble about the bazaar.

I was reckoning up the butcher's book when she came bustling into the room. I have to be careful about the books, because father does not get so much money for his tales as they are worth. He is Mr. Marchant, the great author. My name is Molly, and I have kept house for him and the boys ever since I was a child. Now I am fourteen.

"What have you come bothering about now, Jane?" I asked. The bill was five shillings more than the month before, so I was rather cross.

"Mrs. Cattley to see you, miss."

"Of course you told her I was out?"

Jane jerked her thumb in the direction of the door, and I heard a rustle outside. Mrs. Cattley is the sort of woman that always wears crackling skirts.

"No," she called, in a loud voice. "Jane told me that you were in."

I gave Jane such a look! Then I slipped the butcher's book under something, and got up with my best smile.

"Jane generally does the wrong thing," I explained. "I was *so* afraid that she had sent you away. *Do* sit down."

"Umph!" she said. Of course I knew that she did not believe me, and she knew that I knew.

"Bring some tea, please," I told Jane. She walked out, grinning all over her face, and I made up my mind to speak to her when Mrs. Cattley was gone. "Put your cap straight before you come in again." She shut the door with a bang. "You've no idea what a trial servants are."

"I was keeping house before you were born." She shut her mouth with a snap.

"Long before," I agreed. She turned red, and I looked innocent. "So, of course, you know exactly how to manage them." She can never get a servant to stop.

"Things were very different when *I* was a girl." I hoped that *she* was different in those days; but I did not tell her so. I have a good deal of tact, father says.

"You never had any trouble with servants, I suppose?" (I *have* heard that they did not keep any.)

"None whatever." She put up her eyeglasses and stared at me as if she wanted to be contradicted. Fortunately, Jane knocked at the door.

"Come in," I called; but she only opened it a little way and beckoned.

"We ain't got no loaf sugar," she whispered. Her whisper is rather loud.

"Hush!" I shut the door hastily. "You must go to Scales' for a pound."

She shuffled from one foot to the other. She always does that when she is uneasy in her mind.

"'E said as 'e wouldn't let us 'ave nothink more till we settled for wot we'd 'ad." It was only a few little things; but he is a surly man.

"Then go to the new shop round the corner. He doesn't know us, but——"

"'E'll let us 'ave it," said Jane promptly; and off she went.

"I beg your pardon for leaving you," I apologised, when I returned. "Jane requires so much telling."

"I should not keep her a month."

"I am sure you would not," I agreed.



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Mrs. Cattley pursed her lips and looked at me very hard. Then she sighed, as if she thought me too bad for words.

"I came to see you about the bazaar," she said; "but perhaps I had better speak to your father."

"Oh, no!" I said hastily. "You can tell me." Anybody can persuade father into anything.

"The Rector insisted upon my being on the committee." She seemed very proud about it. "They have unanimously elected me collector."

"Oh!" I made up my mind not to give anything.

"I have come to see what you will subscribe."

"I will ask father," I promised. Of course I did not mean to do anything of the sort!

"Why don't you make something yourself," she said unpleasantly, "instead of troubling poor Mr. Marchant? He must have expenses enough already."

"If you think that," I suggested, "there is no need to trouble him."

"I do not ask my husband for money when—er——"

"I am sure you don't." I am afraid I smiled a little. Every one knows that he has to ask her!

She looked as if she were going to fly at me; but she changed her mind and pretended not to understand.

"I suppose you can make fancy things? When I was your age——"

"I hate making fancy things," I interrupted. I like making them really; but they cost such a lot for material.

"I presume you can sew?" she inquired sarcastically.

"I never do sewing." I do nearly all the mending of the house really; but it wasn't likely I was going to tell *her*.

"I am afraid that the wish is lacking," she said severely. "Of course, if you choose to be the only persons who do not give anything, you must please yourselves. At the same time I think it my duty to warn you that people will talk."

"It doesn't matter."

"Perhaps not"—she sniffed—"to you. If I were in your place I should study my poor father."

I should have said something rude if I had answered her, so I held my tongue. I don't suppose I manage very well, but I *do* study father. I promised mother that I would, the last thing of all.

"There are people enough already," she went on, "who speak disparagingly of him, because he is an author."

I laughed. It is called ironical, I believe, the way that I did it.

"Your friends are jealous, because they have not the brains to write," I said. Father has often told me that this is the reason that people run down authors.

"My friends are not people who are in the habit of—er——"

"'Ere's the tea, miss," said Jane, coming in suddenly. "An' the loaf sugar. An' the grocer says will yer be sure an'——"

"That will do, Jane. Put it here, please. How many lumps will you have, Mrs. Cattley?" Jane was beginning again, but I frowned at her so that she went. "Jane is always forgetting to tell me what things have got low."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Cattley. "You can't expect a girl to think of *everything*!"

Of course she meant that we were always running short; but I pretended not to understand.

"Father has been very successful with his tales lately," I said in a confidential way. "He looks for the postman to come every evening regularly." He says he only goes into the drawing-room to pull down the blinds. "To bring a cheque, you know." Unfortunately it doesn't often come.

"They don't pay very well, I suppose?"

"It depends upon the quality. Father gets a very high rate, of course."

"Then no doubt he will be pleased to subscribe handsomely, if I ask him." She looked very determined.

I did not know what to do. Father cannot bear people to think we are poor; and when he is asked to give he never refuses. I felt sure he would subscribe a sovereign; and the tradesmen were worrying me so about the books.

"You need not trouble," I told her. "I will get something, or make it." I meant to make something—an excuse!

"Thank you, dear." She was quite polite. "Any little thing will do."

"Will it?" I thought at once of some small scarves in Tape and Drape's. They were one and eleven-three.

"So long as it is suitable to your father's position, of course. People naturally expect that every one will give according to his means. I mention these things because you are so young, my dear." She got up.

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"It is very thoughtful of you. Thank you *so* much. Must you really go?"

She said she must. So we embraced one another, and she went. When I embrace Mrs. Cattley, we put our cheeks alongside and a little way off, and kiss the air. It is the proper way—with her!

"I won't give her a thing," I said to myself, as soon as she had gone. "The horrible, spiteful old creature!"

I said the same thing to Mrs. Serplis, the new curate's wife, when she called next day. They are no better off than we are; but she is a dear. "I shall say I forgot," I told her; but she shook her head.

"You don't know the artfulness of that woman, Molly."

"What has she done?"

"She is telling everybody that, according to your account, your father is 'getting over his difficulties.' That is how she puts it. She doesn't believe it, she says; but they'll see what sort of a present he gives to the bazaar."

"The hateful woman!" I cried. "She is——"

"She was talking about it in Joynt's, the butcher's, when I passed this morning. Of course I did not listen——"

"Of course not," I agreed.

"But I could not help hearing what she said. Old Mrs. Wilkins heard her say the same thing in Staize's, the costumier's; and Mr. Cattley asked Charlie about it, and said he did so hope it was true."

"I don't think *he* is to blame," I said.

"My dear, he is to be pitied—poor fellow! But anyhow you see——" she shrugged her shoulders and held up her hands.

"You mean they'll say nasty things if father doesn't give something expensive?"

"That's what I'm afraid of, dear." I drew a long breath. "They shan't. I *will* give something good somehow. I don't know how I'm going to do it." I felt like crying, but Mrs. Serplis stroked my shoulder.

"Couldn't you get some fancy materials? I'd soon run you up something."

"They cost such a lot."

"I know they do," she sympathised. "I wish we had something to—lend you. But there's the doctor's bill—where we came from: he's been waiting such a time—and the rates just come in." She sighed. "I hardly know what we shall do ourselves, Molly."

I sighed too, and we did not say anything for a few minutes; then she found it was time to go, and we said good-bye. When *she* says good-bye, I put my arms right round her. It is the proper way—for her!

After I had thought the matter over, I made up my mind to save the money out of the housekeeping, by giving up jam and things that are not really necessary; but the boys grumbled dreadfully. Boys want such a lot to eat, and they don't know any better, poor little chaps! They said something about it too, when father was playing with them, and he gave me four shillings extra.

"Buy the little beggars some goodies, Molly," he said. "Yes, yes, dear! I know you do your best; and a wonderfully good best it is. But you get too much for me, dear. I really don't want bacon for breakfast, and——" I put my hand over his mouth.

"Don't," I said. "Oh, daddy, don't!" Mother *always* saw that he had things.

However, I promised that they should have some nice cakes. Mrs. Serplis helped me to make them one afternoon, so they came rather cheap. You see, she was one of a large family. I saved one-and-three out of the four shillings. That made five-and-six altogether.

I expected to make it up to nearly half a sovereign the next week; but father was worried because he had not quite enough for the gas bill. It *will* run up, though I am ever so careful. So I gave him part of my housekeeping money toward it, and tried to put off some of the bills; but the tradespeople were not very nice.

"Seein' as ev'ryone sez as 'ow yer father's doin' better," the butcher told me, "I was expectin' as 'e'd pay orf some of the back owin's. I'm a man wot's got to live, I am." I suppose he has; but he need not do it so disagreeably.

Then there were the boys' boots. Bob's were right out at the toes, and they'd been capped twice and soled half a dozen times. Tommy's were nearly dropping off his feet. He came home crying because the boys at school teased him about them. Boys do not mean to be unkind, but they never think. The shoemaker was very pleasant, and said if I paid for one pair I might owe for the other. I could not expect more than that, because he has a large family, and they are very poor. If we had a lot of money I should like to help them.



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A few days before the bazaar Mrs. Cattley sent a printed circular. It was addressed to father, but I opened it. There was a list in it of "Donors who had given handsome presents." In the list I found: "Mr. and Miss Marchant."

I really did not know what to do, so I consulted Jane. Jane is not much use to consult, but Mrs. Serplis was not well, and I felt I must talk to somebody.

"Yer carn't give nothink, w'en yer ain't got nothink to give," Jane said, when she had nearly bitten the end off her apron.

"You always put things so clearly!" I told her. It was meant to be sarcastic, but she took it for a compliment.

"An' if yer ain't got nothink to give, yer carn't git nothink."

"That is exactly my difficulty."

"The question is, ain't yer got nothink?" She looked at me meaningly.

"What?" I asked. She fidgeted about.

"I've got three-an'-six."

"I wouldn't dream of such a thing."

"I don't see——"

"I couldn't, Jane. Really I couldn't; though it is very very kind of you." It really was. "Besides, it is not nearly enough."

"No," she agreed. "I don't suppose it ain't. Well, yer'll 'ave to do it out of the 'ousekeepin'."

I shook my head.

"Wot does them boys want with treacle, an' suet puddin's, an'——"

"Oh, Jane! They must have something, poor little fellows."

"Greedy little pigs, *I* call 'em!" Jane does not get on with the boys, because they say her hair is red. It is not red really, but carroty.

"If you cannot speak properly of them, Jane," I said, "you had better hold your tongue."

"Alwus goin' without things for 'em," she grumbled, "you an' the master; stuff an' rubbidge, *I* call it. Wot I don't 'old with, an'——"

"Last Saturday," I pointed out, "when I had no pennies for sweets, you made them some toffee; and——"

"More fool me!" She bit her apron savagely. "'Owsomever, that ain't neither 'ere nor there."

"No; but you said there was something I could give."

"I didn't say no sich thing."

"Well, you looked it."

"Wot if I did?"

Jane can be very obstinate. I am not obstinate; but I am firm.

"What did you mean?" I insisted. She fidgeted about more than ever. "For goodness' sake, stand still!"

"I was thinkin' of—the doll's dress."

I sank down on a chair. "The doll's dress! Oh, Jane!"

"In course I didn't suppose as 'ow yer would, but—— Don't look like that, Miss Molly. Don't, there's a dear!"

"I—I shall be all right in a minute. It—it isn't that I mind, only—oh, Jane!"

I laid my head down on my arms, and Jane put her hand on my shoulder. It may not be a soft hand, but it is a *very* kind one.

"I know, dear," she said—and I think she was crying—"I know as yer mother made it, an' no one couldn't 'ave done it lovelier; but——"

"What *would* she think, if—if——"

Jane wiped her eyes fiercely. "She'd rather yer done it a thousand times than she'd 'ave people look down on the master."

I got up from my chair quickly. "You are quite right, Jane. I shall send it to-morrow; and—thank you."

Then I ran upstairs and locked myself in my bedroom. I bathed my eyes before I came down, so that no one should notice. Jane was very nice, and did not grumble, even when I gave the boys a penny each to spend. I thought it would please mother if she knew.

The next morning I took out the doll's dress, and did it up very quickly, and sent Jane round with it. It was a very beautiful dress—white satin worked all over with tiny little silk flowers and leaves. It must have taken mother a long, long time; and I know that she would never have done it if she had not been very fond of me. Even Mrs. Cattley could not find any fault with it, and she wrote to say that she should be surprised if it did not fetch at least a couple of pounds. People could not say things of father after that; so I was glad.

At least, I tried to be glad; but I did not seem very bright somehow. Father asked several times if anything was the matter. He always notices. I told him "Nothing"; but I was afraid that he did not believe me. So I tried my hardest to be cheerful, because he is so quick at guessing anything, and I did not want him to be worried about the dress.

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I played with the boys more than usual; and Mrs. Serplis helped me to make them some soldiers' clothes. They were very pleased with them; and when they caught me moping, I said it was only toothache, and they must not tell father, because I did not want to go to the dentist and have it pulled out. So they did not say anything. They are good little fellows, if they are tiresome sometimes, like all boys are.

When the day of the bazaar came, however, I was right down miserable. Of course I would not go to it; and in the afternoon I went to sleep. When I woke up, Jane told me that father had been home, and dressed himself, and gone out again.

"Rare an' smart 'e looked," she said. "I 'ope as 'e ain't got one in 'is eye, wot wouldn't never do for 'im wot you done."

I was so cross that I stamped my foot at her.

"You are a bad, impudent, foolish girl, Jane; and you can take a month's notice."

She stared at me. "No fear, I don't do no sich thing. I know when yer well off, if yer don't yerself."

"It is not your business whether I am well off or not," I told her. "Please leave the room."

She stared at me again. "Lie down on the sofa, Miss Molly," she suggested, "an' let me bring yer some tea. It'll do yer 'ead good. Yer know I didn't mean nothink, an'—there! there!"

"If Jane does silly things sometimes, she never means any harm. That is why I like her, and will not let the boys tease her about her hair.

After I had had some tea, I went to sleep again upon the sofa. At least I should have gone to sleep, only the boys came in from school and jumped on me. They were playing that I was an elephant, when father came in. Then they made believe that he was a tram-car, and climbed up on his shoulders. He said they might have tea with us, if they were extra good. After tea he read two chapters of Robinson Crusoe aloud. Then he gave them some chocolates that he had bought, and Jane took them up to bed.

When they had gone he came and sat beside me. "What is wrong?" he asked, "dear little girl?"

"Nothing, daddy," I said.

He walked up and down the room two or three times. Then he came back and put his arm round me. "Tell me, little mother?" he begged.

So I told him. He blew his nose very hard several times; but he did not speak till I had done.

"I am glad you have told me, dear," he said at last, "but I knew."

"You knew?" I cried. "Who? When?"

"It was Cattley. He—he is a good fellow."

I nodded.

"He came to me this morning and told me about it. He wanted his wife to let him buy it and send it back to you, but she would not. That woman——!" He kicked the footstool suddenly. "I can't say things about a woman, but——"

"*I* can." I sat up on the sofa. "She is——"

Father held up his hand. "We should pity her, Molly," he said, "for being—what she is! Anyhow, Cattley begged me to accept a couple of sovereigns and buy it for you. He dared not buy it himself, he said, and he was set on your having it. He is a good man."

"A very, very good man," I said.

"Luckily I had no need to borrow. The *Whirlwind* sent me a cheque for three tales this morning. So I went to the bazaar this afternoon, and I brought back your doll's dress.

"Daddy!" I cried. "Daddy!"

He lit his pipe, but let it out again directly.

"When your mother was finishing that dress, one night"— he seemed to be talking to himself—"I remember teasing her about spending so much time and money on a plaything for a little girl. She smiled up at me—you remember how she used to smile——"

He turned away and pretended to light the pipe again.

"'Isn't she worth it, dear?' she said. 'She always—she'. . . ."

He stopped suddenly, and I jumped up and put my arms round his neck.

"She thought there was no one like you," I whispered; "and there isn't, daddy dear."

He sighed, and smiled too. "You are just like *her*, my child," he said. "Just like her!"

I know myself that I am not good, like mother was; but I want him to think so!

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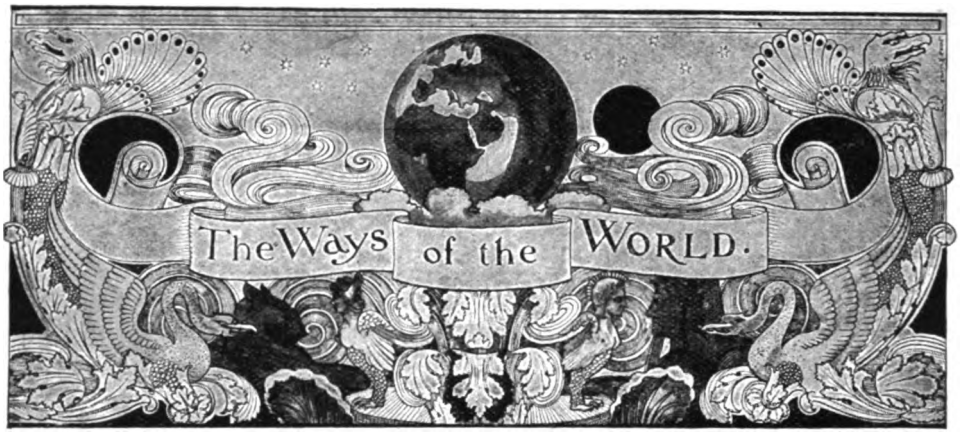


# *COUNSEL IN SEASON.*

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

ONE of my bookshelves is guarded by a ragged squad in uniform of pale buff. This guard is quite twenty odd in number; but seldom does any one inspect it, for it is stationed so ingloriously high up as to necessitate a chair. He who does mount a chair and pass his eye along these veterans, notices that they all bear on their paper backs the name of one and the same author. Surprise comes to his eyes, and disdain to his lips (for the name of the author is not, certainly, one to conjure with), and he cuts the inspection short. He does not even express himself, according to the convention, well pleased with the general trim and smartness of the guard. Truly, they are not much to look at, these veterans. Some of their leaves are uncut; others, obviously, have been cut with a careless human finger. Some of them have lost their stitchings; others are soiled, torn, broken. All of them are somehow maimed and scarred, not in the way of glory. Yet will I not disband them. They have their meaning for me—their dear meaning. They are the books which, from year to year, I have bought and read in my holidays. Because I believe them to be such books as many of you, too, ought to buy and read in your holidays, and because August is now at hand, I am venturing to speak of them.

"MANY of you," I say: not all. Some people are in the deplorable, enviable position of being immune from work. Never doing anything, they have no holidays. Having no holidays, they need no holiday-literature. And except as holiday-literature I cannot possibly recommend these books of mine. Other people there are who may be classed as workers, but not as brain-workers, their duties being merely mechanical duties of routine. Of this class clerks in banks, private members of the House of Commons, and curates, are perhaps the most salient types. Such people have holidays; but it is their bodies merely, not their brains also, that require rest. Their bodies being released from the ordinary routine, their brains are set free, and, like horses that have not been exercised, must be rather restive. Such people, I conceive, snatch eagerly at their vacations as opportunities for mental activity, and pack into their trunks, as a necessary item, many stout volumes of history, philosophy, and so forth. That is *their* holiday-literature. I address myself not to them, but to the many people who, like myself, may be called brain-workers: the people who depend for their comfort on the activity of their brains in this or that direction — in the direction of a business, or of an art, or of a learned profession.

WHEN people of this kind—when *we*—periodically are released from work, what is our exact condition? Primarily, of course, we have the desire to go as far away as is possible, to merge ourselves in some environment as little as possible like our



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"Come in at once, Master Jack: I'm sure you will get drowned."
"Can't, Nurse: I'm waiting to take a snapshot of a mermaid."

own. In that respect we are not at all different from the mere routine-workers. The difference between us and them begins to be apparent so soon as we make the actual preparations for our flight. None of *us* ever dreams of taking away with him a book of any sort or kind. The mere notion of taking away a book would revolt us. We wish to give our minds a perfect rest, to exclude from them anything in the guise of a thought. We desire a vacation in the literal sense of the word. We desire vacuity, a void, a blank. It is not that our minds are tired: it is that we are tired of our minds. Our minds have so thoroughly worn out our bodies that we can no longer, physically, bear the burden of cerebration. Our fatigue, like that of the routine-worker, is merely physical. But the routine-worker is luckier than we, inasmuch as his fatigue, not being due to excessive cerebration, does not disgust him of his brain. He sets forth, buoyantly, with a positive aim, beyond the merely negative aim of rest: he is going to improve his mind. We set forth, limply, for rest only.

At our destination we settle down, stolidly, to become mere vegetables. Gradually, impalpably, our tissues renew themselves, until, anon, we feel very well indeed. Our cheeks are sanguine in the sunlight, and curve convexly; our eyes are bright and clear; our step is elastic; our manner is nothing if not breezy. We are at peace with the world. Our bodies, magnanimous in their strength, have forgiven our brains the selfishness and cruelty practised by them in the past. Our bodies hearken, at length, to our brains' timid request for a little light refreshment, and move into the nearest book-shop. Yes, the time soon comes when we feel inclined to read something—something of a trivial kind.

ANYTHING not trivial is out of the question. I recall one holiday when my body, eager to show its nobility by conferring on my brain a far greater favour than that deposed tyrant had dared to hope for, purchased a new book by George Meredith. The result was a most humiliating failure. My brain overwhelmed my body with broken words of gratitude, and began to devour the book with the appetite of a starved creature; but, having gulped down a few sentences, it suddenly sickened, reeled, collapsed in a dead faint, and was ordered complete rest and constant care. My body should have known better (and so I told it)

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SPECIAL SCOTCH.

*Angler:* "Did your father catch any fish last night?"
*Small Native:* "Aye!"
*Angler:* 'Big ones?"
*Small Native:* "They was bigger than the little ones!"
*Angler:* "And how big were the little ones?"
*Small Native:* "They was no that big!"

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than to let loose a starving creature on such a diet. It replied that it was very sorry, but that it had thought it was doing the right thing in giving my brain the kind of diet which had always seemed to agree with it better than any other. I said I was sure that my body had meant well, and that we would say no more about the matter. Indeed, the reply of my body non-plussed me. In London, was I not always reading Meredith? There I could never read enough of him to stay my appetite, and had never had any patience with the people who found him obscure—never, at any rate, with those who found in such obscurity a reason for not reading him, rather than a reason for reading him with all the might they could muster. And yet, here was I in exactly that piteous state of wooden-headedness which I had scorned in others. What was the explanation? I gave it up, but found it, a year or two later, in a theory somewhere propounded by Mr. Chalmers Mitchell, to the effect that the stronger and healthier be our bodies, the less readily do our brains work. Mr. Mitchell argued, in a highly technical and persuasive manner, that in every human being the amount of nervous force is invariable, and that, when the body is weak, this force is absorbed by the brain, whereas, when the body is strong it is absorbed by the body. I know not whether I have stated Mr. Mitchell's theory with scientific accuracy; if you see any flaws in it as stated by me, I beg you will blame me, not Mr. Mitchell, whose career I have no wish to blast. In any case, Mr. Mitchell's theory convinced me. He instanced, in support of it, his own experience—that he always found the utmost difficulty in performing during a holiday any one of the mental tasks that in ordinary circumstances were quite easy to him, and that whenever he returned from a holiday it was long before his brain recovered the powers which

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Driver of omnibus has made several attempts to pass a Billingsgate van laden with fish-boxes. *Conductor:* "Oi say, Bill, keep be'ind 'er as long as yer can; it makes me think I am 'avin' a week at Yarmouth."

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it had possessed before his holiday began. This experience tallies exactly with my own (and, I doubt not, with yours). The difficulty of brain-work during and after a holiday cannot be explained away by the mere assumption that one is lazy and loth to work. It has often happened to me that in the midst of a holiday I have been obliged to write something. Though, invariably, I would much rather not have had to write it, I have bowed, with philosophic courtesy, to the inevitable, and have sat down and concentrated myself on my task with the best will in the world—with a will better than usual in proportion to my abnormal eagerness to get the beastly thing off my hands. And yet, invariably I have taken about double my ordinary time to get the—— "to reach my goal" were a prettier phrase. Exactly similar has been my experience of work that had to be done as soon as I returned to London. Mr. Mitchell's theory seems the only plausible explanation, and accordingly we must accept it. Not merely, then, are we unwilling to read during a holiday an author who much exercises our brains; it follows from Mr. Mitchell's theory that we cannot do so except at the expense of that physical well-being which our immediate aim is to preserve. To read Meredith without trying to understand him would be absurd, obviously. But while we are physically strong we cannot understand him. By efforts to understand him we could lower our vitality to the point of perfect comprehension. But how foolish to do that! During (on an average) ten months in the year, our brains are in the ascendant. Surely in the other two months our bodies need not be grudged their fling.

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WHAT, then, is the right kind of literature for our holidays? We have already excluded philosophic fiction, on the ground that it forces us to think. Thus pure philosophy, philosophic poetry, history and science are likewise taboo. Our quest is narrowed down to non-philosophic poetry and fiction. Now, even as we do not wish to think, so are we averse from having our emotions stirred, during a holiday. We wish to be as vegetable as possible. Thus

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poetry (and passionate fiction) must be ruled out altogether; for a poem which appeals neither to our brains nor to our hearts must be a thoroughly bad poem, and, being so, is bound to make us angry—to stir indirectly an emotion. But fiction we do not take so seriously. We do not necessarily detest a novel which appeals neither to our brains nor to our hearts: on the contrary, this is just the kind of book that pleases us in our vacations. We wish to be mildly illuded, and no more. We do not, on the one hand, want an intricate or original plot; nor, on the other hand, do we want an utterly trite or stupid plot. We want neither characters of real flesh and blood, nor characters that are mere puppets. We want characters that we have seen before, but not seen too often, nor seen in exactly the same guise. In fact, we want to be illuded mildly. The style in which the book is written must be neither remarkably good nor remarkably bad, else it would mar the mild illusion, and indirectly excite an emotion in us. "But is there," you ask me, "any author on whom we can rely for such books as those which you have so sympathetically adumbrated?" There is. There is one author on whom you may rely implicitly. I refer to him of whom, throughout the past twenty years or so, the reviewers, with one accord, have been predicating that "he always writes like a gentleman." A monotonous chorus? But, indeed, there is nothing else for the poor reviewers to say. They cannot say "he writes like a profoundly thoughtful gentleman," or "like a foolish gentleman," or "like a witty gentleman," or "like a dull gentleman." Indeed, "gentlemanly" is the only epithet they could well apply to him, and that were tautological. If you have read one of Mr. Norris' novels, you will admit that it responded exactly to all the negative requirements of the holiday mood. And you may take my word for it that all his other novels are of precisely the same kind—not better, not worse, and neither bad nor good. Through all of them you may skip without losing the thread, and of all of them you may read every word without being bored. When you have nothing better to do you can always take one of them up with pleasure, and when you have something better to do you can always lay it down without regret. In a garden, or on the deck of a ship, or on the terrace of a casino—wherever you be lolling, hale and hearty, away from your usual environment—these, I assure you, are the very books you need, and are the only books you need.

Long may their author live, to add many to their number; and long live I, to take my annual fill of him; and long live the descendants of the late Baron Tauchnitz, to carry on that subtly appropriate form in which I always buy him — that plain, pale, easy, decorous, attractive form in which I, sentimentally ignoring the "earnest request" on the covers, bring across the Channel his latest volumes, year by year, and place them upon that upper shelf, with their elder comrades.

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# THE ROUND TABLE.

## THE OKAPI:
## THE NEW QUADRUPED FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.

*THE MOST REMARKABLE ZOOLOGICAL DISCOVERY FOR FIFTY YEARS.*

BY FRANK E. BEDDARD, F.R.S.

AMONG large and conspicuous new living beasts which appeal to the public on account of their intelligibility in relation to other living forms, it is probably correct to say that Sir Harry Johnston's "Okapi" is the most remarkable discovery of the last fifty years. Small invertebrate creatures, though of the profoundest importance to the scientific zoologist, do not, as a rule, get as far as the public, and if they did, would hardly stimulate popular imagination. But any one can appreciate the fact that we owe to the energy of Sir Harry Johnston the addition to zoology of a hornless, short-necked giraffe, without the conventional spots, but with flanks striped like those of a zebra. In natural history, as in other matters, there is always something new from Africa. And in both cases the news is not always precisely the frozen truth. Thus it is not difficult to understand how it was that many shrugged their shoulders when details of this new creature, garbled also by newspaper paragraphists, came to hand—details which suggested the horned wild asses, monsters with no heads and eyes in their chests, and other creatures so greedily believed in as inhabitants of the Libyan country by Herodotus, Pliny, and our own amusing countryman the Rev. Mr Topsell. The head of a hornless giraffe, the body of an antelope, the legs of a zebra, form a combination almost worthy of Pliny or Gesner.

The first rumours of the existence of this anomalous creature seem to be due to Sir H. M. Stanley. The first actual bits of it that arrived in Europe were two "bandoliers" exhibited to the Zoological Society some months ago. These latter were striped black and white, and were pronounced to be the skin of a zebra. But, as you cannot reconstruct a zebra from a fragment of its skin, as Owen built up the Dinornis from a bit of leg-bone, due reticence was observed by many—reticence of statement, that is to say. It was, however, generally believed that the creature was in truth a new zebra, and possibly an ally of the now extinct Quagga. But we have now changed all that. Very soon after the arrival of the bits of skin news was sent home that the animal had nothing whatever to do with a zebra or other horse. Its cloven hoofs were unmistakable; and no living horse has more than one complete finger or toe on each hand or foot. These reports set off an explorer, resident in the neighbourhood of the Okapi, on a wrong tack, but one which was wrong in an exceedingly intelligent fashion. He had heard and believed that the beast had more than one toe; but also that it was striped. This combination appeared to him with no little reason to fit in exactly with the hypothesis of a survival of an ancient form of horse, like the extinct Hipparions and the like. The way in which domestic horses still occasionally throw a slightly striped foal, and the general prevalence of at least indications of striping in many wild asses, seem to argue the striped characters of the primitive horses.

The actual examination of the skull, which is now in England, but which was studied by Sir Harry before sending



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THE OKAPI.

"The Head of a Giraffe, the Body of an Antelope, the Legs of a Zebra."



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it off, removed all possible doubts on this matter: the form of the teeth, which is absolutely unmistakable, and the total absence of biting teeth in the upper jaw, as well as a host of features which, though of subsidiary importance, all pointed in the same direction, proved that the creature was in the first place a ruminant animal and in the second a close ally of the Giraffe. Sir Harry suggested, with much appositeness, that this strange Okapi was a survival of the short-necked giraffe-like form of antiquity, the Helladotherium; and this name stuck to it for some time. It is, however, clearly not a Helladotherium, but is nearer to the living Giraffe, of which family, however, it is to be looked upon as a remarkably isolated form.

It is satisfactory to hear that the Okapi has been promptly placed among the totally protected game animals of Africa. Unfortunately this beast appears to afford excellent beef, and though it seems to be a libel to assert that its destruction has been due to the importation of rifles by the Belgians, there is no doubt that we have stepped in just at the nick of time to rescue this waning creature from total and final disappearance.

The Okapi is not only excellent eating, but its brilliant colouring, the rich brown, almost crimson, sides and back, and the brilliantly striped fore and hind legs, would seem perhaps to render it an easy mark for the native sportsman. Upon this, however, there is some doubt. Curiously enough, even the giraffe itself is not at all so prominent a feature in the landscapes among which it moves as might be thought from observing it stalking about at the Zoological Gardens. And the same is stated to be the case with the Okapi. However, there are other forces at play which have had a share in preserving the existing specimens for the delight of science. The forests which it inhabits, and in the deepest recesses of which it wanders about in pairs, are almost bereft of fierce carnivores of a sufficient size to be able to attack it with profit to themselves. The commonest of large African beasts of prey, the lion, does not like forests, but affects more open country; and while the leopard is a forest animal, it is not among the very common species in the Semliki forest. The hyæna, too, is at least rare, if not totally absent; and so the Okapi has only had to confront man. But unfortunately man is the very worst foe of the lot to beasts, and particularly to important and interesting beasts. His destructiveness as a sportsman is only to be paralleled by his destructiveness of ancient memorials as a county councillor. In the present case at least this peculiarly human instinct has apparently been put a stop to. The name of this new African giraffe, the Okapi, is an attempt to transliterate that peculiar clicking sound which is so common, as it appears, among the African languages. It ought, we presume, to be indicated by an apostrophe (') ; but this would be inconvenient, so we compromise with a "k."

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# MASQUERADE.

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

THE terrace was of white stone. A string of Chinese lanterns swung in a glow of orange and rose. He sat on the parapet swinging his legs, and watched her as she lounged in the long chair.

"Don't you think," he said, "that these masked affairs are rather—rather rot?"

The necessities of his own disguise were candidly laid aside; and his eyes followed the folds of her white domino with regret.

"I think they are rather the reverse," she said. "They give one such an uncommon interest in the hour of twelve."

She had a rare voice, that tingled in the brain with countless shafts of memory—the very voice for a summer night. He felt drawn by inexplicable degrees.

Half an hour ago he had never spoken to her; even now he had not seen her face. But he felt, by that instinct which seldom errs, that she could twist him as cotton is twisted on a reel; and the thought of her hand upon the thread was very pleasant to his mind.

"Now admit," he said, "that I was right? Admit that 'twould have been

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criminal to waltz—and scorch—with these lanterns wasting themselves out here? Wouldn't it have been flying in the face of—truth?"

She laughed, and leant luxuriously back. She was sitting in the shadow, and even her mouth and chin, unhidden by the mask, were hardly to be seen. She was a tantalising riddle—very alluring to be solved.

He watched her in silence for a while. Then he looked down upon the landscape, wrapped in the warm darkness of the night. He followed the wide curving of the lawns, the pale outline of the fields; then he sighed. The charm of the hour stole to him with the fragrance of the night-stock at his feet. He forgot to be trivial, and remembered to be himself.

"I suppose," he began irrelevantly, "that everybody needs sympathy at times——"

She had travelled far—what is more, she had seen much. Curiously enough, she never smiled. She even nestled back more comfortably in her seat and closed her eyes.

"Indeed," she said, "I have always found it so."

Her voice barely reached him, but it broke the last barrier to his thoughts. He moved straight round.

"You do so curiously remind me——" he said. Then he stopped.

A faint flicker of wind set the lanterns dancing,—the paper rustled, as they swayed and brushed.

She quietly put up her hand and felt her mask. "Of what?" she asked, very low.

He passed his hand over his smooth hair, and accentuated the line between his brows. "Oh, of nothing. Of somebody I used to know. Let me fan you—please?"

"No," she said, "nobody can fan one properly—just as nobody can tie one's veil. I'd rather hear you talk."

He smiled. "Well, what shall it be? Scandal or the sugar tax? One can't get further, nowadays."

She drew down a spray of lilac, and pressed her face against the coolness of the flowers. "I mean you to get further—or not so far. I want you to be serious—if you don't mind."

Again he was conscious of the memories in her voice.

"It's just five years," he said, "since I've been that. I thought, until to-night, at I'd forgotten how."

"Ah, that's the influence of a masquerade. It's the triumph of instinct over form. We can go forward or we can go back. We can rake up old selves or manufacture new ones.—It's a survival of barbarism—if we only knew."

Her tone was light, but its underthrob of meaning made a melody of the words. Again he drew the puzzled look between his brows.

"I've only once been serious," he said again. "I can't be serious now, unless—unless you'll allow me to hark back. I'm not an interesting beggar, you know; I told you so at first."

She caught the lilac spray again. "Well," she said, very softly, "do hark back."

He moved uneasily; then he looked away. "It's odd," he said—"it's awfully odd—but I feel that I could tell you things." He had very candid eyes, and his face looked absurdly honest in the mellow light.

She smiled to herself—an almost tender smile.

"When a man's seriousness is of an era," she said, "there's always something to be told. I'm waiting to hear the tale."

"Oh, it's the usual thing."

"All life is that."

The floor of the terrace was sanded. He began to draw a pattern with his heel. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "'Twould seem all rot."

"Suppose it didn't?"

"Suppose it did? You'd say I was a fool."

"Well, what's so exciting as a risk?"

He had been hanging in a balance. She very effectively turned the scale.

"'Twas five years ago," he said. "She was eighteen, and—her hair was the colour of yours."

Had he been observant he might have heard her draw her breath with ever so fine a sound. But man, reminiscent or active, is usually centred in himself. He neither saw nor heard.

"Like mine?" she said gently; and she moved her fan.

"Yes—only different, in a way. She didn't twist it up like yours. Hers was pretty; yours is pretty, and somehow—smart."

"I wonder . . . ." she said. Then she stopped.

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"She chucked me, you know. She never really cared."

"No?"

"No."

"When did you decide on that?"

"Oh, ever so long ago. The night we quarrelled—the night she accused me of not understanding things."

There was a long, quiet pause. He finished the pattern in the sand—poising his head to study the effect.

"Then you loved her very much?"

"Very much." His voice was strained.

"So you went away. Said nothing, I suppose, and went away?"

"Oh, there was nothing to say. She knew that I loved her right enough."

She smiled. "Then she was correct," she said.

"In what?"

"In what she said. You didn't understand—either woman, or things."

"You think so?" He turned round.

"I hazard an opinion."

"His face fell. "If I could believe——" he began.

Then he threw up his head. "I'm boring you. I knew I should. Fancy a man making a fetish of an idea, storing it away for half a decade, then dragging it out to be a nuisance to his friends!" He made a gesture of disgust.

Under cover of the shadow she smiled again. "But you haven't dragged it out," she objected: "that's just it. You shook it in my face like a rag, and then you whisked it away. It hasn't been a story; it's been a string of hints."

But he was angry with himself. "It happened in Ireland," he said; "miles and miles and miles away from here." He stopped and picked up a handful of sand.

"Oh, why bring geography in? The world is getting so comfortably small."

He let the sand trickle slowly through his fingers. "Because—oh, just to prove the remoteness of the thing."

"Well, we all like relics. They are infinitely more interesting than—well, than sand."

He blushed, and opened his hand. "I wish," he said, "I do wish that you'd take off that mask. There's something eerie about your sitting there and getting the best of things. I wish you'd take it off."

"Suppose I do, what will you give me in return? If you hadn't discarded your own we might have exchanged sensations. Now——"

A warm wind came swirling from the valley, tossing the lanterns like fairy boats. They could hear the silky swish of poplar leaves and the movement of startled birds.

"What will you give me?" she said again.

It was a moment of close expectancy; the past and the present jostled each other before his eyes. He stood up; then he sat down. He watched the lanterns—gauging how near the candle-flame might blow without setting the paper in a blaze. And all the time she waited, with parted lips.

"One likes to be paid for the smallest thing," she said at length—"or one should."

"Of course." He could hear the peculiar sound of his own voice. He was thinking very hard.

"Then what may I expect?"

Each syllable seemed softer than the last. The temptation was very sharp; it rose about him in a mist, but through the mist his ghost of other times raised a reminding hand. He looked again at the lanterns—at the white stone parapet—down at the white sand. Then he made up his mind.

"Nothing," he said, in the quietest voice.

All men are loyal to some point, whether to a remembrance—a reality—or a dream.

She heard the word—drinking it in with a catching of the breath. Then very silently she rose.

He saw her lift her hands; he could imagine her fingers moving about the string that held the mask. Then he heard her laugh—a laugh with a ring of tears in it, that seemed to close about his heart. He too rose. He felt like a blind man groping for the light. For the third time he passed his hand across his hair; his eyes were desperately perplexed.

With a sound like the falling of a flower, the mask dropped; with a confused rustle of skirts, she was at his side—her face turned up to the rosy light.

The swish of the poplars came suddenly faint; the lanterns brushed each other more lightly, then were still; the breeze passed across the terrace—swinging away into the wood.

"Oh, Teddy," she said—"Teddy!" Her voice caught in a sob—then she laughed. "You were a great silly, but you were a great dear—five years ago."

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# ON THE BORDER OF THE NIGHT.

BY AUBYN TREVOR-BATTYE.

THERE is a side of the life of Great Britain absolutely unaffected by the changes of trade, entirely indifferent to the London season, and quite unmoved by the roar of the platforms when ministries go in or out. It turns a face to the sun and a face to the stars, and the two are quite distinct.

It is a curious thought (and worth the thinking) that just about the time when you are tying your necktie for dinner the hand of the charmer passes twice across the land. It goes not hurryingly, but as a cloud-shadow moves over the wheat; and as it goes it smooths the life of the woods and meadows into sleep; the dandelion closes till the morning, the squirrel bunches himself up against the larch trunk, and the swallows drop down into the willows by the stream.

And then the hand comes back again under the evening star, not hurryingly, but as a shadow moves over the wheat. Softly it comes, and it does not wake the weary, but under it the day-sleepers stir into life. The life of the night is complete—as complete as the life of the day. Every order—even that of the flowers—has its watchers, has its sentries out.

There is a little catch-fly growing among the corn, which opens not a petal till set of sun, and then all night it flowers and is very sweet. There are other night flowers also; but the evening primrose may stand for all, for it is a bold and beautiful flower, and has one charm which sets it by itself: if you will spare a few minutes in the evening you may *see it come out*. It moves so quickly, unrolling the spiral of its great yellow petals and jerking them open till all the wrinkles are smoothed out, that it almost seems less a flower than some big butterfly newly born and preparing its wings for flight.

There is no butterfly in Britain that flies by night, but there are many moths. They come out in waves, so to say. Just as during the month of migration there are times when scarcely a bird comes over the sea, and then again nights which are flooded with bird-life, when all night long the lighthouse is the centre of whirling myriads, so it is with the moths. It is a wonderful experience on such a night to spend an hour by the open window of a white room, well-placed in a corner of the garden and lit by reflected light.

Different seasons bring different moths. A practical entomologist after an hour in the catching-room could tell you with certainty from that alone whether it were June or August, whether the meadow-sweet or the mallow, the lime trees or the ivy were in bloom. Round and round and in and out of the light track by the window goes a constant dance of many moths. Every moment whang! whizz! and something has come in and is banging round like a Guy Fawkes cracker. This time it is a black "old lady" moth; and after a little, when it has settled on the wall, you will see that its eyes shine now red now green, like the eyes of a cat in the dark.

And then in the beginning of July the whole room is suddenly alive with male glowworms, who have only a little light, scarcely so much as fireflies, but on the other hand have powerful wings. The female glowworm—*the* glowworm—has not even the smallest suggestion of a wing; and that is why it needs a stronger light. For it has only to sit in the grass and shine, and then its partner can easily find it out. If you look carefully at the tennis-lawn in the afternoon you will find, at intervals of a few inches, round holes. At night in every one a big worm holds on to the entrance by its tail (which is covered with bristles for that very purpose) and the rest of his body lies out on the dew, and so the worm feeds. You must go very softly with a lantern if you want to see this, for the slightest shock on the ground and in a moment the worm is back in his hole. Quick ears can hear them go. Stamp and listen. There is a hissing sound like the soaking of water into sand as a hundred worms rapidly draw their long ringed bodies back across the dewy grass. Even human ears can distinguish this; small wonder, then, that the night-feeding birds—the curlews and the plovers—are quick to catch the slightest movement of a worm. Birds,

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I am sure, trust much to their hearing. When the thrush on the lawn sets his head sideways he is peering, but he is listening too.

Some of our largest animals move about so cautiously in the dark, that their very existence is often unsuspected even by those who are always on the spot. I have known a miller stoutly decline to believe that otters ever came to a stream which they had really worked for years; until one morning a fine dog otter was pointed out to the astonished man lying actually under the floor of the mill. Yes, the otter is indeed a mover in secret. Only an otter-hunter, only one who is often out at dawn, unravelling with the patient help of hounds, the nightly movements of this creature, can hope to learn much about its ways; and the best man of them all will be the first to confess that in truth he knows little about it. But such a morning hunt does throw a light on the subject quite unsuspected by those—and they are many—who have looked on the otter as only a water animal. For the working of the hounds as they draw up the trail shows that the quarry has been at least as much out of the water as in it. Here he has taken right across the open to cut off a bend of the stream; here he has rolled on the grass in the middle of a field, and the hounds spend a good deal of time feathering there. Now he has followed a hedge and ditch for a long distance, looking perhaps for rats, or possibly for frogs and beetles. And even when your otter is found he will escape all but the quickest and most attentive eye, as he goes down stream less like a four-footed creature than a fish that can pass almost with invisibility if there is but water enough to cover his back.

Do you remember the story in St. John's "Highland Sports" of the fox that lay in a depression scratched out by himself until the hares he watched should finish feeding and come to him through the meuse? I have never seen that, but I can believe it. Only the other day in the snow I found a place where a fox had gone round and round a covey of sleeping partridges. Just as a gunner when he wants to kill golden plovers sometimes puts in practice the plan of walking round them in lessening circles, so this fox had resorted to the same device. You could see it all there in the snow; the cunning marauder creeping round—a little nearer, a little nearer—until the fatal moment came.

Why will masters allow pole-traps to be set about their coverts? The pole-trap is a most barbarous invention. It is a little round, toothed trap set on the top of a pole in an open place: any isolated pole or post is the favourite roosting place of the birds of prey; and then when caught the victims hang head downwards in misery till the keeper comes, who sometimes does not come for days. I hate these traps, not only because they are so cruel, but because they take innocent and guilty alike. For especially they take the owls; birds which confer a unique distinction of charm upon the time we have called the border of the night. The truth is this, that the gamekeeper's employer is but too often dependent upon the word of his man; and the man, if expostulated with for killing so harmless and interesting a bird as the poor owl, will point triumphantly to its hooked beak, a proof to himself of slaughtered game. But he would find it hard to prove in any other way. For a barn owl to take pheasants and partridges is at least as rare as for a Bushman to have a champagne supper.

Of our two commonest owls—the tawny and the barn- or screech-owl—it is hard to say which is the more beautiful and interesting bird. Some of the earliest associations of my life are with the tawny owl. People in our village had stories about it, and of how it was a witch who took that form and used to come flying against the window crying, "Let me in." This was probably from the noise of the young birds, which is an oft-repeated "kee-wick." The call of the old birds heard during the autumn and winter nights is the "tu twit to whoo" of the poets; and is certainly one of the most remarkable of all bird-voices. It is not very difficult to imitate; you may call up a tawny owl from a long way off if you only answer it and that not too frequently. The tawny owl is essentially a bird of the woods. It moves very early in the evening—often before it is really dark. I know a spot where rhododendrons grow luxuriantly, and where thousands of starlings come to roost. An old cock tawny knows it too, and has this many a year. I like to see him sit on a bough of a spruce fir just above, listening to the clamour of the starlings—for they

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are very talkative as they go to bed. Presently down drops the owl into a bush, and as if by magic the babel stills, dies out [like that Haydn's Symphony], and there is silence for a space. For only a few moments, however. As the owl skims back to his perch there is a starling in his talons, and instantly the babbling begins again; intermittently at first and tentatively, one or two little chirrups, then another, and then more and more, and the concert is again in full swing. Can't you fancy the run of the voices?

"Are you all right?"

"Yes; *I'm* all right."

"And you, little brother?"

"I *feel* all right."

"And you, next there?"

"All right, all right."

"Then we're *all* all right?"

"Yes, *all* all right."

"Well, *who* has he taken if we're all all right?"

"Oh, it must be Bob, who was always a fool and would sit out alone on the edges."

"Just fancy the demon coming like that! Never mind; we will mob him to-morrow."

(*Chorus*) "Yes, fancy the demon coming like that! No matter—we'll mob him to-morrow, to-morrow; no matter—*we'll mob him to-morrow*!"

And mob him they will; though the starlings are not so persistent at this as the chaffinches. What a nuisance not being able to venture out in daylight without having a mob round you all the time peering and chirping and hissing! I suppose some kings have felt it so.

The barn owl, on the other hand, is a bird of the open country. It does not sit on branches, but sails away like a ghost across the meadows, picking up mice from the ricks, and uttering as it goes that remarkable sound, half hiss, half scream, which seems the voice of a very spirit of the waste.

There are other ways of calling owls besides that of imitating their voices. Some years ago I remember, as I came back from a big game hunt in the north-west of Canada, there sat a large owl on the extreme top of a high spruce tree. It was a grey or cinereous owl, one I had long wanted for my collection. In vain I tried to approach within shooting distance; for no sooner had I crept on a little way than the owl spread his wings and skimmed away to a neighbouring tree, and then again took up a position on the highest point. At last the Indian who was with me made a sign that we would hide in the grass. This we did, and then the Indian fell to squeaking like a rat. The owl looked attentively for a moment until, apparently thinking we had gone, it skimmed down towards our hiding-place. As it passed us I flung down my little brown cap. The owl instantly stooped at it, seized it in its talons and was flying off when I shot it dead.

But even to touch on all that moves on the border of night were to make a story too long to tell. The time has a charm that is all its own. If a man would quicken his hearing, quicken his sight, or delight his intelligence, let him, leaving dinner parties and hot rooms, go out to meet that wave of life new wakened by the charmer's hand. He may read a thousand books, he may attend a hundred learned meetings, but he will never be so simply happy as then, unless indeed he be happier still when the breath of that border-time shall be realised again in the memories that come by the fire.

END OF VOL. XXIV.

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